SOLILOQVIES THEOLOGICALL.

I am alone, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with mee.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEI

עמך נדבת

Thy people shall be Munificencies (free Princely Heroicalnesses, thy Voluntiers) in the day of thy Power (thy Army) in the beauties of Holinesse. *Psal.* 110.

אני ליהוה

Thy People

In that day it shall be said, *I am for the Lord.*

חביטו אלו ונ[illegible]

They stedfastly beheld him, and were abundantly enlightned. *Psal.* 34.5.

ὁρῶ δ' ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντες ἄλλο πλὴν
ὠδωλ' ἢ κοῦφην σκιάν. Sophocles.

Surely men of high degree are vanity, men of low degree a lie, [illegible] in the ballance, they are altogether lighter than vanity. *Psal.* 62.8.

Heu quantillum videmus! Nil scimus, nil sumus. We know, we are, nothing.

And unto man he saith, Behold, the feare of the Lord that is wisdome, and to depart from evill is understanding. *Job.*

They have rejected thy word, therefore is there no wisdome in them. *Jer.*

By *J. S.* Gent.

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Thy
People

Chriſtian Reader,

THou I mean who art not the nominall, but the reall, not the titular, but the title-inlivening Chriſtian. Whoſe heart knowes the meaning of ſuch a dreadfully glorious, and gloriouſly dreadfull undertaking, to be called by the name of God. Thou that feareſt the Lord greatly, and art greatly awed at the leaſt of his Words. Thou With whom the goodlieſt profeſſion Will paſſe but for a guilded formality, that ſuffers it ſelfe to be Wanting in morality. As knowing there may be ſome vertues Where there is no grace; but there can be no grace Where there is not all vertues. As knowing Where the choiceſt eminencies of nature come ſhort, their Chriſtianity exceeds; Where the Moraliſt ends, the Divine begins. He that lives not ſoberly and righteouſly, it is impoſſible he ſhud live godlily. It is Works that muſt juſtifie our faith, as Well as faith our Works. It is a Chriſt of our own making, (and not Jeſus the Son of God) that is learned otherwiſe. While We think to be ſaved either by, or Without Obedience. The two Rocks Whereon the World is Shipwrackt, While the God-inſtructed Chriſtian keeps the narrow Channell. Thou that makeſt more conſcience of, art more Watchfull, more carefull of the leaſt ill Word, ill thought, then the Chriſtian at large, of all the ill deeds of his Whole life. As far more willingly chooſing the bitterest

death, then the ſweeteſt ſin, as knowing thou ſhat find it the end of ſin, that Was the beginning of death. Thou that haſt an abundant entrance adminiſtred to thee, in that ſtraite and narrow way to the Kingdome of Heaven. That haſt all the Commandements of God, *That keepeſt all his Wayes (in a Goſpell acceptation) in the uttermoſt latitude, extent and ſpirituality of them, to the very firſt riſing of concupiſcence, and yet haſt an eaſie yoke, a pleaſant burthen: While thou art endeavouring all to the uttermoſt, and utterly denying all thy endeavours. Thou that art a Wonder to thy ſelfe, the gazing ſtock of men and Angels: of the congratulating joyes of ſome of the calumniating envies of other; While thou art ſo Wonderfully and fearefully made! A man of ſuch bleſſed Wonders! being a part of that unparalelled Maſterpiece of the Eternall Wiſdome, the Lord Chriſt. Thou that knoweſt What it is to lie under thoſe preſſing, Weighty, and over-bearing apprehenſions, of an infinite Majeſty reſident in the ſoule, cruſhing as it were, and contriting it to the moſt diſshivered minuteſt pieces, While it is ſtill firmly and intirely* fixed *on Him, and With* full purpoſe of heart cleaving to Him, *in ſuch a ſweet and bleſſed repoſe, ſuch a* perfect peace, *that Millions of Millions of* Worlds can neither give thee nor take from thee. *Who at thy Worſt (to ſpeak after the manner of men ſince* all *is* good) *thy diſtracteſt condition, as the World calls it, findeſt that reall, ſubſtantiall, that pure, and as I may ſay, infinite comfort in the moſt clouded darke, dejected, diſconſolate hope, that is objected on a ſimple and infinite God, that all the unclean, ſcanty-ſpirited, ſelf-impriſoned World cannot once conceive at the higheſt of their mad merriments, and madding jollities. That findeſt inexpreſſibly more content in the very longeſt Waitings for any the leaſt beam of grace, to be glanced on thee through the face of thy Chriſt,*

Chriſt, then thou canſt, nay then the jovialleſt themſelves can (While they goe laughing along With the foole to the ſtocks) in the loudeſt blaze of their crackling, *their dying* Thornes, *that end in a bed of aſhes. When thy ſoule ſhall be repoſed in a bed of ever-flouriſhing, ſoft, and fragrant Roſes. The ſavour Whereof, as by a gentle Winde from a garden of Spices is conveyed to thy Heaven-travelling ſoule. And hence is it that all the World to thee that liveſt in ſo ſweet and freſh a Countrey, is but a miery and ſtinking City, thou canſt no Way indure, longer then thou haſt a Pomander of this in thy noſtrils. Thou ſincere ſingle-eyed-ſingle-hearted loyall ſoule, Whom nothing can pleaſe, and Who Wilt pleaſe nothing, but thy God. That haſt no affection for thy ſelfe, for any, but What are ſubordinate to Him, his ſweet and holy command. As having learned the truth, in the power, the love, the life thereof,* doeſt truth, and therefore commeſt to it, *in its ſearchingſt diſcoveries*, walkes in it, *rejoyces in it, ſince* thou haſt known it as it is in Him, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the true and living way. *In Which never ſeducing path goe all thy affections, actions, motions. As* holding faſt the faith and love which are in Him, living godly in Him. *In Him doing, being all that thou art. Thou that art of all men moſt like an Hypocrite, While of all thou doſt moſt differ from him. That art as like him to the eye of the World, as a Diamond to a Briſtoll Stone, While thou diffe reſt from him* toto cœlo, *as much as truth from falſchood, good from bad, heaven from hell. Thou that art incouraged by thy diſcouragements, and furthered by thy ſcandals, and hinderances of Chriſtianity. As knowing that* Difficilia quæ pulchra, *Excellent things are hard, but When they meet With a man of an excellent ſpirit. And then their very difficulties, and excellencies make them eaſie; becauſe more animate, and intend his*

ſpirit,

ſpirit to their proſecution. As knowing the truth ſincerely, the heart and realitie of Religion, to be ſo much the more amiable, lovely and choice-worthy, by how much the more faire Commendable and admirable is its counterfeit. As arguing that if Hypocriſie can make ſo goodly and delectable a ſhew, and yet be but a ſhew, what then is that ſinceritie that is the ſubſtance? if that can attaine to ſuch an emminencie, ſuch a glory, and yet be as blacke as Hell to the eyes of the all-diſcerning Sunne, and inherit the place of the utmoſt and remoteſt darkeneſſe, what then is this that differs as much from it as God from the devill? Thou who knoweſt no readier and ſafer way to humilitie, then that which the world makes to their pride: the conſideration of their owne parts, gifts, indowments, abilities, eminencies whatſoever. As then moſt truly and throughly humbled, when thou riſeſt to thy higheſt ſtation and takeſt the fulleſt view of all thy excellencies. As ſeeing nothing but what thou haſt of him, in him, and for him-the onely ground of humilitie becauſe of glory. To ſee thy ſelfe thus and thus richly qualified, and yet to ſee thy ſelfe to be miſerable, poore, blind:, and naked, to have ſo much and yet to have nothing, argueth that the Candle of God hath ſhined over thy head in its brighter beames, and his ſecrets have dwelt more intimately more abidingly in thy Tabernacle. While ſeeing thy ſelfe of the nobleſt ſtocke, of the choyſeſt of nations, as touching learning with the learned'ſt, concerning zeale with the moſt active, touching the righteouſneſſe in the Law, blameleſſe, &c. and yet to treade and trample all theſe things under thy feete, with the utmoſt indignation and deteſtation, as the moſt deſpicable droſſe and dunge in compariſon of one thought of revealed Chriſt, that haſt knowne, or rather art knowne of Him that is the onely excellency. I, ſuch a light ſhining in upon the ſoule

and

and out-ſhining the moſt glorious Sunne even at mid day, *is that which will* caſt *the greateſt Apoſtle* upon his face, *and make him cry out that* he is leſſe then the leaſt of Saints. *And certainly there may be a due and ſelfe-denying acknowledgement of parts, indowments, performances, &c. while there may be an impudently modeſt and ſelfe-ſeeking ſelfe-denyall; of all the moſt deſperate, the moſt deteſtable hypocriſie. Beſides, for a man to carry himſelfe lowly, dejectedly, diſcontentedly, upon the meere convincements of his defects, and faults, may be meere baſeneſſe and puſilanimitie, that will ſoone upon the leaſt conceit of its owne worth, turne into, and indeed (narrowly looke into) proceeds from, and carries along with it, pride and ſelfe-love. Neither is that to bee thought true humilitie that is not a furtherance to thankfulneſſe. And the only courſe to keep* from boaſting *being to learn how to know all* of grace, how to glory, boaſt, in the Lord. *We being onely ſo farre humbled as outed of our ſelves, ſo far outed of our ſelves as filled with God; ſo far as he is pleaſed gloriouſly to condeſcend, to humble himſelfe unto us, and graciouſly to take us up, to advance us into himſelfe. There being nothing that layes the ſoule lower in its owne eyes, then its higheſt exaltation in Gods. Nothing that makes it better know, better keepe, its diſtance, in an humble, lovefull, trembling, joyfull, every-way-duly-affectionate, active, obedient, walking before him, then the knowledge, then the aſſurance of its communion of its union with him. (I know the* wiſedome of God is fooliſhneſſe to the world, *it is ignorant, it* is wulfully ignorant *of it. But I ſpeake to them whoſe hearts* have the minde of Chriſt, *and can ſenſibly interpret the meaning of his ſpirit. And certainly he that ſpeaks not nonſence to nature, ſpeakes but little ſupernaturall ſence.) Beſides nature may have a kinde of* Ahab-*like* Judas-*like*

humilitie

humilitie on the apprehenſions of evills morrall or naturall. But to be humbled at the thoughts of our ſelfe-ſufficiency, in him who is our onely ſufficiency, our new ſelfe, this of grace. While our hearts underſtand that ſweet harmony of that ſeeming contradiction, I, and yet not I; but the Spirit of Chriſt that dwelleth in me: *that humble, meeke, gentle ſpirit. Thou, Whoſe maine, whoſe principall ſtudy is to know all the excellencies of the World in the face of Chriſt; to know it by them, and them by it, that through it thou maiſt know him who hath ordained it as the conveying Medium of the light, of the knowledge of his Glory. Thou whoſe world-and ſelfe-contemning behaviour, ſpeakes thee one of thoſe finding ſeekers, and ſeeking finders, that with a ſweet ſharpeneſſe, and unſatiefied ſatisfaction, followeſt on to the kowledge of him, in whom are hid all the treaſures of wiſedome and knowledge. Thou ſweetly paſſionated heart, that knoweſt what are thoſe flutterings of the ſoule to flie; thoſe holy efforts, thoſe lanchings forth into the great depths: what it is to be given up to, to lye under the power of the Divine Spirit, while on thy water-like diffuſed ſoule, it hatcheth new formes of* the Divine nature. *Thou tender, humbled, ſhivered, and ſhivering ſpirits, that Worke out thy ſalvation with feare and trembling; While thou biddeſt defiance* to the gates of Hell, and laugheſt death and deſtruction in the face. *Thou, Who though often aſſaulted With* Thornes in the fleſh, with buffetings *in thy ſpirit, art kept in ſuch a* compleate peace *in the ſenſe of the Al-ſufficient Grace, and canſt glory, canſt pleaſure in, count gaines of thy infirmities, thy diſtreſſes, neceſſities, perſecutions, &c. as the advancers of the overcomming ſtrength of thy Chriſt, thy only joy, glory, gaine. Thou poore, Weake, feeble Wretch, that canſt* doe nothing, *and yet* canſt doe all things, *through* him that ſtrengthens thee. *Thou Whoſe inward and heart-diſolving ſighes are the*

daily

daily harbingers for thy ſpeedy admiſſion to that great and eternall Supper of thy ſolemniz'd eſpouſalls. Thou whoſe love-ſicke, Chriſt-inamoured ſoule, burſts for the longings that it hath, that it alwayes hath, *after the full and never-interrupted imbraces of thy deare, thy onely deare beloved. Thou that counteſt every minute an age till thou art With Him; and yet counteſt ſeaven and ſeaven yeares, ages and ages, ſpent in the greateſt hardſhip he ſhall appoint thee, but as a minut in thy ſweete Waitings on him. Thou Whoſe Heaven-viſited ſoule* cannot but *break forth in exalting exclamations! O the beauties! the harmonies! the ſweetneſſes! the riches! the glories! the Crownes! the inexpreſſiblenesſes! the inconceivablenesſes! of the knowledge, of the love of God, in Chriſt Jeſus, by his holy Spirit! Thou who art Heaven, inſide and outſide. Who art cloathed with the Sunne, and treadeſt the Moone under thy feete; while thou haſt that within thee, that could it be ſeene, would dazle the eyes of the world into an envious aſtoniſhment.* In whom is the Kingdome of Heaven, the righteouſnes, the peace, the joy, in the Holy-ghoſt, unſpeakable & glorious. *Thou that counteſt the doing of his Will on Earth, as it is done in Heaven, the turning of Heaven into Earth, and men into Angels. And therefore ſeeſt infinite more beautie in the pooreſt, Prieſt-dirdeſt Mecanicke, conſcionably and ſincerely buſied in his calling, though but in the ſhoveling up of dirt, and ſweeping of Chimnies, then thou doſt in all the guildings and paintings, the Copes and Surpluſſes, &c. all the ſumptuous gallant trickings of the Beaſt, in the wilfull, ſenſuall, hypocriticall Worſhip of God. Yea then in the hearing the reading of Sermons, meditating, praying, conferring, &c. or whatever more immediate ſervices, more World-Withdrawing exerciſes, ſo as excluding the ſeaſonable diſcharge of thy ſeverall relations, the performance of thy*

duty

dutie to God, in and through that to men. As knowing the worth of every thing to be as it is to the will of God; Who hath made these latter ordinances in their time, as well as those former. And that the God of nature Who made nothing in vaine, hath given forth such a diversitie of commands not with most wise ends. To shew What concord he can make in such a seeming discrepancie betweene worke and worke, men and men, betweene heaven and earth, in such a multiplicitie of imployments in due time and place; while they are all According *to his will: And make an inconceiveable melody in* the answering of a good conscience to him. *To shew thorough what a varietie of occurrents he can carry the faithfull soule While he still keepes it with Him. And that hee might keepe them in an humble dependencie on him to learne how to bring forth their* fruits in due season. *To set forth the glory of Christianitie in the sutable composure of such a change of Ornaments. The excellencie of it in over-comming so many difficulties, in passing so many turnings and windings, conducted by the thus-more-commended* manifold wisedome, *power, goodnesse of God. That takest it for so much superstition, so much idolizing of the best duties, (and therefore for so much no duties) While they are set up against the Will of God. Thou whom prosperitie keepes praying, adversitie praysing. That art exalted by thy humiliation, incouraged by thy feare, rejoyced by thy sorrow, that getteſt thy life by throwing it away, that findest thy selfe by losing it, that art Watchfull in every thing,* carefull in nothing. *That art encountred With often doubts, scruples, irresolutions, self-disputes, and yet livest at the highest rate of assurance of the divine favour. That, yea by,* feeding thy selfe with feare, *thy Watchings, prayings, fastings art carryed forth in the liveliest vigorousnesse and luxuriancy of spirits. (* ש

Mic.

Mic. 4.) *Thou that art now at the top of the third Heavens, in the higheſt exaltations of thy ſpirit, and now againe at the bottome of the loweſt Hell, While thou ſtill lyeſt as faſt in the hugging imbraces of the omnipreſent as ever. Thou Whoſe modeſt, ſober, pure, peaceable, guileleſſe, diſcreet, unblamable, zealous, lively, active deportment of thy ſelfe, ſpeakes the one that hath been brought up at thee feet of Jeſus. Thou Whoſe generous, magnanimous, God-reſembling Spirit ſtoopes to humilty, and overtops Pride. That While thou lyeſt below the loweſt dejection of the meaneſt Sainted Peſant, beareſt thee above the moſt diſaſtrous, diſmalleſt aſpects of the arroganteſt, Prelatickſt, higheſt-aſpiring, Kingdome-dooming Comet, as far as the third Heaven is above the Meteory Region. Thou that canſt gladly ſtoope With that meeke Lamb* to waſh the feete *of the meaneſt Miniſter of the Goſpell,* Lay downe thy life for the God-loved and therefore world hated brethren, *while Lyon-like thy righteous ſoule* rouſeth up it ſelfe *againſt the Hypocriticall Phariſee, with the moſt contemptuous and undervaluing diſdaine. Thou that with a heartie willingneſſe canſt gladly abaſe thy ſelfe to unlooſe the latchet of the meaneſt Saint, while thou knoweſt not how to give a Pontificall Peacocke the diſſembling Complement of thy haſt: though he ſwell, though he burniſh, though he buſtle, though he crow it never ſo domineeringly; till he be* furtivis nudatus coloribus. *Thou that like thy Heavenly Father, knoweſt how to bee* afflicted in all the afflictions *of his holy ones, his humble ones, while wherein ſoever the Preſumptuous* deale proudly, *Thou Wilt in* Him be above them, and make their proudeſt wrath to praiſe Him. *Thou that ſeeſt far more* beauty on the *very* feet *of the pooreſt* Embaſſadour of the Goſpel, *then on the honour-pleaſure-profit-Triple-crowned head of*

thoſe

those enemies to the Crown, because to the (vertue because friends to the signe of the) Crosse of Christ, In making the earth their study, their belly their God, their glorious *Titles* their shame, *themselves destruction, and their Country distraction.* Thou that knoweſt how to turn the other cheeke to him that ſmites thee, and to let goe thy cloake too to him that wud take away thy coate; *and yet knoweſt thy time too When to* ſell it for a ſword, *and thy life by it as deare as thou canſt. While yet thou ſeekeſt not ſo much the deſtruction of the enemy, no nor the preſervation of thy ſelfe, as the obedience too, as the glory of God by it. Thou that haſt learnt*, how to render bleſſing for curſing, and pray for them that deſpitefully uſe thee, *While ſtill thou remembreſt that the ſame* Michael that brought no railing accuſation againſt the devill, *called the Phariſees* a generation of Vipers, the evill-working Jewes, the children of the devil. *Thou Whoſe well tempered ſoule knoweſt the meaning of a zealous meekneſſe, a milde indignation, a faceat gravity, a ſollid pleaſantneſſe, &c. Thou Who While thy cautelous heart is ſtill agitated With the moſt quick reſentments, & readieſt apprehenſions of dangers, art moſt firmly ſetled in a moſt unſhaken peace of a providentiall ſecurity. Thou whoſe giving heart is ſtreaming it ſelfe forth in the moſt inlarged and ſelfe-looſing compaſſions, the moſt liberall ſupplyes and contributions to the ſuffering Saints, and haſt thy awakened feare continually exerciſed With the alarmes of War and death, While thou ſtandeſt With an undaunted magnanimity, in a cloſe, faſt, fixed, Communion With thy God, like Mount Sion that cannot be ſhaken; triumphing over Hell and Death. That While thou bleedeſt in their Wounds, art bound in their bonds, dyeſt in their death, bleſſeſt for thy Wounds, art freed With thy bonds, liveſt in thy death. That* walking in the ſhadow of death,

in

in the preſence of thine enemies, *haſt a ſet banquet of heavenly delicacies*, thy head annointed with the oyle of joy and gladneſſe, *by the over-ſhadowing hand of the Almighty Redeemer, while thy ſoule is like a brim-full* Cup, overrunning *with joy and praiſes, with joy and praiſes. Thou that* amandeſt the wicked from thee, that thou maiſt keep the Commandements of thy God, *whom thou findeſt ſo, ſo inapprehenſibly good. Thou that abhorreſt none more then pragmaticall, buſie-body, cenſorious men, as the moſt ſlight-ſpirited, idle ſelf-ignorant, worthleſſe men that are, and yet ſeekeſt not thine own things, but the things of others, and canſt not ſo* hate thy brother in thy heart, as not to rebuke him; *and therefore as not to rebuke him in love. Thou in* whoſe eyes a vile perſon is contemned: *whoſe God-acquainted ſpirit, can* not ſit with vaine, *empty, triviall-ſpirited perſons*, Sons of Belial, *whoſe* fooliſh hearts *are not* lift up in-to the wayes of God, that are above to the wiſe; *Triflers away of precious houres in frothie, frivolous*, fruitleſſe *communications, that have no, and therefore can* adminiſter *no* grace to the hearer: *Men not of Heaven-aſcending diſcourſe, ſpirit, life. Thou that haſt found the* two edged ſword *of the* word, *dividing* between the ſoule and the ſpirit, *and raiſing this as far above that, as that is above the body, That thou mayeſt ſerve him*, in the ſpirit of thy minde, *in the more extracted, as it were, and more ſublimed quinteſſence, the more free & noble* ἐντελεχέια *of life, love, zeal. Thou that like that* Purites *ſtrikeſt fire; and throweſt ſparks about thee, to quicke the dead and ſcindry ſoules, and counteſt it far more honour to be denominated a zelot with thy Saviour, from that which fed on his marrow, that pure and undefiled* zeale *of his Fathers* houſe that conſumed him, *then to be counted a dead carkaſe, of Him who bid the* dead bury the dead. *Thou Preciſian that walkeſt as accurately, curiouſ-*

ly as upon the ridge of an houſe, and therefore as Wiſely, if the Spirit of Wiſdome be a competent Judge. Thou that art one of the holy brethren, *that laboureſt to* be holy as hee that called thee is holy; *to be holy as (though thou canſt not be as holy as)* thy heavenly Father; *and therefore haſt that title linked to it, as a concomitant of the* pertaking of the heavenly calling. *Thou that art counted as ſo much* off ſcouring and dung, *while thou art one* of whom the world is not worthy; *a* ſeditious, *factious turbulent fellow that* turneſt the world topſie turvey, *While thou art among the proppes and pillars without which it would inſtantly and irrecoverably ſinke. Thou that haſt God for thy Father, Chriſt for thy Brother, the holy Spirit for thy companion, the Angells for thy attendance, Heaven-the-full injoyment of God for thy perpetuall home. Thou that art his* undefiled *one,* his jewell *his* glory, the Apple of his eye, *his* pleaſant portion, *the* dearely beloved of his ſoule, *the darling of the Deitie Himſelfe. Thou that art the ſubject of ſo rare a peece of the divine Wiſedome in bringing him that ſtood at the vaſteſt diſtance, the deadlieſt defiance to the neareſt the cloſeſt the moſt endeared intimacie. In making a lumpe of rude and unformed darkeneſſe, a lampe of pure and undefiled ſplendour in that inapproachable light. A wiſpe of ſtraw the fewell of* everlaſting burning, *a mingling flame in ever-loving imbraces. But Whither will this ſweet-ſounding name tranſport me? Thou man, that art worthy of the name, as* fearing God and keeping his commandements, *which is* the whole, *the compleatneſſe of a man, in him, in* whom wee are compleate, *pertaking of an higher nature,* being not carnall, & walking like a man, *but ſpirituall and walking (as thou mayſt ſay it In, as the knowledge of it Will ſweetly enforce thee to ſay it in the deepeſt, the feelingſt humilitie) as a dimunitive, as an epitome, of Chriſt, of God. While all* murmurings, envying, ſtrifes

ſtrifes, evill ſurmiſes, backbitings, &c. *purged out, thou poſſeſſeſt thy meeke patient ſoule, like a pure and untroubled Rivulet, over flowing in ſuperabundancie of loves and ſweetneſſes. But What ſhall I ſay of thee? thou Uniforme Multiformitie, beautifull blacke, croſſe-divided* ground, *concording diſcord! Thou that haſt eternitie aſſigned thee to contemplate thy owne worth; in thy onely worth the Lord Chriſt. To thee candid Chriſtian as having knowne the Wiſedome that is from above, that is firſt* pure *and therefore* gentle, eaſie to bee entreated without partialitie, *prejudicateneſſe, ſenſoriouſneſſe,* Hypocriſie *to thee doe I preſent* hoc qualecunque meum; *this* tenue munuſculum, *theſe broken and rudely ordered meditations, (the off-ſprings of thoſe more ſerene, lucid, benign houres, thoſe* horæ blandiores*) breathing themſelves forth in theſe Canzonets of their ſerious pleaſure, which have long laine by me in looſe and ſcribled* Adverſaria, *and now after many and oft ſelfe-diſputes, ſuddenly and confuſedly according to the condition of the time ſcrabled up together into this Miſcellanie; as Willing rather then the growing miſchiefes of hardned hearts, hearts lifted up to their ruine, ſhud prevent thee of all, thou ſhudſt have ſome, though too thoſe but prepoſterouſly and promiſcuouſly hudled together. In Which ruder Rapſodie, if thou ſhat eſpie any* brillantes eſtincellettes, *any little ſparklings forth, any glimpſes and glances, ſhat heare any hints and reliſhes, that may be ſuitable to thy Word-conformed ſpirit; and like the concurrent rayes of two appoſite jewells, the concording tones of two Co-tuned inſtruments, might more take thee With thy owne graces, more ſweeten thy ſoule in the ſence of the divine goodneſſe, and annimate thee on to a more full obedience, to a further activitie in the Waves of holineſſe; I have my deſire, and thou ſhalt not miſſe of thine.*

Errata.

PAge 2. Line. 5. for turnes to *reade* turne to, *p.26.l.3. r.* ſprawle, *p.28.l.12.r.* through them converſe, *p.29.l.2. r.* cheare them to, *p.33.l.17.r.* thorough, *p.48.l* 12. for pleaſure *r.* heaven, *p.58.l.6.* Pſal. 8. 9.10. *p.65.l.22.r.* unſhod wi'th', *p.66.l.10.r.* promiſe, *p* 67. *l.* 10. *for* were *r.* will, *p.70.l.17.r.* altar'd, *p.71 l* 18. *r. for* ; though *r.* then. *l.27. r.* ſtill, *p.73.l.16.r.* glympſes, *p.74.l.* 5. *r.* hand, *l.* 32. *r.* my r'bellious fleſh *p.75.l.7.r* what's, *l* 10. *r.* followes, Creator, *p.80.l.4. for.* truth *r.* forth, *l* 31. *r.* heares, *p.83.l.29. dele* thou, *page* 91. *reade line* 31. *and* 32. *after p.92. l.* 2. *p.* 107. *l.5.r.* that, *p.* 108. *l.4 r.* him, *p.* 121. *before verſ.* 21. *r.* 2 Chron. 20. 21. 22. &c. *p.* 128. *l.4 r.* heeles, *p.*131. *l.* 5. *r.* leaven, *p.*145. *l.*27. *r.* I th', *p.*148. *l.*14. *r.* Is it, *p.*152. *l.*24. *r.* father's, *p.* 153. *l.*9. *r.* as, *p.*157. *l.*18. *r.* Angelicque *l.*32. *r.* worlds, *p.*170. *l.*14. *r.* live, *p.*175. *l.*7. *for* falſe *r.* ſelfe-, *p.*195. *l.*1. *r.* Vacation.

I Call to minde my ſong in the night, *Pſal.* 77.
Admoniſhing one another in Pſalmes and Hymnes, and ſpirituall Songs, ſinging to the Lord with grace in your hearts. *Epheſ.* 5.

Heaven's Harmony; the Heaven-ſpeaking ſtrain,
That meets in Meeter is the meeter ſtrain.

Heaven's Harmony, and the Harmonious man
Whoſe Hearts's right ſet to God,'s the Heavenly man.

NE're drank'ſt thou drop of Helicon;
Nor know'ſt thou where Pernaſſus lies;
What is it then thus beares thee on
Into this vein to Poetize?

Ne're read'ſt thou Play; nor working Poet,
That in the weightier meaſures ſings.
But all thy vacant houres beſtowedſt
In haunting of the ſpring of ſprings.

Nor uſeſt artificiall cheare:
No fumes of Wine, brain-hopping Beere,
No ſwelling Ale; yet ſtill I heare
My *ſimple* Muſa round mine eare.

But whither *Nympha?* Warbling lie
Still in my nurſing breſt. Stay; where
Wu't finde wi'th' narroweſt ſcrutiny,
A ſerious, ſober, candid eare?

Haſt found 'em? Goe; long-verſed in
An Element of Purity,
Th'rt well content, thou heard and ſeen
O'th' pureſt Puritans may be.

You'll finde her like a Traveller,
I'th' Valley now, drink of the Brooke
That runs by th'way; and thence transfer
Her riſing feet and mounting looke.

Then down again, deject, below;
Yet ſtill doth ſing, 'cauſe ſtill doth goe;
Where never more ſhall be below:
Yet ſtill doth ſigh, 'cauſe doth but goe.

Still ſigh and ſing, and ſing and ſigh,
Still ſweetly ſteale the love-drawne heart,
Inſenſibly carried to thoſe highths
Whence it ſhall never more depart.

πᾶν πρᾶγμα δυὰς ἔχει λαβάς: Epict. Every thing hath two handles; and a foole alwayes takes it by the left.

Quicquid recipitur, recipitur in modum recipientis.

BIte Cynick if thou wu't,
And fill thy invenom'd gut
with poyſon.

Burſt Spider, if one Bee
Get one ſweet ſmatch, 't ſhall be
M'rich *foiſon*.

Hence

Hence *Momus*, be n't ſo rude,
S'unmannerly to intrude.
Dar'ſt venture;

The Houſe is mine, and thou
'Rt a Thiefe, I'l not allow
Thee enter.

But wu't thou break the doore?
Turn not a Paper more,
'Tis Burglarie.

Steale not a glance upon
A ſyllable; be gone
Thou Plagiary.

Chantez a l'aſne il vous fera des coups.

BRing yee an Aſſe unto the Harp,
And he will at the Muſick carp.
Skill hath no enemies but thoſe
Whoſe pride their ignorance doth poſe.
But th'man that learnes humility
Knowes Muſick, for with God dwels he.
And he-and-he full ſweetly agree,
Whoſe very tunings Muſick be.

MAy never eye (great God) behold this booke,
Whoſe eye-affected *heart* with thee's not tooke.

O thou that mad'ſt the dead alive,
Speak but the word, theſe words revive.

Thou free, and freeing ſpirit, that bloweſt where,
When, as, thou liſt'ſt, O that thou wouldſt blow here!
Let him that life to all things gives,
Reade to the Reader, and he lives.

Carmina ſeceſſum ſcribentis & otia quærunt. Ovid.

—— —— At Anglica noſtra Carina
Pontificum inſanis exagitatur aquis.
Ac agitetur aquis, etiam cantabimus illis:
Viribus ipſa ſuis Roma ſuperba ruit.
Roma ſuperba ruit, reſonantq; Superna canora
Voce, ruat ſummo pondere ſtrata ſuo.

WHat matters that from whom theſe Poems came?
Hee's but the ſilent pen that ownes the blame.
God's be the praiſe, the pleaſant profit thine;
Bate thy miſtakes, be the miſpriſions mine.
For whatſo'ver amiſſe thou't ſee,
There wants diſcretion in thee or mee.
There wants diſcretion in thee and mee;
Beare Thou with me, as I with thee.
Thinke th'faults are thine, Ile thinke they're mine.
And ſo they'll be nor mine nor thine.
While each to lay'm on th'other's loth,
They'll fall to th'ground between us both.
A politicke piece of charity,
To ſweeten all in amity.

SOLILOQVIES THEOLOGICALL.

A Pſalme, a Hymne, a ſpirituall Song,
A Ballad, and Maſſe-chanting tongue;
A *Davids* Harp, an aiery veine,
A vagrant Fiddle, vapouring ſtraine;
Fond, wilfull, blinde, ind'ſtinct Devotions,
Th'inutterable ſighs of faithfull Notions;
A Heaven diffuſed Supplicancie,
A torpid, Rome-bred Lethargie;
A pompous, gaudy Ceremony,
A Goſpell-Simple decency;
Selfe-prating Prieſts, Chriſt-preaching *Pauls*,
Gods, and the worlds Epiſcopals;
Theſe, and a thouſand more reſemble
Each other, each other moſt diſreſemble.
Diſcretion is diſcerning, He
That ſees but white from black can't ſee.
But he 'tis ſees, that ſeeth well,
That white fro'th' brighteſt gray can tell.
To ſee ſins of the fouleſt dye
What iſt? But th' fair'ſt, t's a ſpirituall eye.

* Heb. 4. 2. with 1 Cor. 2. 14. 15. ψυχικὸς and Iude 19. Soulie. *Betwixt the moſt clearly ſenſuall, the moſt penetratingly rationall Soule and the Spirit.*

* T'divide betwixt the Soul and Spirit,
That, that the name o' diſcretion merits.
Diſguiſed Vertue, Painted Vice,
The Proverbe turn'd, *More wiſe more nice*;
But he who turnes this turnes to vice,
Is nice for want of being nice:
Her's two men, both high-minded be;
'Tis pride that, this humility;
And her's two more, in feare each is,
'Tis courage that, 'tis cowardize this.
And ſo along of all the reſt,
S' alike is good and evill dreſt.
Things moſt alike oft moſt unlike
Doe prove, and moſt unlike alike.
The wiſer He that can deſcrie
Th'great Diſtance when ſo cloſe they lie.
Lay right i'th'Eaſt, and wrong i'th'Weſt
E'rie fool'd be wiſe-and know what's Beſt.
Cou'd they be clear'd by generall Rules,
Where'd be the Academicque Schooles?
But Limitings, Sublimitings,
With often Subſublimitings.
And every Action's of a Rate
As duly Circumſtantiate.
Who iſt that naturally wu'd not good?
Yet all all ill by nature wu'd.
And how haps this, but good and bad
Are in the ſame apparell clad.
Or rather 'cauſe our ſight's ſo dull,
We can't the fruit fro'th' refuſe cull.
'Tis hence I feare my mirth is ſad,
'Tis hence I finde my griefe is glad.

'Tis

'Tis hence I feele my Melancholy
Divine Delights, my Laughter Folly.
'Tis hence I all things so suspect,
And what's most pleasing most reject
Till by the touch-stone I shall trie
Whether 't be'nt th'delusion of the eye.
And what need Sences spiritualiz'd
And those so often exercised,
Were't easie to be wise, to know
The discrepance from Concords flow.
Were't easie to be wise, to know
The Concords from Discordings flow.
Sages held Sots, Sots Sages be
Not view'd with perspicacity.
The * sights an unjust Judge, if judge
Aright he doe who all must judge.
'Tis not so subtle edg'd to decide
An haires bredth, and besides 'tis brib'd
To often blindnesse by the affections;
Thus humane light takes false inspections.
I'le ne'r believe the man that will
Believe's own eyes, but count him will
Among the *Fooles*, that's not acquaint
With Faith the Topicks of a Saint.
Unskill'd and feigned Sounds may cheat
The Eare, Sents the Smell, the Palate meat,
Th'Touch Tangibles. There's Sophistrie
Plenty in Hell for Fallacies.
Th'world, Flesh, Divle's so *Legier de main*
Th'acut'st, nimbl'st Look may be mista'ne.
And when we thinke a Blow's put by
VVee're over-reach't by'a *Falsifie*.

* Esay 1
3. with
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reason, r
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Ioh. 7. 2
κατ' ὄψι

2 Thes.
3. 2.
ἄτοποι.

Senſe, Reaſon's groſly cozen'd, but Faith
Can never, for 'ts information hath
From *Truth it ſelfe*; 't may be miſta'ne,
But can't miſtake. There is a vaine,
A fanſied Faith. So ſtill here's worke
For D'ſcretion. Snakes ith' Verdure lurk.
'Ith' Snakes rich Cordials. Who wiſe wu'd prove
'Mſelfe, 's rareſt wiſdome't doth behove
T' have rarified by that great Light
That ſhewſt the brighteſt day but night.
To ſee men both of the ſame Clay
And mould, and both of the ſame way,
Subſtance, and faculties of Soule,
Yet the one as faire as Heaven, as foule
As Hell the other, and if there ſeeme
To thee a difference, thou'd'ſt eſteeme
The Heaven were Hell, the Hell were Heaven;
So ſoone ſo much maiſt be deceiven;
For what's the beſt morality,
But finer ſpun hypocriſie?
While hee'd be thought be godly too,
That with our God hath nought to doe.
So Heaven and Hell may weare th' ſame clothes,
The Troubles that, and this th' Repoſe.
Th' World's God inrob'd 'n Angelicque Light,
The God of gods in ſable Night.
'Tis this that hurles the world to Hell,
Becauſe they can't the difference tell
'Twixt good and bad, 'twixt God and them.
'Tis only thoſe that he condemnes
That know him not, but ſo miſtake,
As that themſelves their gods they make.

And

And ſo doe all that will not learne
'Twixt things that differ to diſcerne.
'Tis this that makes the ſoule as God,
T' know good and evill. I'le then plod
Upon this narrow Scrutiny
With all ſubmiſſive induſtry.
I'le then reſigne mine eyes to thee
Thou *Only Wiſe* to ſee for mee.
I'le *be a foole*, the only way
To paſſe for *Wiſe another Day*.

CHriſtian! O how I tremble at the Name
That holds the God that holds the world in frame!
O what an Earthquake-Palſey ſhakes my limbs!
What Spirit-intercluding feare bedims
Mine eye! What quivering Agues hurry through
My panting veines, ſurpris'd with chilling dewes!
I tremble, how I tremble at the Name
Chriſtian! Shall I ſay ſo? I muſt, my Joy conſtraines,
My Joy that ſerves it ſelfe by lighter paines
With weightier comforts. I profeſſe; Ah Lord
Make thou my Life unto my Tongue accord.
Chriſtian! A piece of undivided Chriſt:
Watch ſoule, for if thy ſelfe, thou God belieſt.
Off Sacrilegious hands; th'ungodlike man
Ungodly is, is not a Chriſtian;
For God is Chriſt, and Chriſt is Man.

CReep ſneaking Earthworm to thy bags of Gold,
And glutt thy greedy Panch with hungry Clay.
Climbe lofty Spider to thy Heights, take hold
Of Princes Palaces, toile night and day,
Spin out thy braines into a curious plot,
Kings, Kingdomes are but ſilly flies, ſoon caught.

And thou whoſe Life ſayes Time was made for leiſure,
Thou for an Ocean-ſporting Behemoth,
To toſſe, to rowle thy ſelf in Seas of pleaſure: (wrath
Yet know the Foot, the Broome, the Sluce, whoſe (high
Breakes through th' condenſed'ſt Earth, the Aire moſt
Reaches, and draws the abounding'ſt Waters dry.

Poore! Baſe! Wretcht man! Are theſe things to compare
(That are ſo ſhort, that Are not while they are)
With Him that is our Subſtance? With the Rare
Th'only Honor t'be his Son, his Wiſdome? Th'faire
Sole-pleaſing Love, whoſe pure Eſſentiall Light
Breaths flames in all with mutuall Delight.

God! Chriſt! Bleſt Spirit! Yee-Thou-Are-art mine
For ever art One with thy Self-and-Thine.

MAT. 12. 43, 44.

GOe ſweep thy Houſe, and weare out all the brooms
Of Ethicks to the ſtumps, collect the ſweets
Of Scripture flowers; garniſh, perfume thy roomes.
Thou'rt yet the Rendevous where Legion meets
And revell rout's more ſafe, till Chriſt ha'indwelt
Thee'nd kept Poſſeſſion. Which had he then th'hadſt (felt
Thy ſin-purg'd-thirſty ſoule draw wholy up
Thy daily draughts of his reviving Cup.
This ſin-drean'd-Chriſt-repleniſht ſoule's no reſt
For th'unclean Spirit but the ſelf-full breſt.

OH where's a quiet Lambe, a gauleleſſe Dove,
An humble ſoule, an all-enduring Love,
A Glorious-and-offence-by-paſſing man
That ſweetly ſmiles at All the creature can?
A (*a*) ſmoothly plained, ſilenc't ſoule abides
No (*b*) rugged, rough excreſcencies of Pride;
A fitted ſoule to fall in cloſe conjunction
With God, t'apply it ſelfe to every function;
A patient *Job*, meek *Moſes*, gentle *Paul*, (call;
Upright, Gods Friend, Heavens Seer, well may y'him
The lively Image of his Chriſt
VVho was the lowlieſt-and-the High'ſt.

a Pſa. 131. שׁוה רכסים

b Iſa. 40. 4. *cum* Pſal. 31. 20.

Bleſt man! Hath found the Philoſophique Stone
That with a touch turnes Dunghils into Thrones,
And of a Thorny makes a Golden Crowne.
Admir'd Believer! While he'humbly laies him downe
Below th'leaſt mercy, i'the nethmoſt Pit
(Walkes as a man not worthy o'the Name
He forfeited unto Eternall ſhame,
Not worthy t'look to th'God he ſold for nought,
On any creature who all in bondage brought,
Below the laſh oth' Diabolicqu'ſt tongue,
Satanicqu'ſt hand in doing, doth no, wrong)
Sits ſtill in Heaven with Him in Heaven did ſit
While in the Grave, far, far above the reach
O'th' higheſt reaching ſins can make no breach
Upon his praiſing Concords, far above
The barking or the fawning World but prove
Th'increaſers of his mirth by what he felt
From their attempts while here below he dwelt.

DEny my ſelfe! Take! Up! My! Croſſe! Each! Day!
And follow Thee! *Selfe?* Friends, gain, eaſe, name,
Not one of theſe parts of my ſelf, not all (may
Serve? But my ſelf and all my ſelf muſt call
Thee Lord? What, no propriety at home?
An Inmate to my ſelf? And yet muſt come
And beare? Muſt bring my ſhoulders to this Croſſe?
Nay ſtoope for't too, and that for *My*, *My* Croſſe?
How lights anothers, though heavier far? And ſay (*day*!
'Twere once ones Life? a Yeare? a Moneth? but *every*
And

And that including ſubdivided times,
As oft as he ſhall pleaſe recall our crimes
Unto our memory! And yet, thus loaden *travell*!
Nay! after *perfectneſſe*! her's that would ravell
The fin'ſt ſpun wit into a ſad confuſion,
To draw theſe premiſſes into a glad concluſion.
But wiſdom's from above, and 'tis not nature
That ſees the height, bredth, length, depth o' th' Creator,
H's incomprehenſible love in Chriſt; How light's
The burthen? How unconceiv'd th' delights!
Thus made more capable of vaſter Bliſſe
By theſe impos'd impoſſibilities
To fleſh and blood, how much th' more room for grace,
For God, to make our ſoules the happier Place
Of his ſuch wonder-working reſidence
That makes our Faith ſo far exceed our Sence,
His Spirit, his powre our own, that we might be
Th' more glorious Proofe of his Omnip'tencie.

Omnia mea mecum porto.

TIll thou canſt make the Croſs of Chriſt uncrown'd,
And ſnatch the Scepter from his hand confounds
Kingdomes like Potſheards, till thou canſt controule
Him that ſhall rowle the Heavens like a ſcroule
And make them melt with fervent heat to give
Me paſſage to my high prerogative
Its full enjoyment, till thou canſt untie
Or cut in two the Gordian knot where I

'M inſeperably

'M inſeperably interwoaven with himſelfe;
Till thou canſt rob the everlaſting wealth
And dry the inexhauſted Spring; Or ſtop
The inviſible Influxes, that doe drop?
* Cant. 5. 16. That poure out * Sweetneſſes come ſtreaming through
ממתקים Their pure and undiſcover'd Channell to
M'inlivened ſoule; th'ebbing world ſhall ſtill redound
With flouds of overflowing comforts, ground
My ſoule above the reach of worldly cares,
To feaſt upon the ſweets of heavenly fare.

Luke 1. 53.

O May I daily empty me of me.
Could'ſt thou but fill me daily more with Thee?
Can'ſt thou deny thy ſelfe? Or can there be
Ought good but Thee? Or be Vacuity
In Grace more then in Nature? O make, make me
More humble, ſo I riſe more fill'd with Thee.
Ah Lord! Now where am I! ſure this is right;
I, here is that is worth the name Delight.
— Here, her's a Joy that ſwallows all my joyes
In 'ts ſhoreleſſe bliſſe, and over all m'annoyes
Triumphs in glorious peace, the while't imployes
It's provident ſecurity, and ſwerves
On neither hand, but to an haire obſerves
Its narrow way untill it come t'inneſt
I'th' omnipreſent Center of his breſt.
O may I daily fill with more of Thee
T's this filling only humbles-raiſes me.

Humility

HUmilitie and grace are commenſurable, take the depth of the one and you have the height, have all the dimentions of the other. *Ex pede Herculem*; So much Humilitie-ſo much Grace-ſo much God; or rather ſo much God-ſo much Grace-ſo much Humility (All our diſpoſings of our ſelves to him being poſt-not prediſpoſings; ſo farre as I ſpread downeward in the roote of my humble faith, ſo much the more nouriſhment I draw; and conſequently thrive in bulke and ſtature towards the full meaſure of perfection in Chriſt Jeſus.

We have according as we receive, but we receive according to our humility-the hollow of the Palme, the capacitie the capability of the hand of faith, therefore we have according to it.

Againe, Grace is the Indwelling of God in us and Humility the emptying and the unſelfing us of our ſelves, to live in him; looke then as he comes in, (the very firſt forming of grace,) ſo we goe out; and as wee goe out ſo he comes in with a daily and further tranſforming us into himſelfe. Or thus, Chriſt is the patterne of Humility, but in him dwelleth the fulneſſe of the Godhead, therefore

The humbleſt man is the moſt gracious man,
Nay who 'twixt th'one and th'other difference can.

For indeed Grace is Humility-and Humility is Grace-is godlineſſe; they having divers names in a divers reſpect, Humilitie as we are made unlike to, are outed of, our ſelves; Grace-and Godlineſſe as made like to, as Inned in our God. The unſelfdenying man therefore is the proud man-is the ungracious-the ungodly man.

Or

Or thus, God himſelfe hath ſo humbled himſelfe, take upon him the forme of a ſervant, to be *God-with* (*Phil.* 2. *ver.* 6, 7.) The Lord of Life hath ſhed blood, hath been ſlaine, and that on the *Croſſe* for (*Acts* 3. 15. 1 *Cor.* 11. 27.) In whom it is humility *looke* on the *Earth*, to *looke* on the *Heavens* (*Pſal.* 11 Grace then being but what a man hath of God, it m be but what he hath of humility.

The more truly then, the more kindly the Soul humbled, the more raiſed, the more ſublimed it is, cauſe more filled with him who is Above all; But of otherwhere God willing, the Kingdome ſtanding, not overturned by theſe ſtudie-diſturbing, State-ſtroying, Over-looking Prides.

Qui a des noix il en caſſe
Et qui n'en a il s'en paſſe.

Hee that hath Nuts, to h's teeth them puts,
Hee that hath none, lets 'em alone,
'S ne'r troubled about 'em.

Juſt ſuch toyes are all the joyes
This world can give, and I can live
As well without 'em.

It is not bread whereby I'm fed,
I much may carve and yet may ſtarve
If Nature feed not.

But on the aire I can well fare,
If God ſhall make me all forſake
So ſay they need not.

God is my portion, all this ſpatious world
S a little tinie Nut, that to me hurld
ve more adoe to get the Kernell forth
Then all the world as but the ſhell is worth;
God's in't I know, and God's without it too,
nd I get him without with leſſe adoe.

ly Nuts are left, I'm off my childiſh ſtage,
pproach the *Acme* of m'eternall Age:
care f'r this ratling pleaſure? Counter-wealth?
heſe Hobby-horſe Honours? For this trumpery pelfe
arths puling ſucklings ſtretch your throats, I draw
ly Life fro'th' Wiſdome o'the Goſpel-Law.

ARiſe my Harp, my Heart is riſen, up,
Praiſe him hath fill'd, hath overfill'd thy cup.
riſe my Heart, my Harp is riſen, up,
raiſe him hath fill'd thy praiſe-o'rerunning cup.
eart, Harp ariſe, mixe your melodious notes
hereon my ſoule my ſoule to him devotes.
ow praiſes, vow thy ſelfe in praiſefull bliſſe,
y Heart the Spirit, my Harp the Organ is.
ay Harp, and Heart, and ſweetly both agree
Him my Life, my life your Echo bee.
eſſe Heart, Harp bleſſe with bleſt conſpiracy;
y Life: Earth, Heaven your conſtant Echo be.

Sing

SIng pretty Bird, and welcome in the Spring,
And mock my ſilence, heark unthankfull ſoule
How ſweetly doth ſhe chant it, ſing on, ſing
My daintieſt Bird, how nimbly doth ſhe rowle,
And poure out Roundelaies, as if ſhe wu'd
Have all at once her concords underſtood.

Yet pretty wretch how well ſhe keepes the time,
How gracefully ſhe reſts; how entertaine
Her Flats with Sharps; how neatly doth ſhe climbe
Up note by note, and run them downe againe;
VVith gentle breaſt breaths many a melting ſtraine
Harke, harke unthankfull ſoule, what ſtill refraine?

Rouze up, put in, thou lacking in thy part?
Refuſe ſo juſt a challenge? Thou haſt two Springs,
From Earth one, Heaven another, riſe up my heart,
The winters paſt, raine gone, 'tis time to ſing,
The Flowers appeare, heard is the Turtles voice,
The voice of thy Beloved, Ariſe, Rejoyce.

Up, *meditate* his praiſes on thy Lute
VVith a *grave Higgaion*, while like Seraphim
Thou burſt'ſt int'flams, fails th' tongue to ſpeak deput
Thine eyes. They? Let aſtoniſht ſilence him
Proclaime, wondrous in doing, in Sanctitie
Glorious, in praiſes fearefull, *I* praiſe *Thee*?

Hol

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God of Reſt,
My reſt ! yet reſtleſſe I, how faine wu'd ſpeake
But ſo o're powerd with dazling Light ſo preſt
VVith Humbling weight of Maſſie Glory breake
M'impriſoning earth claime climbe my high degree
Glory in its El'ment can't too heavy be.

O turne away thine eye ! No, turne mine eye
To a refulgent Sun, whoſe ſteady view
May feaſt upon unmixed Entitie:
'S uncircumſcribed, and uncoulerd Hew,
Till * whelm'd in living floods of ſtreaming beames
I riſe, far, far above theſe dunghill-ſteames.

To ſing Bleſt God, who to thy Pure in heart,
I'th' Sight of Thee all bleſſings doſt impart.

* Pſ. 14. 5. נהר *complectitur copiam & affluentiam Fluminis & Luminis cum celeritate, lubentia, ac pronitate.* Foſterus.

LOrd I believe, O help my unbeliefe :
My ſins are great, *therefore* my ſins remit,
Are thy thoughts, thy wayes mine ? To ſee the Chiefe
Of ſinners Chiefe of Saints, a work befit
Such free ! full grace ! O how my ſoule admires !
Rapt up in wonders, loſt in large deſires !

How I expatiate in this Infinite,
I ſtretch, I retch and yet ſtill more's before
Still I put out my ſelfe, ſo from Selfe quite
Am drawne; moſt happy loſſe to finde ſuch ſtore ;
I've loſt my empty Barke * ſwift ſailing come
Inrich't with Glory to my Glorious Home.

* πλαγιοφοια.

Toſſe

Toſſe World thy waves, Heart hanker for thy Earth,
Blow Divle thy blaſts. Ho, he is in my Barke
Shall quit me of you all. Raviſht with mirth
While to my Husband-Pilots Loves I harke
With full aſſurance fleedly glide along
Long longing t'ſing that everlaſting long
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

—— ——But muſt I reſt? I heare
A harſhned touch? what interchange here needs?
Or have I ſo faſtidious an eare?
Or i'ſt Variety my joyings feeds
But that, that's *Grounded* on Simplicity?
In *Jah*'s the confluence of all Harmony.

T'S a Princely Fabrick This. What curious rowes
Of glittering windows! ſtately Batlements!
How well compact, proportion'd, trim it ſhowes
A Maſter-piece of Arts imbelliſhments!
And what a bredth and length it runs, as high
As if it wu'd the ſpangled Cope outvie

In lofty glory! And if within you prie,
How neatly furniſht with rich Utenſils,
How gorgeous deckt with broidred Tapeſtry,
What Paintings, Carvings, Guildings! What ſo e're fills
Th'eyes with content. Yet be the Seat unſound
Foundation ſhallow ſoon't ſalutes the ground.

This

This Palace Thou perkt up to Heaven, adorn'ſt
Thee'n ſpecious ſelf-admired Parts, and ſcorn'ſt
Thy neighbouring Underling whoſe humble heart
Shall raiſe his praiſe as chooſing th'Better part.
Who deeply founded on his Rock outſtands
The proudeſt ſtructure on the crumbling ſands,
That over-charg'd with its owne pondeur, ſhall
With lower-ſhooting violences fall
Intomb'd in its owne ruines 'ith'Abyſſe
'Twixt which and Heaven the vaſteſt Chaſma is.

BEE proud who can? Doſt conſtant uſe to bow
Thy ſerious minde by an intentive view
Of God? How Great! How Good! Vile! Sinfull thou!
Mercies how excellnnt! and thoſe not few!
God! Man! Mercie! Such! from Such! to ſuch a man?
Theſe, and their *Suches Weighed So*, Where's the man?

NO—— ——
O, All. And now what letts what's now between?
Why not now joyne, claſpe in a mutuall cloſe
And twine in full embraces? Why not loſe
My Name my Life in Thee, ſo ever bee
With Thee with Thee the only Heaven I'd ſee.
—— ——No, No, All, All be gone
For I have loſt have loſt my ſelfe in One.

For ever ever Lord; that I may feare
No more to be my ſelf but ſtill be here.
And if thy wiſdome ſee my fooliſh heart
Wu'd ſurfet on thy kiſſes and convert
This Grace to wantonneſſe, ſhu'dſt ſtill impart
Unſowred ſweets, yet though our lips muſt part
(But ſhall they part?) never, never ſhall our hands;
Though then in Hell I be yet what withſtands
But I may Vault my ſelf to Heaven on This hold
Whoſe touch is ſtrength, whoſe ſtrength is uncontrol'd.

I Wonder how I live! I'm but a Shade,
A Ghoſt. Doe dead men eat? then I'le eat too.
My life is hid with Chriſt in God, I'm made
To men a ſtranger, to my ſelf, nor doe
I know ought aft'r th'fleſh, live in the Spirit,
Survey the Glories that I Now inherit.

How black's this Sun! how grim a night this cleare
This flearing day! O what an Ægypt's here
While in my Heaven-illumin'd Goſhen ſtand
I viewing the palpablely-obſcured land.
Which did they feel it as they think they ſee't
How to our Dwellings wu'd they ſpeed their feet!
But ſtill the world's the world. When ſhall I ſee
The Sun, the Day that make theſe thus to mee?
I ſee, elſe knew I not theſe thus, wu'd ſee
More, yet more that more knowing I might be;
I ſee, but oft a cloud intrudes between,
And make's me ſay 'tis darkneſſe to have ſeen.

I ſee, one beam through th'Cranie blear's mine eye,
When all are pointed there O where am I!
My Light ſhall ſtrength my ſight, nay I ſhall be
All light, for as He is I ſhall Him ſee.
No Dark of Folly-Sin-Sorrow ſhall there bee
VVhen I Allight *Allight* ſhall Alwaies ſee.

ACTS 10. 10. ἐθέλαλο γεύσαδαι.

'TIs good 'tis good being Here. Shall I go downe?
Shall I goe eat whoſe ſtomack kindly ſwels
VVith, for, by, Food-indeed? Shall I goe drowne
My Faith in Sence? Or may my ſpirits as well
Be loſt as dull'd? ſo too the work not haſt?
Then goe fleſh, goe, but dip, but ſip, but *Taſt*.

Goe not unenvyed of thoſe precious houres
VVherein thou laieſt me out for dead, and yet
Extorteſt more for Life where funerall flowers
Are welcome ſweetes. —— But what a ſad regret
Comes over, if not overcomes my ſpirit
To heare them talk of ſtraws, that Thrones inherit.

Nay, t'heare them talk like two wh'ave but one ſoul,
Bound for the ſame Heaven-Voyage, They fall foule?

Keep up my Faith, and there the while thee feed,
VVhere when I am, no more I food ſhall need.

Keep up my Faith and talke thee there the while
Where when I am this feare ſhall be my *Spoile*.

Keep up my Faith and then I may goe downe
And through thy Croſſe the better view my Crowne.

HOw is my ſoule diſtracted with content!
How full of Joyes, and yet how fill'd with Griefe!
How well compos'd my heart, and yet how rent!
How often ſtraights, and yet as oft reliefe!
Impatient of delaies I patient ſtay:
Oh come away deare Lord I'le not away.

The more I have the more I ſtill deſire;
The more I ſtill deſire the more I have.
Thrice happy thirſt whereby I ſo acquire
The drinke who drinkes he never more ſhall crave.
I aske no more but this, but more of this;
No more, this th'only bliſſe, more, ſtill there's miſſe.

Oh could I ever dwell where I have been,
Or once could be where I ſhall ever dwell;
In Kedars Tents I mourne, when I have ſeen
Th'Inviſible, how ſoon my heaven to hell
Is turn'd? The only hell that I can ſee
To ſee the face reflects no God on me.

Caſt me into thoſe Roomes of this great Inne
Where I may heare them talke that talke of Home

And

And when theſe worldlings which thee ne'r have ſeen
Chance in my-thy appointed way to come,
Oh let me be ſo prepoſſeſt with thee
Hearing I may not heare, nor ſeeing ſee.

When higheſt I ariſe I loweſt fall,
And when I loweſt fall I higheſt riſe;
The higher, my ſin and ſhame me more appall;
The lower, the greater's mercy in mine eyes.
I fall riſe, riſe fall, move, but nev'r remove,
So ſtedfaſt am I founded on his love.

Mount up my ſpirit! what not Higher yet?
Yet Higher, Higher yet, this is too low,
Till quite above my ſelfe advanc'd I get
Where my New ſelf ſhall me His Glory ſhow;
In this third Region ſhall my Eagles eye
Th'unclouded ſplendour of his face deſcrie.

Before I heard but Now, I Now behold
Thoſe holy beauties that firſt ſtruck me dead;
Thoſe holy beauties that firſt did unfold
The riches of my life; thus, thus is bred
Death out of Life, Life out of Death, by his *Light*
More black's my dark, my dark his Light more bright.

Oh how I love to love ſuch * *Lovelineſſes*
As *Thou art Altogether*! how I hate
My ſelfe I cannot love! oh th'expedite diſtreſſes
That my ſelf-jealous ſoule doe intricate!
Cares! Cleerings! Feares! Deſires! Zeale! Indignation!
Revenge! one ſmile caus'd, cur'd, bleſt perturbation!

* *Deſirableneſſes.*

כלו מחמדים Can. 5. 16.

By'agreeing diſcord how delight's augmented!
By theſe harſh touches how well grac't the cloſe
VVith a full harmony! never be repented
Shall this Repentance. VVhen thou doſt Lord compoſe
A heart thus broken, 'tis then an inſtrument
(And ne'r till then) can give thine ears content.

For never thou (pleas'd with thy ſelf alone)
Break'ſt one in two, but bring'ſt two, hearts in one.
So am I whole again, 'cauſe one with Thee,
So love my ſelf, 'cauſe Loving, Lov'd of Thee.

O VVhat a Conſort is thy Word,
VVhen Place falls into Place..
O what a Beauty is thy VVord,
VVhen Grace is matcht to Grace!
But what a *What* then is *That Word*
That ſhews all Face to Face!

HOw faire a Casket is thy VVord!
VVhat broken ſparkes it doth afford
From every corner to invite
My eyes to frequenter delight!
My eyes, my wondering eyes to ſee
Such radiant Chriſtianity!
Cu'd I but ſett theſe ſparks in one,
VVhat floods of luſtre thence were flow'n!

One's

One's worth a world, Heaven, Earth ſhall paſſe,
But an Iöta ſhall ſurpaſſe.
All ſaw I'n that one precious ſtone
How full-rich-pleaſant Glory's ſhown:
How I more joy my ſale of all
Hath got m'one Pearle is more than all.

O Let thy Pleaſantneſſes be
Upon me Lord, how I ſhall flie
About thy buſineſſe, how I'le fight
VVith oppoſitions, and delight
My ſelf and thee with praiſe in all,
Thus ſpeeds the works thus on thee call.
And what's the Beauty that doth ſo?
Oh who will lead me to that ſhow,
And tell me yet *What is my Chriſt*
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd,
And whence if they receive not light
They're but the devill dreſt in white.

Pſ. 90. 17. *Amœnitates.*

FRowne ſcowling VVorld, frown, I deride the brow
Of all thy bended powres, and ſcorn to bow
Before the kneeneſt ſhafts o'th' fatal'ſt look
VVherewith thy worldling's in a trembling ſhook.

Still look't I for theſe lookes, and therefore Arm'd
Me with the Armour ever keeps unharm'd.
And for thy favours, they're beneath th'deſire
Of him whoſe Heart-and-Treaſure's far, far higher.

Here while I keep me and not walk below
My ſelfe, what petty nothings all things ſhow
At their due diſtance? and how Vaſt the Glories
Seen in their place and not read o're for Stories;

HOw vaine is reſtleſſe man!
Toſt too and fro with Paſſions, hurl'd
A Tennis-ball throughout the World!
Now on he flies, ſtraite's beaten back again,
On this ſide now, now that, but ſtill in Vain.

How vaine is reſtleſſe man!
You know not where to have him found;
His earthy thoughts now creep the ground,
Now up an hoight he flies, hee'le over all
Till caught in h's net or loſt in's miring fall.

How! how unhappie's man!
How far his motion from his Line
His ruleleſſe courſe from what's divine!
Wu'd he but leave himſelf in's Saviours hand
How ſteedy ſeemly ſure hee'd him command?

How worſe then wretched man!
Hee'd ne'r keep ſuch a Racquet, ne'r come neere
The Hazzard cou'd he tell where Heaven were.
Cou'd his Experience tell 'twere in his Heart
And's Heart in it, 'twere a myſterious Art
Of Peace and Righteous joy, how quickly hee'd part

With

With toilſome Mock-bliſſe, to be truly bleſt
Hee'd pleaſure in his Rich and Glorious Reſt.

GOe Till the Garden man. Lord I ſhu'd learne
Thy ten Commandements, the Creed, thy Prayer
Before the World, but I have theſe to learne
Old Childe! Theſe known then knew I Thee, and were
That known I knew the World and All, in All
I'm ſhort, Thee firſt I'le learn. ſo All.

Thou art the only *Agent all'ſt* and yet
Not *ſuffer'ſt* by the *Patient* might I be
More Thee, then only might I be more fit
To work on that that elſe wu'd work on me
And worldly make who doe deſire to make
The World more godly and the World forſake.
While make my Calling as a Chriſtian
The ſoule to act my Calling as a Man.

GOe Molelike Chriſtian to the Heathen Eagle,
Thence take inſtructions how to diſinveagle
Thy earth beclogged ſpirits, while thou ſoar'ſt
Thy ſtately heaven approaching flight and poar'ſt
Thence (if thou wu't poare on't) upon this ſo
Admired nothing, which if ought it ſhow
Thou't ſee a little-tyney Hill of petty Ants
Providing for their ſtill ſucceſſive wants

With

With crawling up and down to tug and haule,
O'reburdning and o'retumbling luggage, crawle
Never up again but here and there a few
With much adoe, ſome Portering Feather-beds
Tortured with pleaſures, ſome loading of their heads
With break-neck Crowns, ſome mumbling at the Mines
Of poore *Peru*, while one or two divines
The end of this confuſed moyle, gets wings
And practiſes to flie to Nobler things.
O wu'dſt thou mount thee from this dungie Globe
To thoſe Celeſtiall Regions there inrobe
Thee with thy Royall veſtures tiſhued Gold
And take the Potent Scepters uncontroul'd
Thy ſacred Temple's bound wi' illuſtrious Gemms
Adorne the endleſſe Circle of the Diadems
The handy work of the Eternall wrought
Before the world, thou'tſt ſay the world was Nought,
Was worſe then Nought, was Naught, wu'dſt take
The faſter gripes o'th'Kingdome ne'r can ſhake,
The undefil'd Inheritance, where the
Pure Heavenly ſoule's Inheaven'd in Purity.
Fond ſoule that ever bat'ſt the wing to know
Again the evils of the Goods below,
Is Heaven beneath the Moon? what do'ſt above?
But iſt above? what do'ſt thou Fondling move
Thy happy ſtation? What want'ſt thou there unleſſe
Eyes to behold thy bliſſe, and tongues to bleſſe?
Here gaze, admire, adore, and ne'r deſcend
Hers entertainment that hath neither end
In choice nor time; all Goods reſolv'd into
Their Simple-and-Eternall Beeing; who
But mad wu'd ſtoop to catch a fleeting ſhade

That

That hath the ſubſtance that will never fade?
But art thou call'd away? What Calling iſt
Whereby thy given heart may be diſmiſt
From its true Owner? What Imployment iſt?
Is't not a God-enjoyment where Earth hath
No ſoule but Heaven, and Sence no Life but Faith
No quickning Fleſh but Spirit? Hee's *à la mort*
If Chriſt his ſtrengthening influence don't reſort
Into his Carka'ſt actions, who what e're
H's Thoughts, Words, Deeds do, doth in, & as he bears,
His Name, from His Command, through His Powre, for
His ſake, from whom, and thorough whom, and for
Whom All things are, his Life doth hold him forth
To th'world as th'Name the Thing its Nature's worth.
Thus moves in theſe inferiour Spheares by th'bent
O'th'Higheſt Mover, Aſcends in his Deſcent.
Goe then about thy buſineſſes, but know
Hee's not about his buſineſſe that's below,
Eat, ſleep, work, 'r not, ſtill doe to, be with, God
God cloath'd i'th' Creature and a naked God.
The great contrivement of a godly aime
To ſee'im in divers ſhapes and ſtill the Same,
God manifeſt i'th'Fleſh, is in the Fleſh
Immanuel; myſterious godlineſſe!
Here then's the top of that ſo rare an Art,
T'keep th'Heart in Heaven, or Heaven i'the Heart.

1 TIM. 4. 15. ἐν τούτοις ἴσθι.

CAn they concoct well that not uſe to chew?
Diſgeſt that not concoct? aſſimulate
That not diſgeſt? Hence 'tis ſo few
The Word into their Soules incorporate.
Hence 'tis enſues a prophane atrophie,
Or hypocriticall cacochymy.

I'le meditate, be wholly in this thing
Or elſe to none'll appeare my profiting.
Appeare I muſt or cannot be, muſt feare
Muſt meditate leſt that I but appeare.

INwrap thy ſelf in meditations, then
Goe forth and through them. Converſe with men.
That nothing finde thee naked but s'inveſt
With heavenly apprehenſions that the leaſt
Inſinuating aire of the ſubtle world
May finde no paſſage, nor the ſtorme that's hurl'd
About thine eares; but thou thus wholly receiven
Up to thy God maiſt be a *walking Heaven.*

MY ſoule's *Opace*, but may it be the Moone
Unto the Sun of Righteouſneſſe; full ſoone

I'le

I'le then reflect upon the world thoſe Rayes,
In thy waies cleare them, cleare them to thy praiſe.
Caſt glimpſes from that glorious Orbe of Light
To guide them glade them through this diſmall night.
This black-Prince-ruled world, but where in thine
Thy Word, Saints, Spirit thou art pleas'd to ſhine.
My ſoul is dark my brighteſt light but dim,
This yet's my joy, all I have, I have from Him.
VVith Wanes and Changes now I oft decline,
But in the Full ſhall ſhortly ever ſhine.
Freed from this Leaſehold earth, this ſhady night,
Fully poſſeſſe't poſſeſſed by the *Light*
VVhoſe beaming favours from his *Darkeleſſe* face
Condign'd his Choice Coheires of Glorious Grace.

I See no light, and yet ſo much I ſee
As darkes all other lights; I feele no love,
And yet ſo much I feele as makes me flee
All other loves; when other joyes can't move
My heart that ſad perplexities annoyes
I joy this griefe and grieve all other joyes.
Lord art thou gone? What ſhalt thou ſo be loſt?

Thy glorious eye into this heart hath ſent
The ſpark, hath took the whole, an Holocauſt
It reſtleſſe mounts unto its Element.
Fire of the Spirit it is, 'twill make no ſtay
Till to the Spirit of fire't hath burnt its way.

Shew

Shew me the Father and it ſhall ſuffice,
Whom ne'r man ſaw, and liv'd; yet ſeen of men.
If death wu'd doe it, 'twere well for wicked eyes.
Nor dead, nor living, yet ſeen of men, how then?
Dead, and alive in thee, and by thy Light
I feed on that full ſatisfying ſight.

'Tis not the prediſpoſed Organ here
That needs; the Medium of a Mediator
Quicks deadned eyes, th' obſcured Object cleares,
To th'lightleſſe Creature the great Light Creator.
Here ſee I all I'd have, the world is want,
The Bed's too ſhort, the Coverings are too ſcant.

BLack thoughts? as black as hell, and yet more black
Their paines extort their lies. Not Good? What lack
Haſt thou of all content but only this
I cannot ſee, not ſay Good, Good He is.
Mad thoughts! As mad as Hell, and what's more mad
Then to confeſſe He *is* and yet is bad?
More reaſon's in m'unreaſonableneſſe
VVhen ſay there is no God, then not confeſſe
Him Good, Him only Good. O could I thinke
My heart ſo gone in love, ſo brought to'th' brinke
Of thoſe Celeſtiall Rivers thence ſhu'd ſhrink,
And ſteale me to th'infernall Lake? I think
VVho did ſo deeply of his goodneſſe drink
That this was in my heart, my heart in Heaven?
Ne'r will I truſt what hath me ſo deceiven.

No,

No, no, nor what I ſay for if I doe,
'Twill cheat me in That Reſolution too.
Ah Lord what wo'nt I do? whom even now
Thou feaſted'ſt with the ſweets of God? yet how
How ſoon my mouth was full of gaulie taſte,
That thou ſhu'dſt throw away the world as waſte,
And Fire-fit refuſe, yet ſo ſure combine
Me in that Jeſu bundle of Life with Thine
Elect who'ſt room enough in Him for all,
Or might'ſt have kept them from their former fall.
Bleſt God! 'tis therefore that I love thee ſo,
That thou theſe wiſe-hid-depths to Babes wu'dſt ſhow,
(VVhen Fools proud wiſdome ſcorns to ſtoop ſo low.)
Thou nothing do'ſt becauſe 'tis Good, 'tis Good
Becauſe Thou do'ſt it. Thy good pleaſure wu'd
That this be ſo; even ſo be it, who will
Doe what They will, may thank themſelves for th'ill
Enſu's, but what Thou wu't, Thy grace;
VVho'rt plac'd to dwell in Satans Place.
O love! The God of glory Come
(Good God!) in th'unclean Spirits room.
VVhat am I Lord? And what thy whole
Creation? That Thou ſhu'dſt condole
VVer't but a Man! but Millions! ſo condole!
As t'beare the Shame, Blame, Death the whole
Evils of thy Sainted Rebels, whom
Juſtice judg'd meriting one doome!
Love! Goodneſſe! ſhu'd I praiſe extend
Unto its due, I ſhu'd ne'r end.
Nor wu'd, nor will, but make my dayes
Expire in Panegyrick layes.

Teach

TEach me Thy Fooliſh wiſdome Lord, and let
The blindfold world chooſe wiſer Follies, ſet
My heart in frame to Learn-Love-Doe Thy will
To feare to Think, Speak, Act, the ſmalleſt ill.
Here wiſdome takes beginning only Here,
Where feare ſhall teach me wiſdome, wiſdome feare.
Thou art *Only-Wiſe-Immortall* God, and He
That's taught of Thee, but only taught is he
VVhoſe humble feare dives in thoſe depths too deep
For haughty Ignorance. Sleep fondlings ſleep,
And hug your dreames of wit, but when you wake
You'le dearely rue your obſtinate miſtake.

HOw pleaſantly I weare away my dayes
I'th' ſence o'renewed ſtrength! My ſtrength decaies
And riſes by his ruines. I melt away
How ſweetly melt! ſtill drop proud fleſh defray
Your marrow to maintain theſe flames, ſtill burne
Ble'ſt ſpirit burne, me all to fire turne.
Thoughts will prey on my ſpirits, life will away,
Then live my ſprightfull thoughts on your decay.
Life! Life of Lives! 'Tis only Then I *Live*
VVhen ready ſtand prepar'd with *Joy* to give
Up my Accompt, and ſpeed me to that day
That gives me Life Indeed becauſe for Aye.

O When ſhall I put off theſe fleſhly Clothes,
And in my Earthy Bed take ſweet repoſe,
Untill that Morning come, that Holy day
In holy Pleaſures I ſhall ever Play
On well tun'd Heart that Heart inamouring ditty
That is the Conſort of that Heavenly Citie.

Even ſo Lord Jeſus Come, when breakes the day
Show's us Thy face, the ſhadow's flowne away:
Even ſo Lord Jeſus Come, when breakes the day:
Amen, Amen the Bride and Spirit ſay.
I Come, I Come, ſo come that we may come
Riding o'th' Cloudes unto our Fathers Home.

MElt in thy Fire my Earth, bleſt Spirit blow
M'into a Glaſſe, through whoſe tranſparent pores
My radiant ſtreames of holy luſter flow
Into my light-enliv'ned ſoule, now poares
On thoſe dim glimmerings thorough this darkſom duſt
Yet more ob ſcured by th'Falſe-lights of Luſts.

More then, more ſtrong be thoſe thy glorious rayes
To lift my heart up to thy heavenly wayes;
Till thou ſhalt ſpiritualize my very fleſh,
And make my glorious body ſee no leſſe,

I Cannot hold, ſo full, ſo full of Thee
Sweet Father, help, the more's the Revelation
Of Truth, the more, th'more ſtrong the teſt'mony
Of love, the more, th'more ſtrong is the temptation.
My Love burnes ſtill, and from that fire comes light
Reſtores the day unto my darkeſt Night.

For ſtill I ſay, I know I'm ignorant
And very bad, but Thou art Wiſe and Good.
I can't but love Thee, Thy Love-Letter I can't
But I muſt reade, thus Truth is underſtood
Receiv'd with love without deluſion, ſo
By knowing I learn to Love, by loving Know.

A holy Life's the cleareſt Commentary
I finde o'th' ſacred Text, the Spirit's actuall
Interpretation. 'T unites what ſeemes contrary,
Parts One in Two; ſhow's how 'tis, it doth call
Griefe joyfull, faithfull feare, lofty humbleneſſe
Deſtinguiſheth of Prayer, Faith, ſhow's who confeſſe.

Who makes the Word a Lanthorn to his feet
God to his pathes to mak't a Light think's meet.

How

HOw giddy I am with viewing the Sea! I'd know
Why Thou't ſo ebb to ſome, to ſome ſo flow.
Why this mans left, the other Love doth take?
But woe t'him dares debate with h's Maker make.
O Thy Wiſe-knowing depth's unſounded be,
Since I cannot take Thee, take, take Thou mee.
Into Thy mercies Ocean be I receiven,
I know 'twill beare me to my Haven Heaven.
That ſhall declare Thy righteouſneſſe, that ſhall
Thy Judgements manifeſt, God's Judge of All,
Great! Wonderfull Thy Workes! Juſt, true Thy Waies
Shall be the ditty of Thy worthy Praiſe.

MY Head's loſt in my Heart; ſure I'm in love,
Forget all, yea, m'own thoughts while thus above.
And now what's this ſteales ſlily in my head
My ſpirits thus in my heart concentered?
Don't I believe? My heart, my life wo'nt ſay it,
And for my thoughts, what need I ſo much weigh it?
Thoughts oft confound themſelves, I love, I live,
The God the Life that none but Chriſt can give.
Am crucified, dead, buried, riſen, aſcended,
Begin the Life that never ſhall he ended.

MY Head doth ake, and yet my Head
Doth feel no pain.
My Head is well, and yet my Head
Doth ſtill complain.
Well, I'le goe lay it on my Husbands knee
Where ſtroake it with His gentle hand ſhall Hee.

His Palm's a medecine Soveraign;
If He but touch
The Feaver leaves, if He refrain
Yet I'le not grutch;
Ther's ſomewhat in't, He's Wiſe, Good, ake's't ſtill? well,
'Ts Thy mercy Lord 't ſhall never ake in Hell.

Ne'r ake in Hell? then ever in Heaven
Triumph o're griefe.
And ſha'nt this all thy Sowers unleav'n
With ſweet reliefe?
But weigh them well they'le overpoiſe them quite;
What's Earth to Heaven? Finite to Infinite?

And now my Faith what do'ſt? where art?
What? Yeeld to Sence?
Or haſt forgot thy Heavenly Art
How to diſpence
Joyes ſuiting every ſorrow? I wonder too
Wer't in the Martyrs flames how Then Thou'dſt doe.

Lord give me ſtrength, and Thou ſhalt take the praiſe,
Lord take my ſtrength, and That ſhall give Me praiſe.

Now

NOw mouldring Earth, why hang'ſt the head?
Haſt not a Soul? why? why ſo dead?
Or ſhal't be more enſlaved by
Thy pains, whoſe pleaſures conquered lie?
No, no, 'tis more ingenuous bred,
With courage as well as wiſdome ſped.
My ſpirit (not mine)'s egregious, I
'M among the Exc'llent, who ſo high
That I not Æmulate? And can
I'ndure to ſee a Publican
Thus match me? He can bleſſe i'th' warme
Sun, but I'd bleſſe i'th' ſharpeſt ſtorme.
I'd pray, I'd praiſe my paines away,
And lull my griefe aſleep, a way
Of ſweet ſucceſſe. I'd drown my ſwine,
This touchy grunting grumbling repine
In my own waving paſſions. Swage
By reg'lar paſſions, paſſions rage;
By this my heavenly indignation
Appeaſe this earth-fum'd perturbation,
Attempts to Shipwrack peace in vain
That ſtill's afloat o'th' calmed Plaine.
Thy breath the windes did blow away,
Thy Word the boiſtrous billows ſtay.
Thou ſaid'ſt I ſhu'd do greater things,
For Faith in 'ts power all things brings,
Thou'dſt be commanded by't, I ſhu'd
B'as ſure of what ſo e're is good

As if thou wert at their Commands
Who humbly-bold wait, watch, thy hands,
But I wu'd doe what thou haſt done,
I'd make dim eyes play with the Sun.
Dead ſpirits from their graves wu'd bring,
And make deaf eares to heare them ſing;
This dumb-grown tongue thy wonders tel,
I wu'd doe all things wondrous well;
I'd th'loweſt dulleſt flatneſſe raiſe
To th'higheſt tones of cleareſt praiſe.
I'd fighting humours reconcile,
But if they'le fight, I'd feaſt the while.
I'd tune diſtempers to thy praiſe,
Turn cloudy nights to Sun-ſhine dayes,
Teach fainting hands to ring applaud,
And parched bones to ſpring with laud;
Smooth wrinkling gripings with a ſmile,
But if they wo'nt I'd ſing the while,
How ere it be yet Thou art good
And better ditty I ne're wu'd.
Hold up declining Armes, hold up,
Poure praiſes from an empty Cup;
For Grace is *no* more *void* then *Nature*,
Where th'creature wants, ther's the Creator,
Where that goes out, there He comes in
As well as where there goes out ſin.
When then there's place thats empty o'thee,
Then, not till then I'le empty be.
Thy preſence then when Thou ſha't ceaſe,
Then, not till then, I'le ceaſe to bleſſe.
(Then never ſha't Thou be unbleſt
By him wh'hath thee a conſtant Gueſt,

Though in the dark a while we be,
Yet cauſe I ſee the Dark, I ſee.)
The world, or want, All's one to me,
The while in either I ha'thee,
M'thinkes I can't but often pray
That thou wu'dſt take this world away,
For while 'tis ſeen it bars my ſight,
And I finde faith the ſweet'ſt delight.
But all thy counſels have their beauty,
And all my comfort's in my duty;
For thou haſt taught my faith the way
Through all to paſſe t' m'eternall ſtay
Thee! Thee! O wu'dſt thou take me now
Thy childe, that to thine armes doth bow
Its ſtraining ſoule, loth to be held
By th'world in'ts pleaſing'ſt uſage yeelds
But paines. O Thou that all things made
And can'ſt revive them when they fade.
Thou that the Chaos fram'dſt ſo faire,
And from foure diſcords match't ſo rare
A ſet of healthy harmony,
Can'ſt when thou pleaſe make all agree.
And what's my Muſick but thy pleaſure,
And but thy ſelfe what is my treaſure?
Then let it goe, and goe my health,
So will's my muſick ſo my wealth.
Be packing, packing, get thee gone,
No more dear friend, He's all or none:
Be packing, packing, get thee gone,
No more deare health Hee's all or none:
Be packing, packing, get thee gone.
No more deare ſelf, He's all or none:

Be packing, packing, get thee gone,
No more deare Nothing He's all or none.
'Tis very well then I am ill
If this be ill, be I ſo ſtill;
Till thou ſha't ſee it fit to tell
M'its very well that I am well.
'Tis very well friend I thee miſſe,
The miſſe o'th' world's a world of Bliſſe.
Leave out thou ſai'ſt this paltry Crotchet,
'Twill ſound but ill, and ſhall I botch it
Into the Song, ſound it as 'twill,
And ſo ſay I ha'th'better skill?
How too it grates my curious eares,
My tender Bowels wracks, and teares
M'obſervant head, ſets m'teeth on edge
Againſt my ſelf eſſay'd t'abridge
My joy, my ſtretching it beſides
Thy Will, where all my joy reſides.
And when all's done ſo muſt I play,
The ſweet the while loſt by delay.
Strike off the ſin, ſtrike as thou pleaſe,
Blot out th'offence, I ſeek not eaſe.
And yet my eaſe becauſe it is
Thy pleaſure t'keep me ſtill in Bliſſe.
My eaſe, my pleaſure therefore is,
Or ſtrike, or not, I'm ſtill in Bliſſe.
Nay this my eaſe, my pleaſure is,
Strike or forbeare the hand is His.
Thankes! thankes! Think'ſt th'Angels now are ſtill?
The juſt mens perfect ſpirits fill
Not Heaven with their chanting voice?
Thou'rt o'the Choire my ſoul, rejoyce,

Thou

Thou maiſt, thou muſt praiſe with the gods,
The God makes muſique with his rods.
He's one Entire, Pure, Perfect Happineſſe,
No ſhaddo' o' change, in him thou art, e're Bleſt, e're (Bleſſe.

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2 KINGS 4.

ONce was I dead, Authority then brought, (wrought.
Applyed thy Word, but nought, till Thou cam'ſt,
And now I languiſh i' this fainting fit,
The meanes begun my life beſt ſtrengthens it.
Come lay then eyes to eyes, mouth, hands, that I
May ſee, ſing, doe, more wonders till I die
To ſee, to ſing, to doe thy Will above
As here to have it ſeen, ſung, done, I love.

WHen I lov'd death, and ran away from life,
My wanton Circuits for ſome freſher ſin,
Mercy purſued, o'retooke, and with its ſtrife
Inclin'd my will to know God Good againe.
Good God! and now I feare to ſtep awry
Thy hand's as neare as thy ne'r ſlumbering eye.

I ſtumble, but not fall; fall, off not fall;
That, ſhoots me the more forward, upward this;
Obliquely I aſcend; why, why at all
Dear'ſt God? O love, O feare the Lord that is
So wondrous good! O feare th'leaſt temporall miſſe
Of ſuch a friend ſecures Eternall bliſſe.

Ne'r

Ne're leave me! such company! such for ever!
Infinite simplicity of joyes! I sever
My self a moment for a momentary
Shadow of blisse? These thoughts first must I vary.
Eternity is little enough t'imploy
In him and shall I bate a moments joy?
Avant false loves, I'le lose you All for Ever
E're I will misse a minute of this pleasure,
To lie infolded in my Saviours armes,
To feast upon his kisses while he warmes
He melts my soule into his melting armes,
Presumptuous Rivals still your Syren charmes,
My soul is at her heighths and cannot stoop
To lend an eare to your inchanting Cup.
No, no, I've Nectar, I have Flagons here,
One drop's enough ten thousand Worlds to reare
As far above themselves as now they are
Below Him who is only worth compare.
Feed Sensualist on dreames of aiery Thrones,
Of golden Mountaines, and of pleasure Own's
No parallel; but give me leave to tell
The, hadst been in Heaven, thoud'st say thou art in Hell.
VVho ere was thus imbedded in Thy breast
Deare Lord and could finde other where his rest?
His Rest that moves in such an endlesse sweet
VVhere all the Spirits of the Godhead meet
VVith my diffused soul entwines it self
In fresh rencounters with'ts imbettering *Self*.

I'm

I'M in a ſtraite, preſt hard on either hand,
I both wayes haſt and yet am at a ſtand.
Here is Chriſt, but there is more of Chriſt,
Here in my mouth and heart, but there is nigh'ſt.
VVhat iſt but love can keep me from the ſight
The perfect ſight of my ſelect delight?
But love's obedient, if thou't bid me goe
And travell on this Pilgrimage below,
Doe, ſuffer, ſeaven and ſeaven yeares, ſo to ſhow
How grounded's my affection, that 'tis no
Fond fancy that the giddy world deceives,
I goe, I run, I flie, yet give me leave
To beare thy Picture next my heart, to looke
Upon th'adored Beauties of thy Book;
That they may be the covering of mine eyes
So to preoccupy them from theſe lies.
O glories! Can I hold! Can I refraine?
But ſtill thou fai'ſt, and therefore I, Remain.
Love's not its own, lives in't's Belov'd, thinkes good
Not what the Subject but the Object wu'd.

CONtent to live, but covetous to die,
Glad here to doe more good, but more to flie
Above theſe ſad temptations to doe ill,
Yet covetous again of life to fill

Heaven

Heaven with more ſaved ſoules, and yet againe
Death, not t'occaſion more Hell filling ſin.
Thus while I waver in this bleſſed doubt,
This bleſt propenſity thus helps me out
Lord while thou wu't I'd live, and when thou wu't
I'd die, my humble ſoul learn'd at the foot
Of my deare Jeſu, no true rule's t'be had
To judge of right and wrong, of good and bad
But by thy Will and Nill.
Thus living die I ſtill,
And dying live; thus m'will he gives
In both, becauſe I die and live.
Beſet with Heaven on every hand
Prepar'd for Heaven thy Command.

HIgh and happy is that pitch of Chriſtianity that can ſo well reconcile the greateſt of enemies, Life and Death, as that they both friendly take up their lodgings in the ſame Breaſt, and ſee themſelves entertained with the ſame reſpect, at the ſame time, without the leaſt grudging or repining at each other. The heart not vexed with any partiall peremptory deſires of either. But they quietly reſiding in it, and officiouſly waiting on it with a dexterous ſerviceableneſſe, to diſcharge either of their duties according to the good pleaſure of God, ſignified to the God-well-pleaſed ſoule. Then is a Chriſtian like Himſelfe, when he hath that power over himſelfe, as to walke with his life in his hand, as ready at the leaſt ſound of the word given, either to lay it down, or put it up again

againe in his heart. When he weares it looſe about him like an outer garment, ready to ſlip on and off as occaſion ſerves. This is the onely man that is fit to Live, who is fit to Die, and fit to Die, who is fit to Live. He that knowes how to Live hereafter is well prepared how to Live here, and hee is not prepared to depart hence, that knowes not how to Live hereafter. He that knowes no differenee betwixt earth and heaven, but more and leſſe of God, as he can not but be continually making more after heaven, becauſe after more of God; ſo can he not but be as willing to ſtay on the earth, while it is more agreeable to the will of God which is Himſelf the Heaven of a Chriſtian. Bleſſed! bleſſed ſoule thus ſeated in his God! To whom the ſound of the feete of death are delightfull, and the drawing out of his dayes is pleaſant. When the withering'ſt age detaines not too long in life, nor the flouriſhing'ſt youth haſtens too ſoone to death. As he that crowned with all the pomps and pleaſures that the fragrant'ſt, the fertileſt Garden of the world can afford, ſee's nothing in the whole but meere vanity, meere nothingneſſe, leſſe than nothing. And on the other hand, caſt forth into the drieſt and barrend'ſt Wilderneſſe, the vaſt and howling Deſart, ſtill digges up Fountaines of everliving and never exhauſted waters, and makes his *Bacha* his *Baracha*, his vale of teares a mountaine of praiſes, as* *drinking Him* for his *Spring* who is the Lord of Life and Glory. * Pſal. 84. יש׳תורה

Seeſt

SEeſt how this ſtring *untoucht* doth *quickly ſtir*.
At *th'ſound* of that? they not, who're *not ſo far*?
Where are the *ſoundings* of thy Bowels Lord?
Our Bowels *ſound*, and ſhall not thine accord?
They *touch* Thee not, but thine eyes-apple they *touch*,
And wu't not *ſtir* when their preſumption's ſuch?
And though we cannot *move* our *neighbours* heart,
Yet in our griefe wu't not thou *beare thy part*?
Thou art our Father. Oh let there never be
Even in Inanimates more Simpathy.
Forget her Childe a mother may, yet not
Thou thine, for if they are, thy ſelfe's forgot.
Draw out our Soules, and make us follow thee,
For where thou art, there only, there are we.

July 1640. ENough Lord, Mercy enough, take my life from me,
I better than my Fathers? No, s'bad, I'd die.
Were I left only. Yet were I ſtill with Thee.
But I'm ſo fickle, s'inconſtant; one while I
Conquer Philiſtims, break through all, but then
My ſtrength is gone, and I'm *like other men*.

And then my ſtrengths renew'd, and now had I
Not eyes, nor cares, nor hands I'd to imploy
Down, down it goes this Lordly Machination
On their own Lordlie heads, th'imagination

Exalts

Exalts it ſelf above the higheſt Throne,
And ſweeps down Stars, whoſe luſtre hath outſhone
Their artificiall Fires, and made their Light
Appeare th'ditch-plunging Vapours of the Night.
Lull'd were wee faſt aſleep while they Us ſhave,
But in thy Name wee'le valiantly behave
Our ſelves, wee've ſtrength an t'ſpare, wee'le be, more be
Than Conquerours, yea ſhortly on Them ſee,
Wh'have long depriv'd us of our ſight, and made
Us grinde the griſt keeps up the Romiſh Trade,
And now wee'z make them ſport, but ſuch as makes
Them and their Conclave feele their Downfall ſhakes.
Down, down it goes this Lordly Machination
On their own Lordleſſe hearts, this reputation
Have all His Saints; let not the viſion be
Prolonged Lord. When, when ſhall I once ſee
Theſe Cockatrices Egges, Theſe Spiders webbs,
Cruſh't and ſwept down? This Flood even now it ebbs
While't more Rebellion then the Ocean ſounds,
That curbs its proud Waves by its Makers bounds,
Is'nt th'Myſt'ry of Iniqu'tie's Meaſure found (ground.
Orerunning th'brim? ſtrik't, ſtrik't, and throw't to th'
O when's *That's Shortly Thou't under our feete contrite*
All deſperate haters of Thy holy Might!

Swell

SWell on proud Toad, and with thy ſwelling burſt.
Spit venome ſtill, I've m'Antidote. How ſay'ſt?
I can't indur't? Nor He thee thou accur'ſt,
That bleſt the meek; I wonder how thou pray'ſt?
Thy Will be done? What? Wu't th' prerogative
'S His Glory? To none other will He give.

A Touch? a Pin? a Word? a Look make ſuch a brable?
But brought on Bed thy ſelf-will never eas'd?
Gi'th'Child its will, & give the Fool its bable, (pleas'd.
And who more pleaſant? The devill's well when Hee's
But, whoſe of God is pleas'd when He's not well;
His Will's his Pleaſure, and his own 's his Hell.

NO, feare not Thou for Thou doſt Jeſus ſeek
Meek righteous ſoul, to make thee righteous meek.
Feare nothing, nothing elſe but Him who can
Yet cannot 'cauſe he will not hurt a Man;
A man of God, whoſe ſingle, watchfull eye
Heart, minde, ſtrength, might, joy, time, doth all imploy
In all Commands, with all their due extents;
And ſweetly ſtill the humble ſoule relents,
And drooping dropping, dropping in his breaſt will cry
Ah wretch't unprofitable ſervant I,
O bleſt and profitable ſervant Thou
Rewarded with th'All powerfull God, and how

How

How canſt thou feare, wh' haſt Him who all things made?
Feare not *He* bids; then feare to be afraid.
Feare not the Lion, but the way, watch, pray
He'd keep th' in his, who keeps His in their, way.

THat feare and love is good and great
That Goodneſſe feares, and Greatneſſe loves.
Good; for a ſlave may feare a threat;
And every raſcall money moves.
Great; the greateſt feare from * Loſſe doth riſe,
Heroicque ſpirits catch not flies.

* *Miſerimum eſt fuiſſe fœlicem.* Sin and miſery is, as it is to Holineſſe and Happineſſe. Had not they firſt been, we had never known theſe. It is the full and feeling apprehenſion of their irrecoverable loſſe that makes Hell Hell to the wicked; And the feare of their indiſcoverable obſcuring that makes feare feare to the godly. In this ſo far exceeding that of the ungodly, that the feare of the one ariſeth from the loſſe of God, of the other from the loſſe of themſelves; an infinitely ſweet and gracious God, a poore petty contemptible worm. The ſoule of the one widened in the great & vaſt apprehenſions of the incomprehenſible ſimplicity of God; of the other, ſhrunk up & ſhrivelled in the ſtrait & narrow bounds of its own welfare. That being a feare of Love, the workings whereof are ſtronger than Death; this of hatred that ſhall be kept under the power of Eternall Death. That being that which draws the ſoul infinitely after

him; bindes it indissolvably to him, makes it dwell everlastingly in him, who is Love, all Love, and in whom is no hatred at all. This, that which contracts it into it self, in a straight and scanty compasse, carries it off, makes it flie, and keep at a distance, from him who is Heaven, while they are flying from Hell. There being nothing that laies a stronger ingagement on the soule than Love, and therefore nothing that doth more intend and increase the affections conducible to its preservation: Which did an Arminian feele, he would never exclaime against free Grace, and absolute Predestination, as a doctrine of sinfull liberty, but rather (as I may call it) against forc't Grace, and dependant Predestination. The feares, cares, workes of the slave, and mercenary beginning and ending in himselfe, he not labouring out of a single eye, but as seeing the whip and lash over his head, the messe of Pottage at his hand, while the adopted Son, that lives at his Fathers Court, and is ascertained of the Inheritance, can as well (*qua talis*, as such, whose heart is so enlarged and carryed forth in the sence of divine joyes and loves) indure any the least aberration from its Fathers good pleasure, as he that hearing him bespeake him with such like kinde compellations, my deare, my precious Son, the childe of my kisses my pleasant embracings, for whose trouble my bowels are troubled, on whom in tender mercy I will have tender everlastingly tender mercie, &c. can chuse but be affected with the most quick and ready concord of bowels, the most passionately stirring חסר σεσγία, the most Son-like givings, givings up of soule, and consequently acted with a more than manlike feare, care, working to be ever, ever pleasing, such a Father, such a God to whom he findes it so good to draw, to be, so neare.

שעשועים

רחם

ארחמך

HOw full of ſweetneſſe is my ſoule,
While in this boundleſſe Ocean 't roules,
I ſelfe in concurring floods of Bliſſe,
Where meets in One what ever is.
O How I dread thy mercies? How
Imbrace thy judgements? on whoſe brow
Sits lovely Soveraignety
Inthron'd in an Identity
Of awfull ſmiles! whoſe holy beames
Influence Seas of gratefull ſtreames
Through all thy wayes, whoſe every path
A ſweetly freſh occurrent hath
To bath my bliſſefull ſoul, ſings ſtill
Jehovah is in all; and till
He ceaſe to be, he never will
To doe, Great! Good! nor I to fill
My reverentiall heart with praiſes,
Whoſe welcome feare my ſpirit raiſes
To ſuch an heighth of ſelf-contempt that all
This and the world below below me fall
Poore deſpicable ſpectacles to'th ſoule that feares
Nothing but what it Loves, nor loves but what it feares.
Hence pedling world; with all thy paltry pack
Truſſe up, away, be gone. Nor have I lack.
What? Faire foule skins? full empty bags?
Freſh rotting bayes? are theſe thy brags?
They have no Grandeur to amuſe
My free-borne ſpirits ſcorne to chooſe

What ſo inadequate will prove,
Unto the Heavenly vaſtneſſe of my Love.
Nor when I ſee thee croſſe my way,
Arm'd in thy terrors to eſſay
Me with fell browes and felling blowes
Canſt make me ſtoope to thy diſpoſe.
There's no ſuch amiableneſſe appeares
T'attract the ſweetneſſe of my feares.
So canſt not play the Cheater nor
The Thiefe, I thus provided for.
Nor have I time nor ſtrength t'attend
Thy gaudy trifles, nor to lend
An eare unto thy trifling threats;
Whilſt ſuch a fearefull-Love compleats
It ſelfe by growing more One in One;
My buſied thoughts o're-whelm'd alone
In my exceeding! Great! Reward,
My Buckler and my ſhielding Guard.
Whoſe Sunne-amaſing bright aſpects,
Majeſtique Grace, Int'nt protects,
Omnipotent Benignities,
Eternall favours, my ſoule n're ſees
But wonder-ſtruck it panting lies
For life to live before thoſe eyes
Whoſe every glance conveies ſuch ſparkes
As all created beauties darkes;
And wholly makes my loving feare
Injoy th'inliv'ning dyings there;
Breaking through every object to
Th'great Love with whom I have to doe.
(That fires out mixtures while he warmes
Pure hearts in's purifying armes)

Trampling

Trampling on worlds with all their force
And fraud that ſtrive to ſtop my courſe.
There lie thou ſprawling feare, and there
Diſheartned love, ſo proudly'd dare
T'uſurp the name belongs to One
Doth both as you your ſelves oppone.
Let vulgar men, have vulgar mindes,
Let falſe feare kill, while fond love blindes,
Let vulgar men have vulgar mindes,
Move croſſe and ſtumbling lie behinde;
Unenterfairing even pac't
Affections ſmoothl'each other haſt
And me on them as the ſame feet
O'th' ſame Heaven-journying ſoul to meet
The ſame deſire one bleſſed God,
Who ne'r made paſſions be at ods.

BUt Sin and Satan fear'ſt not them?
No, no, nor them, they can't condemne
Me, that muſt be the Higher powre,
Whoſe feare their feare doth over-powre.
Why ſhu'd I ſo diſgrace my Birth?
A piece of Heaven-inſpired Earth?
Shall I degenerate from my Birth?
And to baſe feares reſign my Mirth?
No, 'tis not them I feare but Him,
Whoſe love will never loſe a limbe.
I conflict with a conquer'd foe
Wh'hath only ſtrength enough to ſhow

The ſtronger over-ruling hand
Subjecting All things to ts command.
I'le wary, cautious, active be,
And ſo my feare, from feare ſhall free.
Give me no feare but that which meets
In hearty joyes, and honyed ſweets;
A well compos'd Ingredient
To make the more compleat content;
A pure, a cleane, a cleanſing, ſound,
Strong ſtrengthning healthy feare, whoſe ground
Is Love, is Faith, a hopefull feare,
A feare of great delight's my feare.
Sweet feare! How oft I'd name thee, ere
I'd let thee goe? who art ſo neare
So deare unto my heart! Sweet feare!
That mak'ſt ſuch Muſick in mine eare!
That feaſt'ſt me with ſuch royall cheare,
Such heavenly fare the while I heare
Thee ſay the King my Father's here,
The King my Husband's come to beare
Me company, to ſolace me
W'th all manner o' pleaſants hid for me
Unworthy me! to ſup and dine,
To banquet with me with the wine
The generous wine repleats my ſoule
With raiſed ſpirits above th' controule
Of men and divles, while humbly waite
On th' gratious Councels that impart
So glad a courſe of watchfull worke,
T'avoid the ſad temptations lurke
About m'in every corner, and
Hath promis't me hee'l ever ſtand

Cloſe

Close by me wi'h's ne'r slumbring eye,
Ne'r shortned Arm, that can espie,
That can prevent, thought he so good,
Evill's at th'great'st distance, but he wu'd
Have them approach, assault, to try
How much of that great God may lie
In such a little piece of flesh,
What mighty powre he can expresse
B' a broken contrite heart, what high
What unconceiv'd delights defie
The highest-aspiring griefe, and scorn
T'be over-reached, overborn
By'ts cruell Talons, but still soare
Their Heaven-securing flights, as more
Advanced b' its pursuits, while still
Resolve t'be uppermost, will-nill
All th' ravenous griefes and Harpy feares,
Though th'hugest terriblest flock appeares,
Sweet feare! still sweet! And have I met
Thy name again? Though counterfeit,
That wu'd betray me while I let
The feigned sound have entrance, yet
As error proved makes the truth
More lovely, so its falshood doth
Thy faithfull friendship, while I finde
They're purposely of him design'd
These hid as well as open foes,
That may th' sagacity disclose
That with the courage lies inclos'd
In this my faithfull feare repos'd
In that All-powerfull breast. Sweet feare!
Wise Valiant feare! still may I feare,

Yet never feare, to loſe thee, feare
Thy miſſe, but not thy loſſe, may heare
May ſee as well as know thou art
A conſtant lodger in my heart.
While ſtill thou art in exerciſe
Of ſome ſage puiſſant enterprize.
Still watcheſt, prayeſt, workeſt, wait'ſt,
Still fight'ſt, ſtill beat'ſt thy way through ſtraights.
Sweet feare! how oft I'd name thee er'e
I'd let thee goe? who art ſo neare
So deare unto my ſoul! ſweet feare!
That mak'ſt ſuch Muſick in mine eare!
Well, make it ſtill within my heart
VVe'r ſtill together, though we part.

Il faut avoir Courage inſques & apres la mort.

THe ſhrill mouth'd Trumpet, and the ratling Drum,
The clattering armour, and the quivering Speare,
Swords glittering, Canons roaring, theſe become
The Spirit that's ſteel'd with Faith, not bar'd with feare
The ſmell of ſulphure, and the ſight of blood,
The ſence of wounds, of death, the heart yet good.

Thus muſter up thy forces day by day,
Thus fight before thou fight'ſt, this is the way
To carry it ſure, put on thy Panoplie
Arm'd Capapea thy proudeſt foe defie,

VVhat

What need'ſt thou Chriſtian feare maintain the field,
God is thy Shield, Tower, Captain, never yeeld,
Or fear'ſt thou more the fiery darts of men (when
Then divles, theſe quench't, ſhall thoſe affright thee: and
Thou ſhu'dſt be bold becauſe thou art afraid;
In weakneſſe God his power is perfect made.

HAſt ſeen the Hunter hurry down like thunder
Headlong deſcents, beare up the ſteepeſt Crag,
Leap hedge and ditch, cut gates and bars aſunder,
Break through the thickets, plunder through the Quags,
Scowre o're the Hillocks, flie it o're the Plaines,
Out-face the windes, laugh at the ſtorming raines?

Forget his hunger, envy not the Bryars
His clothes, his fleſh, wi'h's Steed undaunted prance
Through lonely Heaths perplexed Woods never tyres,
But on, ſtill on he rides, and if he chance
To get a fall, leaps nimbly up again,
And makes the grouud to feel's more ſwift diſdain.

Thus fired with courage, nought but feare refraines,
Thus ſports in 's perils, pleaſures in his paines.

Up Heaven-bred heart, up This 'tis doth demerit
The exerciſe of thine Heroique ſpirit.

Shall

Shall that brave breast recoile? what, what temptation
Dismaies the man, whose danger's recreation!
How his resisted soule will reinforce
It selfe, and take new valour to its course!
Through all he breakes downe all he beares, o're all
He flies, his faith is further'd by his fall.
For what his nimble eye could not prevent
His noble heart turnes to incouragement.
And counts small undertakings too too small
For that Great minde that nothing great can call
But God. On, on brave hearts; What, what temptation
Dismaies the man whose danger's recreation?
Not feares the hard'st injeopardingst, and yet feares,
The light'st secur'st, Imployment, since he heares
More Alsufficiencie in th' Æternall's Word
For th' difficult'st exploits, and findes't confer'd
On's Heaven-raised soule, then'n Himselfe sees
To th' least good thought vast insufficiencies.
Thus by this feebleneſſe made more apprehensive
O'th' gratious supervenient strength'n's defensive,
Offensive succours, He finds so sweet a greet (meet,
In's R'covering Heart, where strength and weakeneſſe
God and himselfe, Hee'd faine b'unchamber'd, bi'th'
Free quickning Aire; growne stronger, 'd conflict with
The ruder windes; and yet his strength increast
Stirres up the heartned Champion to request
The King his Master to designe him to
Some singular service which he passing through,
With perill-edging puissance might prove
The Sovereigne vigor of his Soveregne's love
Arm'd w'th' All-powrefull Arme, that rends in pieces
The hugest hosts of foes as th' slender Fleeces

O'th'

O'th' slightest rottenest Woole. What, what temptation
Dismaies the man whose Danger's Rrecreation?
I'st not thy exercise? I'st not to trie
Thy strength that Thou mayest know't and magnifie
Its Giver? I'st not use legges and have them, use travell
And use shall teach thee nimbly trippe the gravill,
And how thou'rt here mista'n, 'tis not th' affliction
Whereby thou suffer'st but thine owne affection.
No man can hurt thee unlesse thou wilt, what may
An Heathen teach thee magnanimitie? O pray
Pray for more faithfull courage, let men see
Ethicks are yet to learne o' Theology.
What fear'st but sinne? lookes't after what but grace?
Since there's so much in these, then these imbrace.
Count them thy Pleasure, Glory, and thy Gaines
For what gets more of Christ's well worth thy paines.
From the eater meate, cruell sweet, darke light, ill good;
A Ridle in heaven's fully understood.
Here were our hearts s' Inheaven'd in Holinesse
As there they'll be, even here they'd see no lesse.

* οὐδεὶς σὲ βλάψει εἰ μὴ σὺ θέλεις, τότε δὲ ἔσῃ βεβλαμμένος ὅταν ὑπολάβῃς βλάπτεσθαι. Epict. κέφαλ: λζ. Αποκτεῖναι μὲν δύνανται, βλάψαι δὲ οὔ. οθ.

τὰ ὅσια τὰ πιστὰ.

SImplicitie-Immutabilitie
Art thou O Lord? and am I as thou art?
One Spirit with Thee? this contrarietie
Whence is it then? whence this inconstant heart?
Wer't but that to thy sacred Image I
'M renew'd, I'd looke for more Analogie.

One

One ſpirit, yet many loves, yet many changes?
O be there now no mixtures, no eſtranges.
O here's my woe, incorreſpondency
My deeds unlike themſelves, and all to Thee.
O trie, refine, rack, ſupernaturalize,
Extract, ſubtile, ſublime, ſpiritualize.
O ſpirit, ſpirit, what ſhall I doe for ſpirit?
This body o' Sin, this rotten Carkaſſe, bury it.
How 'nweldy 'tis! how over-grown with fleſh!
How faintly it workes! More ſpirits to refreſh.
I can't indure theſe lame, ſick, preſents t' give,
Or make me lively, or not let me live.
O cou'd I keep my Orb and conſtant ſhine,
I'd draw up worlds with influence divine,
And mount their ſpirits, but ſo dim, low, coole,
They'le feare 'tis but ſome Meteor to befoole
Them not ſo wiſe to deem the different doome
Between a ſetting Sun, and falling Fume.
Much light 'tis ſhewes the Sun, much fruit the Roote,
The Roote, the Sun Thou art, then may my fruit,
My Light be much, that men may wonder much
What's th'lightfull Roote, whoſe fruitfull Light is ſuch!
I am thine Image, don't men judge of Thee
By me? Ah Lord, let me no longer *bee*,
Or be more like Thee; What no more holy yet?
More perfect yet? Nay, my heart intreats Thee, let
Me branded be for a damn'd hypocrite,
Or my-thy Light let it increaſe its might.
The ſoul Thou ſai'ſt, that's clean-and ſound promoves
In ſtrength; the righteous man his Light improves
Unto the perfect day; but better I
For ever periſh, then Thou once ſhu'dſt lie.

They'

They'r fooliſh men, and if I once doe ill
From P'rticulars to Generals argue will,
From Man to God; but how ever I be,
Yet Thou art good, when wu't Thou come to me.
O that I could but wiſh to wiſh to bee
For ever in Hell, then be a jot from *Thee.*
This th' only Hell, then may I there ne'r be.
O cou'd I keep my earth-freed wiſh to be
For ever in Heaven, then be a jot from *Thee.*
Thee! *Thee*! But' --- die for feare, for love of Thee!
Great! Good! what not? but I ſin? ſhame?
Glory! Grace! Grace? nay Then Ile live, Thy Name
With loudeſt praiſes Ile promulgate, Then
My heart, my life ſhall ſay *Amen, Amen.*

O Rub me, rub me, He is paſſed by,
Paſſ't by——my breath, my life, my I.
O——what——but——
My hanging hands and feeble knees agree
To joyne their ſuit for ſpeedy remedy.
My yearning lookes, and rowling bowels make
A ſad relation of Thy ſad forſake.
My yearning lookes, and rowling bowels make
A glad petition for Thy glading ſake.
For Thy forſake I faint, I ſinke, I die,
But for Thy ſake I live, I riſe, I flie,
And over all I hie.

I poſt, I ſpeed, I cannot ſtay,
For Faith is nimble in its way.
I poſt, I ſpeed, I cannot ſtay,
For love and love know no delay.
I poſt, I ſpeed, I cannot ſtay,
For Faith and Love are all my ſtay.
I poſt, I ſpeed, I cannot ſtay,
For Love in Sence muſt end my way.

HEalth, Wealth, Name, Liberty,
The World at will, enough,
Take thy eaſe, and minde thee.

The World? what's that to me?
Not elbow-roome enough
To turn and winde mee.

Not peeping hole to ſee
My Love; not breath enough
For m' Lungs to winde me?

Great! great deficiencie!
Not lightſome roome enough
To looſe, n'er finde me.

Wu'd not I die? did not I eye
Thee far before my ſelf?
Wu'd not I pray my ſelfe away
From all this paltry pelfe?
Wu'd I demurre when gone ſo far
In love to thy Great Selfe?
Wu'd I deſcend, and not there ſpend
M' into Thy Endleſſe Selfe?

No ſure Ide goe, Ide never hold my head,
And keepe my fluſhed ſpirits from their flight,
To roule their chantings i' the Darkeleſſe Light,
And ſing inlargement from the living dead,

But that I heare me thinkes a voyce behind,
Sing Evangelick Anthems through thy life
Thy Heavenly concords woo the Lambe a wife
Wives, and more winne the ſpirit of their minde.

Corrivalls here increaſe their mutuall flame,
Bi'th' mutuall prayſings of th' all pleaſing Name.

O make me then thy Inſtrument
So holding to thy hearts content,
So true unto the Touch each ſtring,
Each ſtraine ſo ſuite, each Note ſo bring
A grace unto the reſt, that they
May fall in love that heare thee play,
May heare thee play that they may fall
In love that raiſes above all
To dwell with, dwell in him that is
Becauſe the God of love, of bliſſe.

WHere wut thou goe this morning wandring ſoule?
With whom wut ſport? or where wut make thy (baite
At noone? and at the falling Sunne wut roule
Thy wearied Limbes? He that Thee did create
And Re-create, He ſhall thee recreate,
He feed, He lodge Thee, and He be thy Mate.

Cant.

Thy

Thy Mate? then like the faithfull Dove complain,
Watch on th' houſe top alone, till He come back
(Who is not gone) be all thy pleaſures paine,
Thy Food thy Famine, and thy Bed thy Wrack.
Till He's all Theſe to Thee that's All in All,
No vaine, no chaffie joyes thy minde foreſtall.

I can't feed on a Stone, a Scorpion.
'Tis only Bread, 'tis Egge that I can eate.
Not on this Vanity and Vexation,
'Tis Angels food, 'tis Manna is my meate.
To th' poys'nous breath'd Ægyptians I reſigne
The Leekes and Onions, the huskes unto the Swine.

— I tell thee worldling in my meate's ſuch might,
That on one feaſt I forty dayes can travell,
Expos'd to winde and weather, watch, ward, fight,
Defie the gates of Hell; wu'd not this gravell
Thy Earth-fed ſtrength? Keep the' an Ægyptian ſlave?
And make thee Canaan leave to ſpirits more brave?

— O how I cu'd even melt into Compaſſion,
Poure out my ſoule in pitty to behold
Thoſe that for godlineſſe are in the faſhion,
But for the power, have they skill, are they bold
About them with the two edg'd Sword to play
Through right, left hand temptations cut their way?

Poore ſoules, a taſte that ne'r yet did enjoy
How good is God; it may be wet their Lip

In a Communion Cup; or like the Boy
O'th'Vint'ners palates the eſſaying ſip
Commends 't for good, and ſpurts it on the ground.
God in their Mouthes, not in their Reines is found.

Poore ſoules that never drew their draught ſo deep
Of this Rich Philtre, that it threw their veines
Into thoſe inward hidden parts might creep;
There on Loves Hearth to tine the fire diſdaines
An Ocean, which ſhu'd it it ſurpriſe,
'Twu'd but zeales heate antiperiſtaſize.

HOw oughten hath thy Servant wiſh'd his knees
Were glu'd to'th' ground? they were, for did he riſe
The skin untorn fro'th' fleſh? 'T's his death who ſees
Such holy Beauties to divert his eyes.
But Thou bid'ſt riſe. Well-'t's but a turn, ſtill walk
I with my God, ſtill Heare, ſtill See, ſtill Talk.

I turn not from, but with, we've many a walk;
All Mercy and Truth, Paths, rugged, lower ground.
Yet Could nor wrench my foot ſhall make to ſtray
From Him, His Angels keep me, thus I found
Not th'World, not Hell perverts the converſation,
As th'heart unſhoo'd with's Goſpels preparation.

Lord did I love Thee as I love to love
Mid'ſt crooked Men, Things, can't I be upright?

When in afflictions waters thou doſt prove
My affections? Sha'nt their fire increaſe its might?
But on command the world Ide never touch,
Search me and try me if my heart been't ſuch.

Wu'd I not ſtill keep in immediate viſion?
How 'fraid again leſt Tenter-hook'd I be
By mediate things? leſt ought ſhould cauſe diviſion
Between my ſoul and body, God and me.
Leade me not hence unleſſe't be in thine hand.
Thy Mandates Promiſes Promiſes Command.

Ide ſhake off all men buſineſſe turn Anchorite,
And wrap my quiet ſoule int's own content,
Hows'd from the winde and weather wu'd delight
My ſelfe in my New World, till having ſpent
M' appointed time, my wiſhed change ſhu'd come
And fetch me from my Cell, t' my Fathers home.

Try, Try my heart deare Lord. O where's the man
That loves his neighbour as himſelfe, his God
Above ten thouſand worlds and lives that can
With filiall thankfulneſſe runt' kiſſe the rod,
And pray as heart'ly for it as his food
As oft as his good Father ſees it good.

O where's the man that is the Inward man?
Whoſe Eyes, Tongue, Sences all, keep ſtill within,
With God; n'er ſtep without untill he can
Receive his warrant thence, skill, ſtrength, the ginne
To ſhun to break, that lies in every thing,
And ſo thorow all, himſelf to God Re-bring.

O where's the man that watches every thought,
That cannot miſſe his God a minutes ſpace,
But's in a ſowne, who's heart at th'ſmalleſt faule
Boyles with revenge againſt himſelfe. Where th' face?
Whoſe ſmiles are all reflects, all h's ſadneſſes
Eclipſes of the Sun of Righteouſneſſe.

His lookes thus a true Lookinglaſſe o'h's Soule,
His Words are Ecco's to that Word was ever
With God, was God; he can't indure to foule
His fingers with the world; if fowl'd were never
Never lin rubbing with his Fuller ſoape (hope?
Till th'are more white than ever. Wher's th' man can

Whoſe hope can ſilence all his earthly wiſhes,
Make them ſubſcribe to heaven? Tell him 'f a Crowne,
Of Tempes, Indies? He anſwers 'em with Piſhes.
But name but Jeſus you'le ſee him ſtrait bow downe.
But what? No fooles Cap, nor no Aſſes knee;
With's humble'd eye rebound to heaven will he.

O where's the man that glories in his ſhame?
Too many, 't's true, yet not enough, 't's as true;
Millions that are a ſhame to God; but name
The man that hee's a ſhame for God. How few
Who only wiſh that they may *bee*, to be
Gods glory, though through greateſt infamy.

Where's Hee'le make godlineſſe his only gain?
Count ſo much got, as got of God? Account
Him for his end, all elſe as meanes, refraine
All paines, all gaines that he ſees not amount

T' a thriving Summe of this; will live on Bread
On Water; die, but Hee'le be here well fed.

Think'ſt thou deluded Worldling Chriſt is Thine?
Bid'ſt Him good-morrow for all day, and then (decline
Hurrieſt to th' World, toyl'ſt, moyl'ſt, when thy ſpirits
If th'ſt breath enough, ſalut'ſt Him with good-den,
Or once a week com'ſt with thy Dog to viſit
His Houſe, not Him, no nor His Houſe, what is it?

Poore ſoules! wu'd my Teares Eye-bright water be
Unto your blinded Eyes, how faſt I'd weep!
But godlineſſe is ſuch a miſtery,
As God t' All ſave His Houſe unknown doth keep.
Let thy Life ſay thou know'ſt this miſtery,
Or thy Preſumption gives but God the lie.

Cud'ſt once ſay thus, Ile ne'r indure this life.
Goe th' World, to'th' World; Not all day make a meale
Upon a Promiſe? How faint I'm, I a wife
Of ſuch a husband? I o'th' Common weale
Of Iſrael? Not ſeene my Love to day?
No care o's' Kingdome? then well hope I may.

Nay where, in whom, when all ill ſenſuals meet,
Hath Chriſt ſo caſt in's heart that He can turn
To wine His water, His bitter into ſweet.
VVher's He can ſit and ſee his City burn
VVhile mounted on th' high Tower of his Salvation
VVarbles the Praiſes of his New Creation.

Yet

Yet be no *Nero* neither, but from thoſe Heights
Lookes and condoles poore ſoules can't ſit and ſing
In Blood and Flames, keepes pauſes with his ſigthes,
And time w'th's Teares, ſtrikes flats on every ſtring,
Ecco's w'th's Voice, re-ecco's with his Heart,
VVith Ciprus face in mourning beates his part.

Still glitters in his eye milde Majeſty,
Still's heard in's voice, the Lion and the Lambe,
His heart ſtill wrapt with heavenly mealody.
'Tis God that juſtifies, who's he ſhall damne?
Bleſt man! Thus all, in's voice, in's lookes, in's heart,
Graces, ſets off, compleats his better part.

Not that he's wanting in humanity,
But that 't hath gone to Schoole to D'vinity,
VVhere it hath learn'd when perſecutions be
Exceedingly to leap for joy, not that he ἀγανάλ-
Loves Men ſo little but loves God ſo much λεσθαι.
Not that his griefe's ſmall but his joy not ſuch.

Great love! great joy! how gratious and how wiſe
Is our Lord God to let us s'int' temptings fall!
So to commend his love, his power make's priſe.
Chriſt and His Chriſtians triumph over all.
Thus live the juſt by Faith, thus let me live
Come Antichriſts, come divles Ile praiſes give!

I feare not Rome nor Spain but the Armadoes
The Powder plots within, theſe n'otherwiſe
But for to watch and fight, for all h's bravadoes
I know my foe's but for my exerciſe

Kill me he can't, and if he ſoarely wound
Sweeter's my Gilead Balme, and I more ſound.

Ile keep my ranke wherein my Lord of Hoſts
Hath plac'd me, ſo Ile be his Voluntary
I'th' day of his Beauties Armies, theſe unholy ghoſts
Theſe Gods of flies Diables nothing care I.
Waite on the Lord keep's way, thou ſha't prevaile
See th' wicked cut off, yea the Beaſt his Taile.

Yet 't angers me to ſee this trompery
When men muſt fain to goe to'th' dancing ſchoole
To complement with heaven. Did'ſt ever ſee
An honour made by a Miſtreſſe Courting foole?
Or heare 'em call for ſides? ſo of the reſt,
Know one know both ſo 's dancing i' requeſt.

The caſe is alter'd ſince I learn'd to dance
And ſtrangly too, we 're growne leſſe ſpiritfull
And yet we 're taught by th'brisker ſpirits of France,
My honeſt Engliſh meaſures are too dull.
French Currants, Spaniſh Pavins now they call
For th' ſecond part to th'ſame tune, nor her's all,

Well be it ſo much money loſt, Ile never
Learne t' dance at this age, ſpecially of thoſe
Who ſuch a one lead as I can't ſee how ever
A man can keep his feet upright, but goes
Still 'n danger of his neck, They may for me
Who'd rather Ægypt then Jeruſalem ſee.

The family is a little Church they ſay
And ſo't ſhu'd ſeem, here to's but complement.
Religion knowes no bonds but forme,
Men pray twice,'t may be reade, indifferent well content
Thus t'heare of God continually pray
Who doth to heare Him ſee Him all the day?

O wher's the man whoſe life hath copyed out
Pauls Charity? but hence the teares the feares
The ſcourge muſt over-flow to fetch about
Bring in our ſtragling hearts, no mar'll there appeares
Unholighoſts to frighten us together (ever.
Make's know whoſe children we are, t's high time if

What ſhall I ſay? haſt not Thou ſaid enough
To make us love thee Lord, love one another?
I can't ſay more but pray, make ſmooth things ruffe,
Low high, ſtraite crooked, that fitted each to other,
We may ſo cloſe be joyn'd that wee'le firſt breake
In flitters; though part in twain, be found though (weak.

Wher's he hath done this, more then this, yet he
Cries out undone. He only 't is commends
That Perfect Holineſſe, he only ſee
That Mercie's Rare. Only he the world tranſcends.
Workes us though nought were done, believes as all.
Is nothing in himſelfe, his Chriſt his All.

O wher's the man whoſe daily eager cry
Is, Come Lord Jeſu, quickly come, alas
Shall we be ſtrangers will? How long ſhall I
Stand looking through the Lattice on a glaſſe?

Ne'r ſee thee face to face? O come, O VVhen!
Haſt my beloved, haſt, Amen, Amen.

How long ſhall I thus up unto the chin
I'th' Rivers of thy Right-hand pleaſures ſtand,
And yet but get a ſip that doth begin
The thriſt that doth far deeper draughts demand.
VVhen drink my fill, when eat o'th' Tree of Life
That is prepared for the Lamb his VVife?

Still ſhall I ſtay? ſtill? when this mixon quit?
But th' ought'ſt thy generation ſerve, though crooked,
Perverſe. Lord make me wiſe, me fit
For this thy ſervice. Since I've undertook it,
My deareſt ſurety for me undertake,
Forſake me not who all for thee forſake.

Teach me my due receſſes from the throng
Of ſtreightning worldlings, how to live among
VVhile ſeparate from them, how to ſhew them heaven
My ſelf beyond the reach of their deceiving.
That like ſome Angell hovering in the aire
My ſpirit may be the while my bodie's here,
Relating th' paſſages of all my travels vels,
Through th' ſweet Ourania crown'd with pleaſant mar-
That I might win their home bred hearts to try
The Climates of ſo rare Diſcovery.

Fly

FLy up wilde Fire into the loftie Aire,
Burſt into Starres, and with thy twinckling faire
Allure admiring eyes, make them beleeve
Thou't turne the night to day ere thou wu't greeve;
And with thy Crackling noyſe make ſuch a thunder
Thou't fright the fates themſelves into a wonder
E're thev ſhall touch thee, yet proud powder know
Pure ſpirits are up when ſulphury duſt's below.
And when thv flaſhie lightning, blazing ſnuffe,
Foole-cozening fire, rob'd of its earthie ſtuffe
Shall die in noiſome ſtench, my ſunne ſhall ſhine
And ſhew the difference of a joy divine.
And though the mightie ruſhing windes of prayer
Diſpell not ſtraight th' unkinder clouds, yet are
They not the matter of my joy and there-
fore not the end; yea ſhu'd thoſe glimpes ceaſe
Eft ſoones I have, yet what a bleſſed peace
Soft reſt from that ſtill gratious influence
Of warmth and life, I feele my Sunne diſpenſe
Into my humbled ſoule! Nay, were theſe gone,
(Gone to my ſence) and I deſert like one
Both in the darke and cold, yet Ile not grudge,
And what a ſweete is meekned hope? nor budge
To fetch falſe fire and make my ſelfe a ſparke,
VVhoſe bed of aſhes is all alwayes darke.
Fond griefe-borne man b' aſpiring pride will fall
To worſe, and make his darke moſt darke of all.
But ſtill I keepe my hold, not loaſe my hand
For all the comforts round about me ſtand

To

To tiſe my gripe, but I more catch my hold
Where that glad ſafety I finde that's uncontroul'd
Of all the world, and hug that joy within
That by a ſtrangers eye was never ſeen,
Nor hard remov'd; that true ſtrong ſollid Faith,
More ſweet then all the ſences feaſted hath;
Cu'd'ſt take a man with moſt delicious Cates
His Palate feed, and with the daintieſt baites
Of beauty his eyes, his noſtrils with the ſents
Of fragrant Eden, Eares wi'th' inſtruments
O' th'rareſt conſorts, his wantonizing fleſh
Wi'th' ſofteſt dalliance; yet, this caitife wretch
'S but in a dreame, and ſo too wu'd he thinke
If wiſe, who when he wakes is at the brinke
Of fatall plunges. But my joy is of
Another kinde. A generous joy and loth
To borrow o'th' world ſince findes that ſtore within
That fils me moſt when moſt I've empty been.
Heres that, that when my Oyle ſeemes almoſt gone
O'reflowes my neighbours veſſels with mine owne.
Heres that, that ſhu'd my feet be ready ſlide
Into the Wiſe mans Paradiſe doth guide;
Cries, be thou e'ry minute of the day
In'th' feare o'th' Lord, nor let thy envy ſtray
To catch a tempting apple, paltry pleaſure,
A bladderd name, a rag of dunghill treaſure.
Men look to Ends, and beaſts unto the preſent;
Full Moones will waine and full will be the creſcent,
Thy creſcent and n'er waine. O heres a word
How m'thinks it ſtilleſt ſilent'ſt whiſperings heard
Through th'moſt tumultuous inſurrection broiles
My fleſh can make; s' amidſt theſe Coiles

VVhat

What high reſolves I take, deepe pleaſure draw?
VVhile know my broyles my ſpoyles my griefe my joy
Shall multiply. In what a peace is Hee
VVhoſe minde is ſtaid on Thee great God! He! He!
O man of admirations! This is he
'S in perfect peace although he cannot ſee
Not ſay't himſelfe. For what is that but a Stay?
And where's that perfect but where's no decay?
The roote of joy is Peace, and Peace it's nature
Follower it's ground; ſound joy's onely ith' Creature
Hee's in his Peace. As haſt thou ever beene
Upon the Rouling Maine? conveyed within
Some well trim'd Barque, and under deckes wud'ſt doubt
Thou'rt not within becauſe thou heard'ſt without
The tumbling Billowes beate againſt her ſides
VVhile thy clos'd Cabbin from thy ſelfe Thee hides;
So is he *In* his Peace His Chriſt His Arke, (darke.
Though windes, waves, tempeſts roare and hee's i'th'
Bleſt ſoule that rides to heaven on the world
I'th' Bottome like a Muſſell Shel is ſpurl'd
Ath' foote of pride. So doſt thou ſpurl't proud wretch
Thinke as thou pleaſe, that build'ſt thy ſelfe a Catch
O' th' owne to ſwimme upon the flattering calme
Of ſence-delight, and never fear'ſt the ſtorme
Till finds't, and when thou ſeeſt the danger in,
Thou thought'ſt not of, thy folly, then thou't ſwim
From off thy broken veſſell unto him
To ſave thee from thy death though not thy ſinne
The life of death. Mad ſoule! Thou'dſt have him bee
Thy Saviour, but ſav'd thou wou'dſt not be,
But be inſlav'd unto thy deadly luſts
The while for life on him thou madly truſt'ſt.

But know till thou haſt learn't the way to live
In him; by, with him thou ſha't never live.
Till thou haſt learnt to doe, be all in him
Thy brighteſt light, thy livelyeſt ioyes ſhall dimne
Shall die, as not o'th' Sanctuarie's Fire
That nere goes out, but that that dies i'th' ire.
O'th' everlaſting burnings, know no fire
Not zeale not ſpirituall ioyes themſelves, but ſuch
As tine their Tapers by the faithfull touch
Of that celeſtiall and unmixed flame
Th' cleare uncorrupted Light is ſtill the ſame.

(moane?

WHat meanes (deare Friend) this lot-miſliking
Who's not content with any's content with none.
What had he who poſſeſt the world alone
But not his ſoule as not enough in one?
What had he not, wh' had not where t' lay his head
But in his fathers boſome made his bed?
The way to true content it's but one, that hit
Straight leads thee to the Preſence where there ſit
Millions of ſmiling graces that imbrace
Thee in their welcome armes glanc't from the face
Whoſe every beame raines golden ſhowers of love
Upon thy ſugred ſoule i'th' floods of love
Melts and's exhal'd unto thoſe Thrones above
Where all thy Tryalls but thy Trophes prove.

Cheare

Cheare up bleſt heart who trembleſt at his word
Hath promiſt hee'le looke to thee, nurſe thee, afford
Thee what hee's able, and wu'd'ſt have more?
He cannot then be rich if thou art poore.
Hee'l no good thing withhold, and wu'd'ſt have bad?
'Twere better farre thou cu'd'ſt be poore then mad.
Hee's onely poore whom God doth hate, but he
Hates onely them that love themſelves, but yee
That loath leave all for him but crave
A hundred fold more ſuch in him and have.
Hee's infinite hee's nothing more too ſcant
To helpe ten thouſand great then one ſmall want.
Hee'd firſt create another world for his
E're they ſhould want a Pointile of their bliſſe.
But earth and heaven and all I Ciphers call,
The number's onely one, who makes is all.
He ne're injoyes the world that makes't his joy,
He e're injoyes't that makes it his annoy,
Such difference makes hope and feare to part
With what he ſpurnes at's heele he laies to's heart.
Whence had he keep't t'had never gone toth'quick
When pluct away, nor left him ſorrow-ſicke
Whoſe comfort lives on healthier principles.
Subſtracted crutches, Criples onely Criples,
At th'beſt 'tis childiſh not to goe alone,
But grow in knowledge of that All in-one
And that ſhall make thee grow in ſtrengthning grace
That makes foule way to mend they homeward pace.
A Naball ſeated in's ſufficiencie
Is ſtill i'th' creatures ſtockes, when Job can flie
His heaven-free circuits in's proverbiall needs
And fetch the ſelfe-ſufficiencie exceeds

The gain of worlds on worlds and makes him bleſſe
His God for th'endleſſe wealth of godlineſſe.
Ther's nothing that's without can bleſſe or curſe
Saies the Philoſopher, and ſhall we be worſe,
VVe Philochriſts? vvho if he be vvithin
And vve in him, all wi'thout's not worth a pin.
Fling, fling away the vvorld vvhen he ſhall bid
You'l ſweeter taſte thoſe ſweeter Cates he hid
For's hidden ones before the world was made,
And vvhereupon they feaſt vuhen it ſhall fade.
Or could thy heedy faith as clearely eſpy
His vviſer hand vvithdrawing thy pelfe as I
The hand that drawes theſe lines, how cu'd'ſt thou cry
But Hallelujah to the God on high!
VVho is, thence doth, onl' good; long then to learne
Obedience unto vvhat thou ſhalt diſcerne
Appointed by him. So make the ſmalleſt croſſe
Crowne thee a Martyr vvhile thy thankfull loſſe
Shall vvitneſſe vvhat a powerfull God he is
Glads thee vvith that from vvhence thy ſorrow riſe;
Bids thee for nothing care but how to care
For nothing, by thy praiſe-requeſting prayer
To ſee to ſing vvhat rare what plentious fare,
VVhat ſtore of all ſelect delights there are
In this thy Pallace-Caſtle-Chriſt ſecur'd
For ever; thus in thy boundleſſe bounds immur'd
Abide, view round about thee, Mercies ſtand
Above, belovv, b'fore, b'hinde, on either hand,
Compaſt vvith mercy as a fiery vvall,
But tri'd, refin'd to thee comes nought of all.
Conſpire then trecherous vvorld vvith that belovv,
And vvhat? Come make us ſport to ſee yee ſo
Ridiculouſly

Ridiculouſly fooliſh to attempt
To force the Fort ſo far from force exempt.
So ſhall thy underſtanding paſſing peace
Guard th'underſtanding heart, whoſe joyes increaſe
By oppoſition, while th'experience knowes
The freedome from i'th'benefit by blowes.
Six troubles and ſeaven m'aſſault with thundring bands
But ſtill their ill at th'greateſt diſtance ſtands.
Nay, act thy faith in Heaven for all thou want'ſt
In earth, and be as troubled as thou canſt.
Be ſteady, immoveable, if thou't approve
By alway abounding workes thy truſt above;
Haſt ſeen the palſie hand how'ts ſhaking ſinews
Bungle at its worke it often diſcontinues
And ſlowly rids away while marrs th'little part
It do's. So th'feare-griefe-care-diſturbed heart.
All things cooperate thy good? How dar'ſt
Deny't? How dar'ſt affirm it while thou ſcar'ſt
Thy ſelf vvith thine own ſhadow fondly caſt
O'th' love ſhines cleareſt vvhen the Cloud is paſt
The Cloudy world (the cleare quick-ſighted ſoule
Tranſpeirces, vvhen't detaines the dully ſoule)
And thus me thinkes afflictions makes us ſing
How good! How good they are, while they re-bring
Our ſtragling hearts to more demeuring views
Of him vvhom vve cauſe he us firſt did chuſe.
And thus by them his holineſſe partake
When diſincumbred frequenter we make
Immediater approaches, ſo to limbe
Us form and feature more his own, and trim
'S more accurately to him vvhile more ſee
Him as he is, the vvorld as it is, Vanity

Of

Of all except vexation and thereof
Full in its ſetled'ſt ſtate, and are we lo'th
To be unmanicled to have our hand
Strengthned to hold truth more of Chriſt while ſtand
Happily 'nfetterd in theſe freeing Cords
That make our erſt enſlav'd affections Lords,
Where cloſer kept in perfect libertie,
(Imperfect onely in that t'ſhall cloſer be)
Hee'l point out our miſpriſions and give
Inſtructions how we may more like him live.
How good! 'Twu'd make thee covet povertie,
And be ambitious of diſgrace, and flee
Upon the wracke preſented by thy God,
Wu'd'ſt thou beleeve that glorious abode
O'th' ſpirit of ſpirits-----What is thy ſtate
If once with all our States and Lives thou weigh it?
I knew a man (the moone hath twelve times ſince
And onely twelve by quarterly diſſents
Lighted the winking world t'ſee how't beclings
Th' inconſtancy of ſublunary things
This man) whoſe Age ſtood i'th mid'ſt of all
The earth's temptations while they roundly fall
About his necke to ſteale his heart with kiſſes
Downe to'th' infernall Chambers, forearm'd with bliſſes
Of never failing proofe where ere they cover
Marches where that ſweet Dove is us'd to hover
Upon his God exploring head, that ſought
Him in the Garden, and imbracing caught
Him in his walking voice, that i'the freſh
O'th' day wont there to meet him, and expreſſe
Farre freſher loves. VVhen ſuddenly he teares
A diſmall cracke invade his quiet eares.

As

As when ſome mighty Structure craz'd with yeares
And reparations negligences beares
'Ts decrepid limbs upon its friendly props,
Who ſtraite deceived of the ground that drops
From under 'm, not o're ſound no little part
Themſelves, forc't from their tottering Charge they ſtart
Aſſunder from their cloſe conjunction. Now,
Now All's agoing, her maſſie bodie bowes
Her longue-time-drooping now quite falling head
O'th' weaker Ayre that overburthened
Finds ſtrength enough to lift her dolefull voyce
Unto the lofty skies, ſeem'd to rejoyce
By their cleare cheerie countenance that they
Were ſo farre diſtant from ſo ſhroud a fray.
But ſtill the loud mouth'd Ayre not able beare
Th' oppreſſion, fumes in a furious rage and teares
Her deadly throat with envious exclamation
To rend the reſtie eares oth' drouſie Nation,
Whoſe feeble Portalls too too weake to ſtand
So hard a ſtreſſe, flie up before the grand
Tumultuous noiſe attended with its Troupes
Of hiddious feares, t'whom ſtraite their ſpirit ſtoopes
With yeelding ſlavery while they repreſent
Them ſpectacles as Potent to torment.
See Citties broyling in their bloody flames
And choak't in ſweltring ſmoake, the mincing dames
Their faſhion-brooding braines daſht on the ſtreete
They thought too baſe a pavement for their feete,
The canker'd Uſurer hugging o'the bagges
Betray his Life, the fine-mouth'd Wanton draggs
Some poyſonous carrion from a loathſome hole
For his reſtorative, and now there's nothing ſtole

That's felony, nor ſlaughter's murther to
Thoſe divle-inſpired Pontificians, who
With more than Savage cruelty make death laugh
'T ſelfe fat with'fleſh't devoures the blood it quaffes
In full Carrowſes from the Parricide hands
Of Hell-ſprung Catilines, whoſe Rome-bred Bands
Arm'd with Hierarquique powers make ſculls their Cups
Bouſe of their Rounds to fate and wallow up
To th' reaking knees in vaſt Acheldamas.
Thus and beyond Thus in a thouſand wayes
That grim-fac't Monſter ſhooke his angry dart
Againſt the fearing, but God fearing heart,
Roſe in undanted courage to that height
That Nature ne're can beare, advanc't by th'ſight
O'th' Beautie in that breach, the Muſicke in
That Crack, that vailed beautie that was ſeene
More faire through black, that Muſick that
Was heard more ſweete through waters, that begat
That well compoſed temper in his heart
So fixedly prepar'd no force might part
It from t's *Elſhaddai*, by whoſe bliſſe-full name
'T was ſo enlivened with tranſporting flames,
So man'd with Heaven-animated ſpirits,
So carried forth with brave reſolves, 't demerits
Some Angells Penſill to deſcribe the joy
Intranc'd the ſoule, who while on All it ſaw
This Motto, There's no evill but the Lord
Hath don't, full nimbly aptly ſweetly accords,
The will o'th' Lord be done, for He can doe
Nothing but Good, but very Good. And who
VVhoſe heart's inflam'd with Thy Great Love
Can ſay that any thing Thou doſt is odd

VVho

Who's he ſhall teach thee wiſdome? Canſt thou draw
The Heavens out like a Curtaine, give a Law
To th'Earth to hang on nothing? Who ſhall lend
Him bowels that ſteeres our hearts? Or who extend
His goodneſſe unto Him? Shall th'fountain come
To drink o'th' ſtreames? Shall I be cal'd to ſumme
M' account to Thee? Thou ſcan my Poeſie
On thy crook't fingers? Ar'nt my wayes eaven? Thy
Firſt framings of thy thoughts wholly perverſe,
And that continually, and thou redreſſe.
Thou make thy Maker? Or was I ſo o're taken
Like ſome unwary Father, who hath forſaken
His goods, to live at's Sons proviſion, or
Haſt thou them of thy ſelfe, and doſt abhor
To be beholding unto me? Behold the man
'S become's own God himſelfe, and ſcornes to ſtand
T' our pleaſure, but to thy duſt proud duſt, goe drudge
About thy Thorny Earth, learn hence not t' grudge
Me my prerogative, and if thou doſt
Deale proudly ſtill, ſtill I'le be uppermoſt.
But are my doings all good? whence then this mutter?
Ar'nt they? Shew me my Maſter, let him utter
His skill, Come Muſhrome, thou of yeſterday,
Come teach the Ancient of dayes to ſway
His Scepter. Or what milder ſounds th' attempts
That quarrel'ſt at his prudent Regiment.
Who's not a truly-throughly-humble man,
Hee's but a practicall Arminian.
Had'ſt but thou well ſtudyed his revealed will,
And pray'd thee to'ts perſwaſion, wu'd'ſt not ſtill
Thy murmuring at the looſing of a Straw
Who had'ſt digeſted that Eternall Law

Of pretermiſſion and receipt to grace?
Wu'd this in all thy Topicks find no place
More than the proud Pelagian will ſee
Even ſo my Father 'cauſe it pleaſed thee,
What? ſhall the child in its balbutient age
Inſtruct the Father? or what more can ingage
Me to content then, 'tis my Fathers pleaſure,
In whoſe contentment 's lain up all my treaſure
Of joy and bliſſe; But th'want o'th'laying th'foundation
Well, and well building on't makes all th'mutation
So oft befall us, elſe might we ſteady ſtand
Upright unſhaken mov'd on neither hand.
God is my Diapaſon, riſe or fall,
Above all, thorough all, the ground of all.
And ſo he is to All his workes, but they
Can heare no concords that will diſobey;
But wee that put our ſelves into his hand
Obedient inſtr'ments of his juſt command.
Who with his croſſe-diviſion running art
Gives ſuch myſterious pleaſure to the heart
Of 's underſtanding ones, a ſtranger can't
Conceive, whoſe judgement's too too rude, too ſcant
To compaſſe ſuch an odde variety
Into a ſweeter-ſounding unity.
Nor ſees th'decorum, now with ſmarter ſtrokes
Of 'ts valour excitating tones provokes
Our rouzed ſpirits unto Martiall feates,
To quiet combates with the enemies threats.
Now w'th ſoft retreatings recollects them by it
'S remiſſer touches to a watchfull quiet.
Strike hard, or gently ſtroke, this know we ſtill
We're th' better muſick of his gracefull skill.

Proſperity's

Proſperity's a Triall too, and he that uſes
'T not in that notion exceedingly abuſes
Himſelfe and it, and never ſooner looſes
His every-way enſnared ſoul then when he chooſes
It not as pleaſing God, but him, refuſes
Adverſity not becauſe his minde induces
Him t'think it's not thought good of God, but hee
Wu'd ever proſperous never afflicted be.
And wu'd'ſt thou ſo? know every ſtate's a triall,
And all proſperity lies in ſelf-deniall.
While thou ſurrounded with the confluence
Of all the earths indearements that preſents
Thee with its goodlieſt heart-alluring'ſt offers
Tak'ſt them as not ta'ne of them, daily proffer'ſt
A glad reſignment, having learn'd the art
To have thy Food-indeed ev'r hungring heart
More fil'd with Heaven then thy hands with Earth.
Count'ſt Myriades of Worlds a ſtarving dearth
Till Him thou ſeeſt in All, gets Him through All,
Above all liveſt with Him, 's in, through, 'bove, all.
O ſuch a man? this man of Millions he
'S well bottom'd beares ſo well ſo high degree?
Be rooted, grounded, ſtabliſht in the Faith,
So maiſt thou reare that ſuperſtructure hath
A winde-and-ſtorme-out-facing firmitude,
Whoſe Capſtone ſhu'd be conſtant gratitude,
Whoſe corner ſtone is Chriſt; whom while we ſee
How can we unchearefull, how unthankfull be?
In every thing give thankes, 'cauſe every thing
Brings good to us 'cauſe glory to him brings;
This is the will of God. Sweet will! The will
Of God concerning me? What me? What ſtill

More ſweetneſſe ! What am I that I ſhould be
To be the ſubject of ſuch Majeſty !
That thou ſhud'ſt once beſtow a thought on *me* !
But ſuch a, ſuch a thought concerning me
In Chriſt ? In Him even now tranſlate into
The Kingdome of thy deareſt Son might view
My Croſſe triumph't o're by a patient and
Long ſuffering joy, while ſtrengthned, ſtrengthned ſtand
With might, all might, according to his power,
His glorious power, doth all things over-power.
O'th' joy ! the joy ! the over-flowing joy
Tides on the Heaven-ward ſoule wherein the Law
Of comforts God's a hidden ſpring, delights
The inward man, whoſe chiefe, whoſe ſole delight's
To be the ſubject of Gods will ; a joy
Whoſe boundleſſe inundations can deſtroy
And beare before it like a wiſpe of Straw
The hugeſt oppoſitions ſad'ſt annoy
That Earth and Hell can raiſe ; a joy redoubles
T's augmented forces by'ts increaſing troubles.
The while he makes the more retir'd repaires
Unto h's entowring Name, views th' Legions there
Attend him, how heavens ſouldiers flock about
Him with their profer'd ſervice, and his doubts
Fly far away the while hee's more intent
To th' ſecrets of his heart, more repreſent
Him purity, integrity, ſimplicity,
Sincerity, truth, th' face of God, vvhereby
H's's inlargedly ſpirited with joyfull love
'T dares wraſtle a fall with death, and longs to prove
The maſtery, and like ſome mighty Gyant fil'd
With generous Wines, ſpeeds ſprightly to the field

Of high exploits, that th'world and he might ſee
Th'o'repowring arme of Al-ſufficiency,
What wonders 't acts in feeble fleſh; a joy
That can the moſt blood-ſucking ſorrow cloy
With ſuperabundant ſweetneſſes, a joy
Sings nothing ſweeter then it's wiſht envoy
Unto the world, a joy whoſe skill is ſhowne
'N extracting marrow from the dryeſt bone,
A joy of that extended pure delight,
'T's impoſſible the heart b' in ſuch a plight
Shut up in ſelfiſh, ridgid, auſtere conſtriction,
No't can be hard while ſuch a bleſt affection
Diſſolves it all in pitty, drawes, powres it out
In ſtreames of meek compaſſions run about
On every ſide with heedy tenderneſſe,
To ſee what wayes of ſuccouring redreſſe
'T may finde, while ſtill it makes this gentleneſſe prove
More flaming oyle to its Seraphicke Love.
Thus, thus annoint with this Celeſtiall joy
Diffuſes weighty ſpirits, and imployes
M' in ſuch a ſadneſſe t' which all th' reſt is madneſſe.
A grave conſulting ſerious ſober ſadneſſe
Conſiſt's with, is the Baſis of, true gladneſſe,
'T which all other's is but a merry madneſſe.
A joy's no light ſlight frothy vapouring bubble
That diſappeares at th'ſoftlieſt-blaſting trouble;
But a perſpicuous ſolidity,
Tranſplendent firmneſſe, agile ſtability.
Thus kindly may the influenced Art
Of that bright morning Star that rules this heart
Temper thee to it ſelfe, and warm thy ſoule
VVith ſpirits may raiſe th' above the worlds controule.

—'Tis not thy Muſicke, Stories, Company
Thy forc'd ungenuin mirth can remedie
Thy wound, no i'ts but a palliated cure,
'Twill feſter more and thou wilt leſſe indure
T's returning ſmart, but leave this Mountebanke trick
And ſearch toth' coare; better once be throughly ſicke
Then never truly well. Out with this odde
This peeviſh humour that oppugnes thy God
His ſacred will, for then and not till then
Thou't ſay to all his workes a glad Amen./
'Tis onely this our inconformitie
'S the cauſe of all our ſinne and miſerie.
And wu'dſt thou not conforme did'ſt firmely beleeve
Him all good, thou all bad? but hence we grieve
Fond ſoules the griefes muſt be griev'd over again
Cauſe our weake faith this maxime can't maintaine.
How can we be in our repining mood
But in our heart we ſay he is not good?
No, no, it's not, it's not, ſo eaſie a thing
To b'leeve him good; for whether wud 't not bring
Us duely, truly creedited? keepe then to this
Say God is good, for that is all our bliſſe;
Our bliſſe is all in Chriſt, by whom alone
The ſelfe denying ſoule God good hath knowne. (reſt,
— Worke, waite, pray, praiſe, This part's thine, God's the
'Tis daring ſacriledge to be unbleſt;
Gods glorie's rob'd, ere thine owne good; but pray
Thy Will be done, let thankefull patience pray;
Bleſt man how ever; There's nothing comes amiſſe
Toth' man harh ta'ne the will of God for his./
Is now no more himſelfe is ruled by
Another ſoule his ſole felicitie,

What's

What's Heaven if not a ſeeing face to face
Sung heart to heart ! were here that full ſeene grace
Sung to a perfect harmony of wills
We might on Earth of Heaven take our fills.
Bleſſ't God hath given us ſuch an Heavenly Brother
To tune us all to Thee and each to other.
O what a conſort's here ! but ah where finde
I two or three ſtrick Uniſons in minde ?
Yet were they thirds, fifts, eights, yet unitie
Runs ſweetely through with a ſweet Symphonie.
There's one bleſt One i'th' mid'ſt, who where he is
In turning all to One, turnes all to bliſſe.
One ! reconcil'd ! One ! Smpathy ! agree !
How full's my ſoule with heavenly melodie?
What's ſinne, ſhame, griefe, what whatſoever's bad
But diſcord from the good the God we had ?
What elſe th' all-ſinning ſinne ? this Tree I will
A ſign of Soveraigntie I will not.
Hell ! Hell ! but what th' all-ſaving grace? come doe
Come ſuffer m' will; thy will ? I come I doe. (on !
Heaven ! Heaven ! How harſh'n anſw'r t'a ſweet injucti-
How ſweet an anſwer to ſo harſh a function.
Thus ſin-and-ſorrow follow ſelf-will'd pride,
And grace-and-peace the ſelf that is denide.
To will thy will's the ſole humilitie
Wherein thou dwel'ſt, and that's in Heaven to be.
How ſweet a Heaven's the heart ! ſtill ſay it wu'd
It is my God do he what ſeemes him good.
Here's a belov'd ſweet ſinging Iſrael
Whoſe heart's full ſet to God's, conſent's as well
In all notes as in one; and if he ſtrike
A jarre, jarres with himſelfe till ſtrikes alike.

And

And that's a jarre that playes a pleaſant moane
I'th' eares of Heaven, and therefore in his owne.
VVhat to give Grace and Glory, but to give
According to thy ſacred will to live?
—VVhat iſt to be in Hell? To be at ods,
Men with themſelves, friends, neighbours, devils, God's;
Curſing the cauſe of this their ſad diſcent
From th' juſt inflicter of their puniſhment./
Gnaſhing their teeth for envy at the thought
Of that Salvation Reconcilement brought./
Thou only bleſt in being only One,
Make us to be One ſpirit with thine owne,
And ſo with one another: ere may I be
VVith them thee feare, they feare to diſagree.
VVhat was our bleſſers dying bleſſing? His prayer
VVe might be One as He and's Father are.
—O were I, were I able to unfold
The riches that one ſillable doth hold.
There's only One thing that is neceſſary.
Met we all there, how cu'd we thus contrary?
One body, one ſpirit, one hope, one faith, one Lord,
Baptim, God, Father, ſo many Ones afford
Their help to keep all One, and yet how few
VVhoſe boyſterous ſpirits will not buſſle throw
Soft peaces bounds, ſo lewſe looſe unity?
For none but humble-candid-wiſe agree.
But proud-contentious-fooles will ne'r agree
Nor vvith themſelves, nor others, nor with Thee./
Their friendſhip's but diſſembled enmity
Unto th'r owne ſoules, Thee, all, ſince not agree
In Chriſt; they're not at peace wi'th' very ſtones
O'th' field; the whole Creation groanes

Under

Under this univerſall enmity
It feeles by man his parting friends with Thee.
Now this *Commune Vinculum* is broke,
All flies in pieces, and we doe but cloke
Our differences, if not ſeem to be
Each for himſelfe, and then what friends we be?
How now afraid of injury from each other,
Shrink up our ſelves into our ſelves, and ſmother
At leaſt our mutuall hatred, and not diſcover
The depths of malice that our hearts doe cover,
Stor'd up againſt th'all-good all-powrefull
God, while ſelf-wills, and fond deſires wu'd pull
The Crowne from off his head, ſo 'gainſt our ſelves,
Who love, they hate, who hate, they love themſelves.
But whether are we brought by this ſad breach,
Or what was't brought it but our ſelfiſh reach.
Or what can binde it up but only Hee
In whom alone we reconciled bee;
That bundle o'life b'whom His are gathered in
To One, to never part their hearts again.
Deare Saviour! Cu'd we pattern lowly Thee,
How willing to our Farhers will wee'd be!
Bleſt Love that ſpy'ſt ſo rare a policy
Th'Athiſtick Florentine cu'd ne'r deſcry.
Stand ſoule this ground, while Heaven can provide
Himſelfe of joy, thy joy muſt needs abide.
Let him have all, have all, though I get none,
My joy's my Gods content, and not my owne:
Thou canſt not Lord diſpleaſe me, 'nleſſe thou wu't
Diſpleaſe thy ſelfe, for I will what thou wu't.
Take, take thee all deare Lord, though I get none,
My joy's my Gods content, and ſo my owne.

My

(So will the wilfull'ſt, but paſſive inſtruments they,
But of thy grace we actively obey)
My care's to pleaſe my husband, ſo my ſelf,
He that ſo loves ſo fooliſh fond an elfe
Wu'd undoe all againe to put in ſelfe
Though taught ſo well in him t'injoy it ſelfe.
Th' iſſue? I nor know nor care, t's my bliſſe
His pleaſure's mine and my diſpleaſure's his;
He beares our burthen we injoy his yoake,
He weares our Thornes that hath our Thrones beſpoke.
O cu'd we ever keep us at this pitch
What an untroubled life wee'd leade! how rich
In all contents! nor wu'd there need deſcents
To lower arguments that can't diſpence
Us ſollid true ſubſtantiall comfort till
We 're rais'd to ſing, it is our God his will.
The great'ſt content is none whoſe grounds not this,
Th' great'ſt diſcontent's ſwallow'd up in this vaſt bliſſe;
That beares the ſoule in an unſtopped ſtreame
Of mightie force to'th' pleaſure o'th' Suprearme.
The ſtrength of all obedience is this,
It is his will, and not, it is my bliſſe.
The man that's not alive, can he be ſtrong?
'Tis Love's the life of God; beares all along
With ſpeed, with eaſe, the Councell ta'ne word given,
No parley's with the fleſh, On, on's ſtraite driven
With conquering flames, and if his blood ſhall riſe,
Hee'le loſe his blood e're hee'le his God deſpiſe.
What chalenge wo'nt he take? what frowns, what blows?
What death's on deaths? who ſuch a Guerdon knowes
Awaites his certaine victory? ſuch a Beautie
As cheares him to and cleares him through his dutie,

VVhoſe

VVhoſe thence infuſed vigour feares nothing more
Then want of danger t' make the world adore
Thoſe Heart'ning Splendors that in every Ray
Th' all conquering ſtrength o'th' Deity convey.
VVith what Luxuriances the turgent ſoule
'S borne up beyond the world and hells controule!
O how it longs it longs to be imploi'd
I'th greateſt worke the greater love's injoy'd.
How't runnes at halfe a word! how't markes the lippes,
And heares before they ſpeake! away it trip
VVith ſpeedy dilligence and cannot ſtay
Though th' thrungin'ſt preſſing'ſt diff'culties beats it way
Snaps off the ſtrongeſt cords like rotten threads,
Diſſects the maſſieſt barres in ſhivering ſhreds,
And drives before it all the joyned force
O'th' mighti'ſt obſtacles oppugne its courſe
And if it feele the leaſt repulſe returnes
VVith thrice-redoubl'd couragious onſets, burnes
VVith ſpirit-incenſing indignation to
Be ſtop't in ought that for his Chriſt hee'd doe.

The man's in love. The man's in love
VVhoſe reaſon's in his Miſtreſſe' will;
This th' Primum Mobile doth move
His mind her madneſſe to fulfill.

The man's in love, and loves with skill
VVhoſe reaſon's in his Maſter's will.

The man is mad, her will's no reaſon.
The man's wiſe, *Reaſon is his Will.*
The man's a Rebell, his love is Treaſon.
Loyall he whoſe love *His* Law fulfils.

Hee's wiſe that knowes it, he knows that loves it.
He loves, that doth, it; He doth, that loves, it.

PUrities foes ſwell like a tottering wall,
Threatning whole Kingdoms with their ſhaking fall;
But they proud fooles are ſure to have the worſt,
Our ſhaking ſettles us, they fall and burſt.
Courage my hearts, the joy of God's our ſtrength,
Then joy we moſt when moſt we've need of ſtrength.
Courage my hearts, what ſhall ſuch men as wee?
Such men as wee, ſhall we once thinke to flee?
Conquerours of Hell and ſhrinke before a flie?
Sons of the everliving God and feare to die?
Nor is it death, 'tis but the end of death,
Our life's our death, our death 'tis gives us breath;
Unpriſon'd once ever in the open ayre
Perfus'd with ſpirits by a ſpirit ſo rare,
Pure, ſimple, life! O that we once *were not*
That we might *be*. Courage my hearts, 'tis but
This wall of mud that us and heaven parts.
So ne'r our Center and ſo ſlow our hearts?
No holy efforts? Let th' unfaithfull know
Their valour's cowardize to that we ſhow.

Laugh

Laugh death i'th' face, and ſhout at his Alarmes,
Imbrace him, kiſſe him, leap into his armes,
Hee's a nimble meſſenger will quickly beare us,
Where unconceived endleſſe joyes ſhall cheare us.
'S th' word given? Sa, Sa ſa ſa ſa brave hearts
T's this wall of mud that us and heaven parts.
The wicked is Gods hand, there Sword his Lancet
Pricks our importun'd ſoule and ſo advance it.
Which cu'd we as fully eſpy as when we ſee
The Chirurgion breathe a veine, how glad wee'd be
T'come under th' cure of ſuch a skilfull hand
Tranſlates us with a touch to th'holy Land.
Feare not he bids, he's with us; now ſee I
Our ſoules on Angels wings ſurmount the skie.
Come let's aſcend our Thrones, againſt our Judges
Sit wth our Judge, while th'gnaſh their teeth wth grudges.
Wee'z ſee them naked trembling at our ſight
Deveſt of ſtollen Honours, borrowed might.
Heare them implore the Mountaines, come & end them
But ſha'nt ſo ward the blows, our mouths ſhal ſend them.
They ſhall not ſcot-free ſcape; and who can tell
How ſoon the quiet of the Land may dwell
In homes as quiet as their ſoules? who knowes
But we may get even this day of our foes.
Th're many, cunning, falſe, ſtrong, watch, malicious;
He's One, wiſe, true, ne'r ſlumbring ſtrength, propitious.
And ſhall th'e're waking Judah's Lion wake
And rouze his heart-dead-ſtriking head, hee'le take
Hee'le touze them in his teeth like baffling whelps
And ſhake them into Atomes. None ther's helps
From his own ceaſing ſtraite diſmembring paw
Of all contemners of his Goſpell-Law.

Come

Come let the Spirits mighty ruſhing winde
Diſpell thoſe clouds from the corrupted mind
The muddy grounds of humane braines exhald
By that falſe Lucifer, at length b'unvail'd
That beauteous Light of Truth, at length Traditions
Damn'd with the Man of Sin, Sonne of Perdition.
Let's cleare our paſſage t'immateriat joye
From theſe materiate obſtructions cloy
The Subtle veines of Sin-refined ſoules
And in the ſence the Spirits ſweets withholds.
Come lets unſtoppe the Conduit pipes of Grace
From mud and traſh, the ſullied glaſſe the face
Of Chriſt that ſhewes, let's cleare, let's cleare our way
Through Antichriſts to Chriſt, work, wait, praiſe, pray.
Hold up prevailing hands in praying action
'Gainſt Babylon, and the Babyloniſh faction.
Let God ariſe diſplay his glorious rayes,
Diſpell the infernall miſts, obſcure his praiſe,
Undraw the Curtaines intercept his face,
Precipitate each Judah's to his place
Betrayes him with a Ceremonious kiſſe;
Their Biſhopricks be others Benefice;
Clothe him with Purple, cry haile King, bow th'knee,
Yet ſpit, yet ſmight, yet naile him to the Tree.
Baſe ſpirits can hold and ſee him ſo blaſphem'd,
Not take his part by who we've been redeem'd.
Courage my hearts, then courage to obſerve
All's written in his Law, on, no hand ſwerve.
Help us to help thee Lord againſt their might;
In thy Pavilion hide's and let them fight.
I'th ſecret of thy preſence lead thy Lambes
In gentle ſafe conveyance, from the hands,

Pride-

Pride-cruell hands of men of bloods, then damne,
Then damnifie men-devils if you can.
Die, live we are the Lords, are in our way,
Now beare the Croſſe, ſhall weare the Crown That day.
Nay th' Croſſe is boar'n the ſhame deſpis'd, and wee
Are glorious in the greateſt infamie:
The Croſſe is boar'n the feare deſpis'd, and wee
May, muſt exult i'th' daring'ſt jeopardie.
The Croſſe is boar'n the griefe deſpis'd, and we
Are Crown'd with Heaven i'th' Croſſing'ſt miſerie.

VVHat ailes me thus this morning? why ſo dull?
The fleſh? the fleſh? my life even in the fleſh
'S by th'faith o'th' Son of God: O were I full
Of this, I'd walk, I'd run, I'd flie afreſh.
Nor faint, nor wearies God, nor I I know
Shall be (but reap) for as he's, I am ſo.

Up Eagle-wing'd faith! up, remount thy mount
Of Prayer, mount of Transfiguration:
Still in this vaile of Teares? Still ſhall I count
The tedious houres of this ſad alteration.
Still buffeted? Thornes ſtill? Lord perfect then
Thy ſtrength in weakneſſe, thy glory's mine, Amen.

HAd I the faith, I could doe all things, cu'd
Turne earth to water, water into ayre,
Aire into fire; from melancholly wu'd
Extract a fluent mildneſſe, from that reare
Spirituall breathings, and they wu'd ſoon take fire
And beare my ſoul unto its high deſire.

So may my faith not only goe beyond
My ſence, but go againſt it, and beyond.
Not only lead my joyes above the earth,
But make my ſorrows vaniſh into mirth.
T's an infant faith that muſt be handed on
By th'worlds ſupports, and a decrepit one
That ſtoops unto the ground, and cannot goe
Without th'upholdings of theſe Reedes below.
But mine's more ag'd, and ſhu'd the ſtronger grow
Int's oldeſt yeares. So make me Lord to goe
From ſtrength to ſtrength, I may goe all alone,
When but thy Hand, Word, Spirit, help I've none.
When but this help! What? Make a But of That
Which made the world, that Al-ſufficient That?
What have I'n Heaven but Thee, in all the Earth
But Thee? My Heaven, my Earth, my All? what mirth
Can all the world poſſeſt afford me if Thou
Art wanting? But Jehovah preſent, how
Can Worlds, can Hells once move m'with all their ill,
Who have the God that All things hath at will?

Whe

When thou that mad'ſt the Sun to ſhine on all,
Sha't make th' worlds favours round about me fall,
Shu'd I ſalute thee with a cheerefull thankes
That may be mine and not thy Spirits thankes.
The very Ethnicks, don't they doe the ſame?
I nothing ſingular that beare thy Name?
Who ſit'ſt i'th heavens farre above all feares,
When all the world's together by the eares,
Thou're ſtill thy ſelf Happy Happineſſe
When all the world blaſphemes as when they bleſſe;
Oh cou'd I keepe my proper place with thee
How farre above the daring'ſt Ill's I'de be.
I'de play with flames exſult at th' thoughts of death,
And make my troubles keep m' i'th' better breath;
I'de dance upon a dunghill, ſing in fire,
I'de make a bed of Roſes on a briar,
I'de teach my teares to ſmile, my ſighes to laugh,
My paines to ſport, I'de make thy rod my ſtaffe.
Wut teach me this deare Lord, teach teach m' excell;
To be in heaven while I am in hell:
For ſo was Chriſt and he and we are Chriſt,
Be then my duſt below I'le be at th' high'ſt.
What ayl's the liveleſſe corps whoſe ſoule's in heaven
My ſoule's ſoule's thou, is thou my ſoule in heaven.
Heav'n is thy armes thy everlaſting armes
Be they ſtill under wher's the hell me harmes.
Let bluſtering windes and ratling tempeſts beat
About m'aſſaulted eares with threats on threats
O'th' terribleſt ſtormes, while I inhouſed lie
Imbedded in his Alſufficiencie;
And gather up my ſoule the cloſer in
To his inwrapping comforts, while I ſing

And they me rock i'th' faſter ſweeter ſleep
Of praiſing reſt i'th' armes *alone* ſhall keep
M' in ſafety, maugre all the enemies
I'th' maddeſt, forcibleſt fury; while th'world lies
I'th' armes o'th' airy Prince, who hath the skill
To make faire weather, where he meanes to kill.

AND have I Lord ſo often wiſht to die,
And yet I cannot live? Have I ſo loſt
My ſoule for thee, yet finde it cannot I?
Well, ſtill thou'rt good how ever I be croſt,
Still will I wiſh, and wiſh it with mine heart,
Subvert me Lord, or make me more convert.

What ſhall I die alive? ſhall I ſurvive
My ſelfe? Shall I endure this life of pleaſure?
Not I pray day and night? How doe I thrive?
Where are the precious ſheaves, the hidden treaſure?
Where is my livelyhood, my livelyneſſe?
Well, yet I have them 'cauſe I ſo confeſſe.

A word ſoon ſaid, but truly but of thoſe
Whoſe bleeding-carefull-zealous heart it knowes.

VVOrk on my love, ſpare not thy pains, 'tis good,
T's a kindly heat, and ſweat, what art a drie?
Hungry with exerciſe? take for thy food
My Fleſh, my Blood thy thirſt ſhall ſatisfie.
Work on, theſe putrid humours ſtill tranſpire;
Freſh, pure, ſound, by theſe Alteratives acquire.

I hunger Lord, thirſt for thy Righteouſneſſe,
My zeale doth ſo conſume me, I muſt have
More food, or faint, much leſſe can work afreſh.
Haſt no vvine t' ſpare? no Milk? no Hony? I crave
For ſtrength, not luſt, not for my ſelfe but thee;
That by much ſtrength, much honor'd thou mai'ſt be.

Be they but crums, yet be th' o'th' childrens bread;
Be they but drops, yet be th' o' Salvations Well,
Even thoſe can make a dog a dog that's dead
A living man, theſe greater wonders tell.
O had I but the bucket 't get a ſup?
How ſoon unto th'ſpring head 't wu'd mount me up?

Here will I draw, ingage here all my ſtrength,
Tug, pull again, and yet again, and yet
I'le not give over, 't will come I know at length,
It's very aire my hope, that will not let
Me faint, but when 't comes, and I get a drinke,
You that have felt thoſe joyes, what th'are may thinke.

Lightned, inlivn'd, inlarg'd, extold, tranſport
Beyond my ſelfe unto my ſelfe reſort.
I ſee I ſee, O when ſhall I once account
My ſelfe fram'd to this patterne i'the mount.
Vnto my Lord deare Lord make me
So like, that who ſees me may ſee
Him drawne to th' very life, each feature
Each lineament, thus a new creature.

I Am the fountaine and I purpoſe through
Theſe neighbouring intermixed Channells to
Convey my ſelfe to each, he who'l not part
His interpoſing earth, let out his heart,
Reciprocate the freſhning ſtreames I ſend,
May ſtand, ſtink, dry, not borrow who'l not lend.
Idiot. They 're Idiots indeed who h've private ſpirits,
But who is not himſelfe he onely merits
Not to be counted mad, and ſo ſought he
Us not himſelfe in whom made wiſe we be.
We're not our owne, we're purchas'd with a priſe
To live no more t' our ſelves, but now to riſe
To higher things to live beyond our ſelves
In, By, To Him who bought's, brought's off the ſhelves'
'F ſo great a death to bring us of our ſelves
Our greateſt death; when ſelfe-beſotted Elfes
Were we diſſolved in the open Maine
What ſpatious libertie were gotten to refraine
Th' land bordering Rockes? O wu'd the righteous Sun
Looke on our frozen hearts, how faſt they'd runne

Their

Their hardned ſelfe contracted clods (ſo oft
Daſh one againſt another) into ſoft
To giving inlarged ſtreames wu'd friendly cloſe
Themſelves: wu'd quickly in each other looſe
And all with ſweet concurrence nimbly flow
To their imbracing Ocean. O wu'd we ſoe
Change each to other till we each were none
With what advantage ſhu'd we be our owne?
For one have all, thus happily unite
Are growne too ſtrong for th' world for hells deſpight
We 're all disjoyned by our fall, but ſet
In one againe the greater ſtrength we get.
What I lay out in prayers purſe, ſtudy paines
For them with how farre multiplyed gaines
Of quick returnes I finde them all in theirs.
Shu'd I as I ſhu'd not be overwhelm'd with teares,
Feares griefes grow weak and feeble, or as I ſhu'd
Be alwayes poore and needy in ſpirit how good
How good it is to know that he who is
In all my thoughts hath me in his,
Who is more beneficiall by one thought then all
The world can be by all their deeds. I fall
No ſooner now but ſtraite one helpes me riſe.
So farr's two better in one, how rais'd how high's
My drooping ſoule? though abſent in the body
Preſent i'th' ſpirit with all the ſpirituall body.
How heartily I joy in, ſweetly injoy
Their better ordered more eſtabliſh'd joy!
M' affections are not mine nor theirs are theirs
But each in th' other's mirth and ſorrowes ſhares.
How ſteddy ſtand in ballance't griefes and joys
While others ſtill ſupply freſh counter poyſes?

I live not in my ſelf but them-and-thee;
Live thou and they, and that's enough for mee.
I live not in my ſelf but them-and-thee;
Live thou and they, I needs muſt living be.
And if all comforts God-and-h's Saints compriſes
All comfort then from one another riſes.
Conſpire we then in one, in one expire,
That makes his melting Saints a mounting fire.
'Tis good being here, and hither riſe might all
Wh'have skill have will int' one and other t' fall.

But he that will be of himſelfe
May glut not glad himſelf with pelfe.
Yea let him laugh his belly full,
Yet doth the ſhark himſelf but gull;
His ſeeming ſweet ſtraite turnes to gall,
And vomits ſtraite his ſtollen all,
His *Done* joy's cooled by and by
With reall ills in *Fieri*.

But ſtay, all this is but to ſeek my ſelfe
While I am ſtudying how to looſe it, I
Muſt flie a braver pitch, far far more high
Above the thoughts of all this ſelfiſh pelfe.

ACtion is the life of a Chriſtian, it is death to him not to be ſtirring. He cannot reſt in himſelf, though, nay becauſe fill'd with the greateſt contents. He receiveth to doe, but the wicked doth to receive. His pleaſures, his joys, his delights, are diſpleaſures, are troubles to him if they doe not run forth themſelves into God. Hence the ſoule

ſoule at his ſtilleſt, and retiredeſt receſſes is ſtill putting out its heart, and breathing forth it ſelfe in praiſes, ſtudying and contriving wayes of activeneſſe for the glory of its God; and hence the poore ſoule, though indeed only rich, when it lyes at an under, in truth the very heighth of Chriſtianity, cries out, O it cannot doe, it cannot doe. Bleſſed ſoule, that art eſtranged to thy ſelf, that haſt forgotten thy ſelfe and all thy good deeds, as things not worth the looking after, and haſt got ſo forward in the wayes of holineſſe, to be ſtill more preſſing onward to the marke, in a more ſpeedy and active courſe, by how much the nearer thou commeſt to it: Thou that knoweſt what it is to cry out, enough Lord, mercy enough, vvhat are thoſe ſweet pangs and bleſſed conflicts of ſoule under a divers notion, the while thou over-powred with apprehenſion of that Unſpeakable Gift, in whom is given thee all things richly to enjoy, & now labouring under ſome preſent diſtemper, and being thereby led back to the remembrance of its roote and originall, art ſo overcome with the ſight of thine owne altogether unworthineſſe of the leaſt mercy, thou doſt even ſinke and fall under ſuch weighty and overbearing thoughts, with a ſweet-humble-reſignment of thy ſelfe, as now no more thy ſelfe, and ſo with an holy kinde of careleſneſſe as concerning thy ſelfe, art become willing to ſuffer, to doe, to be any thing for thy God, and in that reſpect, the while thou tacitely, and moſt effectually deprecatſt theſe, petitionſt for the removall of theſe diſtempers, diſturbances, indiſpoſitions, &c. as of themſelves impediments to the more active duty, and the more manifeſt expreſſion of the divine glory, though indeed theſe ſweet impreſſions are not a little

tending

tending to it. The ſinceritie, the humilitie, the love the zeale that is more intentively active within, breaking forth with ſo much the more ſtrength and vigour. And what can the moſt eminent, lively, ſtirring and active Chriſtian doe of himſelfe, ſince the ſtrongeſt is as weake as the weakeſt without God, and the weakeſt as ſtrong as the ſtrongeſt with him; who accepteth the ſincere, heartie, ſtudious indeavoring will for the deed; and will thus accept of thy mite, that thus throwes away thy ſelf as it were that throwes in heart and all, although in the meaneſt and weakeſt performance, as deſiring no mercies to thy ſelfe, but to returne them as tributary ſtreames to their firſt ſpring, even this ſhall he accept before all the Rivers of Oyle, all the bodies that may be given to be burnt by a ſelfe ſeeking Phariſee that is ſtill returning and winding about to himſelfe like thoſe waters of Ponds, Meers and Lakes that run into themſelves התהלכו למו *Pſal.* 58. that are not acted by an inward principle to a ſelfe-withdrawing ſelfe-outing end, but are meerely agitated by winds by externall motions, and ſtill move within the compaſſe of themſelves and therefore dry away, and periſh with the hypocrite. And this doing is no doing, or if any, is *aliud agere* is *male agere*, that thus beginnes and ends in it ſelfe. But what doſt thou O man of whom God requires onely that thou ſhouldeſt doe juſtice and walke humbly with thy God? And what is it to doe juſtice, but to give every man his right, and for every man to give thee O Lord thine; all he doth, he hath, he is; all his pleaſures, all his poſſeſſions, all his abilities, of which all ſince he can give thee nothing, what cauſe hath he to walke humbly with his God? And what infinitely ſweet humble action and active humilitie is that that brings us to walke, to converſe

converſe, to have fellowſhip with ſuch an infinitely ſweete God, the author, the finiſher of our ever infinitely ſweete humilitie; O who would not now humbly act in all, and aske his mirth what Doth it, and account his laughter madneſſe, runnes a round of ſelfe conceited pleaſure and is not like a line that takes its beginning and ending in thee, that conveyes not the ſoule along to thee onely? Who would not Ecco to the command of, Come doe my will, with a readie and ſpeedy I come I come to doe thy will? If there be any truth even in naturall love, is it not when it not receives for it ſelfe, but doth for its beloved, even to the undergoing the greateſt paine, the loſing of the deareſt life, can nature live by, doe, die for love, and ſhall not grace make nature ſubſervient to Thee in all theſe? and what ever there may be more then theſe; where can the man finde himſelfe that knowes thee, that loves Thee as he ſhould as hee would! here is the man that ſees ſo much of Heaven that nothing but the love of God can make him meddle with a thought of the earth, while the God-unacquainted ſoule ſees ſo much of earth that nothing but the love of himſelfe can make him to meddle with a thought of heaven; all the glories of the Kingdomes of the world may well paſſe away as ſhaddowes, vanities, nothings before the ſoule that in his Chriſt ſees his God, when the leaſt tempting Apple may looſe him that is not ſecured in this bleſt premunition. And to that happie condition is the ſoule brought, and that is it which brings the ſoule to that happy condition, that lookes after the world and Heaven for God, when the other after God for the world and Heaven; ſo while hee makes himſelfe

ſelfe his God, makes himſelfe a devill, while the other in making himſelfe Gods, makes God himſelfe; while he drawes in onely that hee might poure out, God poures in unto them while he is drawing forth, while he takes his graces themſelves drinkes and fills his belly with thoſe living waters to this prime and principall end that the overflowing thereof may make glad the city of God, and carry both himſelfe and it to be ſwallowed up of that infinite ocean of loves and ſweetneſſes. A Chriſtian is (at leaſt, ſhould be) ſo rich with content ſo ſuperabounding with ſuch an exuberancy of the milke and hony of Canaan, that like the diſtended udders of high fed Kine, it even lookes to be drawne forth, and longs for ſome to be taken into the partnerſhip of its joyes and graces; ſo far ſhould he be out of any impotencie and incontinencie of ſpirit to be carried out to the fond deſires of the creature, to pitchupon it as his happineſs. Neither is there any thing I know that doth more raiſe, more innoble the ſoul then this open heartedneſſe, this freeneſſe of ſpirit, nothing that makes it more like God himſelfe, whom it hath, in whom it lives beaming forth the Sunne of its favours and beneficialneſſe to all that come within the compaſſe of his Horiſon and (as he hath conveniency) choſes the emptieſt veſſell to communicate his fulneſſe to, both of graces and common gifts, ſtill like his God that profeſſeth himſefe to delight moſt in the company of the humbleſt to be in a ſpeciall manner the God of the needy, the fatherleſſe, the widdow the ſtranger, ſo hee ſeekes the moſt indigent object to draw out his ſoule unto, and delights in delighting the comfortleſſe; as he that findes it more bleſſed, more glorious (becauſe more like to, more full of God) to give then to receive.

As

As he that is ſtill calling his faith to account, to ſee what it layes out in action. How ſtirring, how operative it is, how it workes by love, whether it love not it ſelfe more then God, whether it be not more for receiving then doing? As knowing it a moſt ſtrongly denying expoſtulation, an evident brand of an unbeliever, and that by him who beſt knew how to give every thing its proper mark: How can ye believe which receive honour (and conſequently pleaſure, profit, &c.) one of another, and not ſeek for that which commeth from God only. Now what greater honour can there be to a man, then to have his workes beare witneſſe that the Father hath ſent him, to be inabled to doe, to give any thing to God (as he is who does, gives to any in his name) what greater pleaſure, profit, then to be the ſervant of God, imployed in his buſineſſe, to live in his ſight, to walk before him, to be at his finding? But thoſe miſerable niggardly pinching ſoules, that are unacquainted with theſe inlargings, theſe fully ſatisfying apprehenſions, no marvell they are ſtill raking, ſcraping, and ſcrabling on the Dunghill for rotten rags. Certainly the ſoule that hath ever had any quick, lively, intimate, thorough reſentments of the Divine Loves ſhed abroad in its heart, that hath ever feelingly found that God hath not a faithfull induſtrious ſervant, who hath not him an indulgent Father, a dearely affecting Husband, an ineſtimable Portion, cannot be baſe, cannot but live at an high rate, as he that knowes the raiſing thoughts of ſo high dignity; cannot but ſpend freely, communicate liberally, munificently, as not ignorant of thoſe Mines, thoſe treaſures inexhauſtibly infinite, that are ever ready for his ſupply. Cannot but be mercifull, and lending, while he ſtill guides his affaires

with

with diſcretion, and hath an eye too to that diſcretion, leſt it ſhould befoole him in degenerating into baſeneſſe, and ſlily winde him about into himſelfe, while he is ſtudying how to outgoe himſelfe in keeping the preciſe, and narrow path preſcribed him. Or rather an eye to it, leſt it be falſe and counterfeit, it being impoſſible for Truth but to be ever like it ſelfe. This is he that cannot effeminate enervate himſelf in delicacies, and pleaſures, while he knowes none but in God, and they flowing into his ſoule like a ſpring of life, and vigour, that beare him forth in a voluble, diffuſive, indefatigable courſe of activity in well doing, while they ſtill bathe him in inconceivable refreſhings, unimaginable delights. This is not a man that is but the name and ſhaddow of one, while like a brute beaſt he is carried on to eating, drinking, ſleeping, or any naturall deſire, and pleaſure, out of a meere ὁρμὴ *impetus*, and propulſion of Concupiſcence from ſomewhat to be received from them to himſelfe. But the very doing of theſe obedientially as duties, as ordinances for ſomewhat to be done by them in a way of a further ſelf-emptying and tranſacting himſelfe into God, is that which makes this very thing the ſervice of God, when the moſt glorious performances, the moſt publike beneficialneſſe, the moſt pain-taking actions, activity in things materially good, is but ſerving themſelves, and the devill. So that that mans pleaſure is Gods ſervice, becauſe he makes Gods ſervice his pleaſure and this mans paines-taking in the beſt duties is a ſerving the devill, becauſe it is the pleaſing himſelfe; the godly man acting not becauſe it is pleaſing to him, but it is pleaſing to him becauſe it is action, the other contrary; the godly, not that he may get to himſelfe, but that he may get to God (and ſo indeed to himſelfe) counting

counting Gods glory his greateſt good. And therefore imployes himſelfe in that which is moſt ſingular, and eſpecially ſerviceable to God and Gods, and not in that which is moſt profitable to himſelfe, he had rather ſpend thouſands of pounds, of yeares, of any thing in the ſervice of God, then the leaſt penny, the leaſt minute, the leaſt any thing in the ſervice, or (to ſay righter) the ſlavery of himſelfe; as he that counteth his pleaſures his works and duties, and his works & duties his pleaſures, the doing of the will of God his meat and drink, and his meat and drink the doing of the will of God. And this were an excellent way to make us humble in excellencies, temperate in delights, diligent in action, and for avoiding thoſe three conſociating and Nation-deſtroying ſins, Pride, Idleneſſe, and fulneſſe of Bread. So may we make an eſpeciall uſe of that common by-word, queſtioning and examining our deſires, when they call us to, or put us upon any thing, *What to doe.* And thus Chriſtian I greet thee with that ancient ſalutation χαίρειν καὶ ἐυπράτειν. Doe well, and farewell. And indeed our owne, when wee ask one another how wee doe, and wiſhing one another may doe well, imports no leſſe, but that to do well, is to be well. Neither is the deſcription of bodily health diſagreeable to that of the ſoul, it being ſuch a frame and conſtitution of it, whereby it is fit and ready for the diſcharge of its ſeverall duties, in their right-due maner. So that they deſcribe it not ſo much by its enjoying it ſelf in a ſweet and freſh temperature, reſulting from the well ſymmetrizing of humors, and conformation of parts, as by its right & readytowardlines to requiſite actions. So the ſoul then healthy, not ſo much in regard of the joy & comfort that it finds in God, as of the vigor by it, the active diſpoſition, the operativeneſſe towards him.

Though

Though indeed that cannot be without, nay without being the author of this, nor this without ſome meaſure at leſt of that. The ſincere ſoul making its worke its wages, its dutie, its delight. Grace being now growne, as I may ſay, a ſecond nature it being connaturall to him, and therefore as, nay more, pleaſing in its actions, than thoſe of our firſt could be; the one being but Gods ordinary common, the other his eſpeciall choiſe extraordinary diſpenſation of himſelf. Grace being the ſpirit of Chriſt working on us, in us, and through us, beginning, continuing, and ending all in it ſelfe; happy Soule that knowes what is the ſtudy of ſelfe-deniall, never can wee finde any where more of ſweetneſſe, becauſe no where more of God. O could we make this our *Hoc age* our buſineſſe, our one thing, whether wud it leade us, where wud it looſe us, even to the following of God fully to be full of him, and ſtill to follow him, to emptie and fill, fill and emptie in a moſt ſweet and bleſſed exerciſe of ſoule till we lay downe in everlaſting reſt and peace, wholly emptied of our old and dying, wholly filled with our new & everliving ſelves! O the unſerchableneſſe, the unconceiveableneſſe of the Love of God in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord! O the depth of its humility, the heighth of its zeal, the latitude and length of its obedience, what thing, what time can bound it! O what is it can ſo free, can ſoenlarge ſo ſublime the heart, as the giving it up to the hands of its God, to be guided by him, at his pleaſure! Can the ſoule contain it ſelfe within it ſelfe, that hath theſe thoughts. O when ſhall we know what it is, that ſingleneſſe of heart, that being but one ſoule, but one heart! When ſhall we be like ſo many cloſing pieces of tender waxe before the fervent heat of the Sun? When ſhall we

be

be dissolved, when runne into one another, and all into one holy Lumpe. Even so Lord Jesus come quickly.

1 *Cor.* 10. 24. *Phil.* 2. 4, 5. &c. 21.

Sic nos non nobis.

So we not for our selves have fame;
So we not for our selves have gaine;
So we not for our selves have pleasure;
So we not for our selves have * leasure.
So have nor mind's nor bodie's health
To keep t' our selves our selves is stealth.
So nothing for our selves we have,
But have for Him that all things gave.
So all things for our selves we have;
Since He who all, Himselfe us gave.

Nobis non nati sumus.
* *Omnia mea tempora amicorum temporibus absumenda putavi Cic. Perdidi diem. (quem nemini beneficisset) Titus Imperator.*

GOes th' Boate uneaven? Leane the other way;
So with more safetie and with lesse delay.
In joying grieve, and in thy grieving joy,
So neither change shall worke thee such annoy.
'Ts the man that makes his fortune: Ever's he
Prosperous thar learnes, loves, wills, adversitie.
Then learne this lesson and 'tis worth the while,
Let sorrow be the shaddow of thy smile.
Be not so joviall, frolicke, so profuse,
Least plung'd, up swimme thou canst not through disuse.

That mirth is madneſſe where's no ponderouſneſſe,
For reaſon's weightie, and imports no leſſe
Then God the moving cauſe, who once in thought
The faithfull ſoule in fearefull joy is brought.
Great God! I ſinke w'th that All-containing name
Good God! my burthen and my Heaven's the ſame.
What heart-betraying world wu'dſt have me joy?
Ile turne my joy to my God-joying grace,
And that will quickly give true griefe its place:
While both together ſit with ſweet accord
And make my heart the muſicke of my Lord.
Or think'ſt to quell me with thy fell Annoy?
Ile turne my griefe to my God-grieving ſinne,
And that will quickly turne to joy agin.
Nay they are one, for they agree in one
Bleſt Father, ſorrow ſmiles while joy doth moane.
Both fall about his necke and kiſſe, brave ſight,
To ſee Griefe weepe for joy, the day through night.
Thrice happy man this happy temper keeps!
As th' golden Sunne through th' Silver droppings peeps
Upon the flowring earth, or ſoftly playes
O'th' ~~gliding ſtreames with's gently~~ glittering Rayes;
As th' modeſt ſmilings o' the native Heat
Nor Chronick nor acute diſeaſes threat.
Thus wud'ſt thy ſence-refined faith imploy
Thoud'ſt th'one from th'other reciprocally draw.
And in the Trineſſence of both compoſe
The temper wu'd heaven in earth, God-man diſcloſe.
Thus griefe ſhould looſe its name and nature, be
Swallowed up of Glorying Humilitie.
Humble I ſhall be in Heaven. O! th' weight o'th' Love
O'th' Love preſſes my ſoule to ſolid joyes!

My

My ſpungy ſoule ſo often ſhrunk and ſwel'd.
Glorious I am on earth. O! th' height o'th' Love,
O'th' Love raiſes my ſoule t'an humble poyſe!
A temper *ad pondus* might exactneſſe dwell
On this ſide th' Empyræan! ſo be I ſtill
Tempered to Juſtice, till on Sions Hill
The Spirit-pondering-God ſhall find me weight
Made me meete to live at ſuch a glorious height.

LOok not ſo much at the preſent as the future, having eye in adverſitie to proſperity, and proſperitie to adverſitie; learne to eſtrange neither from your thoughts, that you may welcome either; they are gueſts that looke for ſucceſſive entertainement, be not ſo free to one, as that the other take you unprovided: they are enemies to each other, and yet an indifferent reſpect may make them both friends to you; be acquainted, yea familiar with both, but indeare your ſelfe to neither; deny neither of them admiſſion to your head, ſo ſhall you both the poſſeſſion of your heart; keepe correſpondency with both and you are ſafe, but give your ſelfe to either, and it will leade you you know not whither; you are betrayed, you are loſt, you ſhall be ſet upon, now by the one, now by the other, and become a ſlave to both; you ſhall then learne that it is better to obſerve ten then ſerve two; be not led ſo much by ſight of what is, as foreſight what may be, not ſo much by ſence as by reaſon, and not ſo much by reaſon as faith, for that is beaſt-like, and lookes but downeright, this man-like and lookes forward, but this laſt, Chriſtian-like and looks upward. Labour then to know no ſuch things as adverſitie and proſperitie, but as the will or not the will of God in your having or not ha-

ving theſe outward things, and learne this excellent Art of compoſing a meane out of two extreames. Take ſomewhat of the ſweet to qualifie the ſoure, and of the ſoure to qualifie the ſweet, yet let it ſavour moſt of the moſt benigne, to which the other is but ſubſervient. It is the ſoure griefe and fulſome joy that diſtempers, but it is the joyfull griefe and grieving joy that is the ſweete the onely gracefull temper. I deny not but changes of State may move you, but they muſt not remove you, they may ſomewhat alter the affection, but muſt nothing alter your ſtation; ſuppoſe you ſing the more cheerefully in the Sun ſhine and weepe the more freely in the ſtorme, yet muſt you mourne in this ſinging, and rejoyce in this weeping; this Æquanimity, unwaveringneſſe, ſtanding even, upright poſture of ſoule is that which may be demonſtrated the beſt, in that the excellency of every thing is according to its likeneſſe, or rather partaking of that onely excellency, and therefore as of his ſimplicitie and infinitie in the inlargedneſſe and puritie of heart, ſo its immutabilitie in the ſteadfaſtneſſe and immoveableneſſe of our mind; theſe being as neceſſarily concomitant to the proportion of our holineſſe as they are to his ſimplicitie, there being nothing to bound or alter that that is unmixed, free, abſolute, & hath nothing to hinder it in its perfection. And for that ſuiting our ſelves to others, our ſympathiſing teares and ſmiles, I thinke it ſo farre from being inconſiſtent with this, that it cannot well conſiſt without it, for how elſe ſhall I accommodate my ſelfe to my friends in their preſent contrary extremities, how weepe with them that mourne, and rejoyce with them that rejoyce at the ſame time. Nor can we finde a greater helpe and furtherance to our promoving and progreſſe

in our Christian course then this unmooveableneſſe in reſpect of digreſſion. But if this ſtation of ſoule bee vergent to either hand, better to ſadneſſe (I meane not of harſhneſſe, diſcontent, or any kind of malignitie, but a more ſolemneſſe, retiredneſſe of ſpirit) then to jollitie, ſlightneſſe, flaſhineſſe, pragmaticalneſſe, idle-buſſbodiednes, &c. nothing that I know arguing a man of a more emptie and worthleſſe ſpirit. By the ſadneſſe of the countenance the heart is made better; more pondering, more wary, more capable of councell, diligent inaction; againe, love is more taking with ingenious, then terrour with baſe and ſervile ſpirits, Gods mercy in Christ will ſooner fetch them up, then all his threatnings caſt theſe downe. And indeed a Christian (ſo farre as underſtanding himſelfe, the ground and uſe of his owne affections) cannot but pleaſure in his ſorrow, delight in his mourning in his brokenneſſe, in his contrition of heart, becauſe, delights in doing the will of God, becauſe, he ſees the hand of God working it, feeles it kneading as it were, ſubduing, faſhioning it to his owne mind, becauſe, his affections are anſwerable to God's, he delights in that which God delights, and further, knowes neither it, nor ought elſe of worth, further then ſubſervient, conducible, advantagious to his love, his joy, his confidence in, his magnifying of Chriſt, &c. ſo his joy muſt needs have a touch, a tincture of greefe; becauſe he lookes on it as on all his affections, as matter of dutie and obedience (elſe wu'd they not differ from bruit beaſts) becauſe bid rejoyce in the Lord alwayes, againe bid to rejoyce; but now he cannot ſo looke on it, but with a ſweet & gratious regret, to ſee it no more, becauſe no more pure, that hath ſo infinit ſo holy a God for its object, for its only object, either immediatly, or at leaſt

mediatly. And ſo indeed this very griefe cannot but intend, confirme, conſolidate his joy in an humbly-thankfull (the onely comfortable and truly joyfull) poſture of ſoule, to ſee in what a ſweet and gratious temper the divine goodneſſe maintaines it, whoſe rich and abundant mercy it is that it finds any the leaſt ſmatch of true and reall peace. And I am perſwaded, that even in heaven it ſelfe theſe hints and reliſhes of our owne unworthineſſe, made worthy in Chriſt, of ſuch an enmitie reconciled in ſuch a unity, will much further, intend and extend thoſe inimaginable joyes. Sure I am they are a heaven upon earth. And this, this onely is the griefe becomming a Chriſtian, that lead'ſt it to the pureſt-and-ſublimed'ſt joyes. Thoſe feares thoſe tremblings that keepe the ſoule in the humbleſt ſelfe-debaſing, and therefore at the higheſt exaltation.

Let no man part what God hath put together,
Hence all our woes, what he hath jony'd we ſever.
From one another our affections goe,
And all from Him, and hence is all our woe.

VV———————Here now my ſoule!
Doſt heare him bid thee touch the world? thou may'ſt,
But with thy Head, thy Hand; thy Heart's diſplac'd,
Is out of joynt if't be a jot from Him
That tries thee how thou canſt be out while in

The

The world thou ſeem'ſt. I am continually with thee.
With him ſweet Pſalmiſt! may I, may I too be.
I'de too refuſe theſe miſerable joyes
And waite for them are mixt with no annoyes.
'Tis baſeneſſe to be cozen'd, I'de better know
I want, then want moſt when I leaſt thinke ſo.
Give me the right or none, no painted grapes,
My ſtomacke's wiſer than to feed on ſhapes.
Though th' Divell play the Zeuxis, and wu'd cheat
Me with a neat drawne colour, I have meat
Of ſuch experienc't and approved worth
Attends the craving ſoule, I'le ne're go forth
To tamper with his hooked flies, his pitfall chaffe,
His net-alluring glaſſe, his braine-ſicke laugh.
Hence jiggiſh joyes, give me the ſolemne ſound
Whoſe Treble's zeale, humilitie the ground,
God makes the meane, compleats the Harmony,
For never two but three in one agree.
And hence vain man thou and thy joyes ſo jarre
Becauſe the God of unitie's ſo farre
From triviall pleaſures; Long enough may'ſt lay
The world to thine hearts eare, thinke now to play
Some pretty toy, but nere can'ſt bring't in tune,
Or if thou bring'ſt it in 'tis out as ſoone.
The thing's now abſent to the mind, the mind
Now to the thing, when met are ſtraite disjoyn'd.
Let's outſide joy be other where obtruded,
That at th'beſt but *circum præcordia ludit*,
But playes about the heart, the while 'tis ſad
I'th' mid'ſt of 'ts joviall'ſt mirth; give me th' joy glads
I'th' mid'ſt of its ſaddeſt ſorrowes; let my *Spirit*
Rejoyce, rejoyce *In Spirit*; I this demerits

The name of mirth indeed, when th' heart doth enter
Into 't, and it into the heart its center,
Secur'd from th' reach o' th' worlds disturbance, while
'Tis inside outside guarded from its guile
Its thickest terriblest assailings, if
The treacherous flesh betray 't not; when a whiffe
O'th' ruder winds blowes the th'other cleane away;
This weightie, watchfull, inward joy shall stay.
Delight's the life of nature; 't cannot live
But 't must have somewhat may contentment give.
But I'le take none o'th' false, and so of force
My soule unto the true will take its course.
My soule unto the true hath tane its course,
That onely, that can make me false divorse.
Then may it be for ever strongly bent
On thee, in thee may dwell; I thus intent,
Come worlds come divels they may have never an eare,
May have no part in me while I am here,
Still busied, working me out of my selfe
Int' him, whom while I see, I see all 's pelfe.
And happy sure here's happy worke enough
Still to bespeake me from this paltry stuffe.
Here Here's the ground and Piller of thy blisse,
Thy Christ, thy God: thy God thy Christ ne're misse,
With whom while thou shalt be, *Hee*'le be with thee,
With whom it is eternall life to be.

T'S the haleſt ableſt-bodied man, and at
The high'ſt embonpoint of Athletique ſtate
Workes long'ſt and hardeſt with the leaſt ſupply
Of freſh repaſts; as he whoſe ſymmetrie
Of nature-conſentaneous juyces, i'th'
Th' abundance of their ſtrength, 's not troubled with

Thoſe

Thoſe oft ſharpe gnawings of Hetrogeneous humors,
Nor over-evacuation following tumors.
That that's the haleſt ſtrongeſt Chriſtian
Beſt longeſt worke with leaſt o'th' creature can;
For he hath moſt of God, and who hath ſo
He little cares which way the world will goe.
'T ſhall never touch his heart, nor taske his braine
To lay about to fetch it backe againe.
As he whoſe lines are fallen in a faire
Large pleaſant place, is mad for th' worſe to care.
If 't 'll come by faire meanes well and good, hee'le uſe
It when, and as he thinks convenient, looſe
'T he will ere hee'le imploy the ſmalleſt foule;
Imploy't he doth that lets it pinch his ſoule.
T's the ſoundeſt body that feeds o'th' ſimpleſt fare;
The ſoundeſt ſoule that makes his God his fare.
A happy man the ſpirit 'f a healthie mind
Can in a health-injoying body finde.
A happie man the ſpirit 'f a healthy minde
Can in a health-deprived body finde.

LIft up prevailing hands in prayſing action
'Gainſt Edom and the Edomitiſh faction.
There are they fallen, proud Priliſtims withall
Their Aſhdod brats; ſo let them, let them fall
And never riſe, while on our Harpes we ſing
The ſong of Moſes and the Lambe our King.
Victorious meekeneſſe! gird thy all-conquering ſword
Unto thy potent thigh, give give the word
Unto thy Heavenly Hoſt they'l ſtraight conjoyne
With earths celeſtiall Armies; then combine

Rome,

Rome, Spaine, France, Hell take the devill and all,
The Mitred Captaines of the high Prieſts Hall.
Come on brave Borgias with your pranſing horſe,
Yee Popes deare Nephewes, or which ſounds the worſe
Though th' ſame his Baſe Sons, whom he hath begot
On an unwedded Church. Change Cannon ſhot
Into the ſhot of Cannon *Tout d'an coup*
Devoure th' Preſicians, they 're a ſlender ſoup
T' a Pulpit full of Sack, a ſlippery yolke
In luſtie Muskadine, they 'l never choake
So well waſh't downe with blood; but if you thinke
You 'z finde as hard worke as ye had to get a drinke
O'th' wary Scot; cloſe noddles, conſult together,
Hoord up i th' deep'ſt Abbiſſe 'f y'r holy Father
Jeſuitick plots, ſay a confederacie,
But 't ſhall not ſtand till truth it ſelfe can lie.
Come gather then together, and be ye broke
T'irrecompoſible peeces. He hath ſpoke.
Still will he thinke ye ride upon an Aſſe?
No no, his white ſteed's mounted, Hee 'l ſurpaſſe
Your forcibleſt fineneſſes; Jeruſalem
Leape, leape for joy, Thy King comes and doth hem
Thee round with mightie monntaines, and his Hoſte
Is all prepar'd thine enemies to accoaſt.
For His are thine, for thou art His, then boaſt
The in thee Lord thy God when thou art in the moſt
Inextricable dangers. Here I here's
A Saint-like patience, thus to chant the bliſſe
Of bleeding wounds, while their *Te Deums* charmes
Fond ſoules with Swan-like ſongs, our harmeleſſe harmes
Shall ſweetly breathe in ſighes triumphant layes
Of conquering Iös, while our blood ſhall praiſe

That

That name above the proudeſt wrath, and raiſe
A generation that ſhall Babell raze.
Stones ſhall be Churches, and dead bones ſhall live
E're God his glory unto Rome ſhall give.
Ther's breath enough in heaven and duſt on earth
To build more men to ruine all her mirth.
How heaven derides theſe Gotham ſages, wu'd
Drowne Eeles i'th' water, drowne the Church in blood?
What? 's the Pariſian maſſacre forgot
How crown'd with many a thouſand Huganot?
Or th' Marian flames? how oft th' Prelatique hands
Were crowded with increaſing Puritans?
Or thoſe Ten Prim'tive perſecutions, what
But more Chriſts-honourers hath their cruelties got?
But ſtill the devill's the divill, although he know
He workes the Saints more weale himſelfe more woe,
So mad is envie, 't had rather looſe both eyes
Then 'ts neighbour's one ſhud ſee 'ts deformities.
Courage my hearts, we nor our cauſe can die,
Nay we may live to ſee proud Ægipt lie
Dead on the ſhore. What feare we? Th' Wonderfull
In Skill, Power, Peace, Love 's ours; what ſhall they pull
The Palme from Him? or ſhall they rend a Limbe
Fro' th' Father of Spirits? hurt the eye of Him
Whoſe voyce is thunder and his eyes are fire,
Who hands their breath? then have they their deſire,
And ne'r till then. Thus in my Fort, my Peace,
My Caſtle-Chriſt, my flaming Wall, ne'r ceaſe
There are they fallen (yea though I thinke I fall
And all my fellow ſouldiers, for thus call
We death, becauſe we thinke it ſo, when 'tis
The onely riſe unto our perfect bliſſe)

The

Th' irrevocable word 's paſt, decree 's ſign'd ;
All things are preſent to a faithfull minde :
For hee ſees all in God, but he ſees all
At once ; and thus while he beholds, hee'le call
Things paſt and future preſent, things that are
As they were not, that are not as they were ;
Let kingdomes claſh, and their foundations ſhake,
Haughtie hearts ſhrinke to their heele, let fury take
The loftieſt Hills and hurle them in the Maine;
Let th' lively Sun his ſprightly raies refraine
And wraps 's in ſable might; let heaven and earth
Meet in confuſion, while hell yawnes; our mirth,
Shall that be ſwallowed up by this ? our joy
That none can take away ? no foe n' annoy ?
Rouſe up brave ſpirits, glorifie the name
Of that great God that ever is the ſame,
And we in Him ; life, death, principalities,
Powers, things preſent, things to come, ſhall theſe
Disjoyne us from our God ? if once in Him
One as He is One? What is it that can dim
Our glorious inutterable joy
That ſparkles purer luſter from th' alloy,
(That ſtreames more radiant luſter from th' alloy)
Of foyling griefe ? A joy whoſe native heate
Growes ſtronger by the winter winds that beate
Upon 'ts concentred ſpirits ; A joy that riſes
Higher yet higher by the freſh ſurpriſes
Of 'ts Arke-ſecured braveries from all
The Ocean-inundations can befall.
Nay leade me captive griefe, yet one I know
Shall captive thy captivitie, and ſhow
Thy open ſpoyles as Trophes, while I ſing

How

How ſweet's the memory of ſower? to bring
To minde thoſe tempeſts paſt, while hous'd in heaven
I feaſt on Leeleſſe Wines, rich marrow and leaven-
Untouched bread. So great ill turn'd to well
'Tis makes his glory-and-my good excell.
Ther's nothing, nothing ill but all is well
Is alway well to thoſe whoſe wayes excell.
Thus is th' upright as farre from's neighbour as hell
From heaven; here well is ill, there ill is well.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magiſtri.

——————NO, give me
A Philoſophick Ingenuitie;
A Bacon, Luther, truth-exploring braine,
Can cull the Wheate from th' Chaffe, and bring a graine
To th' graynarie of knowledge; no lazie pate
Will nothing elſe but reade, heare, tranſcribe, tranſlate,
And take what's brought it at adventure. an idle drone
Will ſuffer any thing ere't will worke but one
Whoſe naturalls can't indure t' be Ariſtotl'd
With ipſe dixits, nor his ſpiritualls throtl'd
W'th a Spirituall Lord's irrefragable propoſitions;
But h's free-borne ſpirit mak's exquiſite inquiſitions
I'th' depths of grace and nature; ſcornes to have
His judgement ſtrangled like a Turkiſh ſlave
B' uſurping tirannv; a noble ſoule
Whoſe underſtanding w'll ſuffer no controule,
But from his Soveraigne's Vice-Roy, Rationall
Faith, faithfull reaſon. A God-taught ſoule, in all

Conſults

Consults with, credits him. No tell him o'th' Fathers,
He hath but one and that's in heaven, and he who gathers
From him instructions, as a guided guide
Hee'l use him if needs, but first w'il hath' father well tri'd
By his, not his by th' Father, though he be as old
As superannuated Pauls, as bold,
As peremptorie as he that raskal'd *Calvin*
As Holy as his Holinesse, no reverend *Calvin*,
I'de rather be a freemans slave, be thine,
Then be a slave to slaves; they'le draw mee fine
Directions, whose selves are but th' *Amanuenses*
Of their imperious lusts; I hey'le make offences
Of working on a play day, and none of playing
Upon an holy day; whose sweet'st mouth'd sayings
Sic volo, sic jubeo stat pro ratione voluntas
Import to a discreete subaudi, as
What devillisher a Tyrant then a slave?
Heele ride to th' devill, and all the world wu'd have
To beare him company; but stay Saintes Peres,
Or go if you will, y'l ne'r meet with Saint Pierre's
Keyes, nor St. Pauls Cathedrall there, how e're
Yee may with their attendants. But whether wut beare
M' incensed muse? Reclaime, no further forth,
Why flyest thou after Rookes? they are not worth
Thy looking on, thy flightnig'st, passing'st thought;
How came I then thus unawares transport?
I love thee Truth and thence it is I hate
Truth hating falsehood with a perfect hate.
I can as well conteine my rouséd Spirits
As bound the Ocean when thou bid'st it ferrie its
Orerunning waves beyond its bounding banks. (pranks?
What heaven-taught soule can brook these hell-learn'd

Some

Sum Liber natus educatus and
I can't indure be under Romes command.
The truth hath made me free and I am free
Indeed, and ſhall I againe in bondage be?
No hang 'em all, an hundred thouſand Jeſuits
And Jeſuitized Buy-ſhops, theſe prickly Jebuſites
And horny Canaanites; too long the 'ave beene
The outers of our eyes while ran us in
The perſecuted ſides; and thou great God
That mak'ſt my fleſh to tremble, what period
Will madneſſe put to its untamed pride,
That dares to pierce th' omnipotent his ſide,
His eye, his heart? and is thy glory not
As deare to thee as life? what ſeeke they but
That dreadfull glory, Thy prerogative?
Their will muſt be our reaſon, and we muſt live
At their ſelfe-wil'd devotions, according to
Their monſtrous wiſedome, not ſubordinate to
Th' Creators word. Behold the men are God,
Are b'come like one of them theſe od
'Cauſe-God uneavened ſoules, the 'le not derive
Their pollicies from him, and won't he drive
Theſe Rebels out from their fooles Paradice?
They ſhan't ſurvive our hopes, and ever tice (Croſſes,
Fond ſoules with Coapes and Popes, with Chringes,
'Pipes, Poppets, Surplus, and the Service toſſes
The Pſalmes like Tennis balls, the while they yawle
Like Primmer Chits at their leſſons, and terribly bawle
With ſuch a mad confuſion as if all
Zeale lay i'th' tongue and th' eare, nor need we r'call
The ſpirits to the heart in a ſtaid ſtill poſture
To ſing with grace within. Still ſhall they foſter

Winde-

* In the immediate, ſolemne, publike Worſhip, before a promiſcuous people, whoſe Art and Heart leave them far below the ſubſerviencie of ſuch meanes.

VVinde-ſucking ſoules with ſuperſtitious milke
The while they ruffle it in their braving ſilke?
And like the childe that prides it in its new
Gay ſleeves, how burniſh, ſwell at every view?
VVho dares come nigh 'em now unleſſe he w'ud
Be brow-beaten to the channell, unleſſe he ſtood
H's due diſtance cap in hand. And Sirra you
Looke that you preach me thus and thus, you'le rue
'T elſe, and he may believ't by h's torvid lookes
On th' Grave learn'd pious Miniſter whoſe bookes
He is not worthy t' beare; ſo ſturdy and ſtout
'S advanced villany, ſo peſtilent devout
Ther's not a Puritan but hee'le roote him out.
(How ſtrong Robuſtious luſty frollicke ſpracke
Th' zeale kindled with a cup of bribing Sacke)
Now downe goes th' wicked houſes all about
The ſacred Temple, and that malapert
Parochiall childe that dares s' unmannerly perk
I's lolling head upon its Mothers ſide,
I's reverend aged Mother, I can't abide
Th' indecencie and diſorder, ſtrike't to th' ground
That not a ſtone upon a ſtone be found,
VVhen forreigne and domeſtique Catholiques
Come by and ſee this Maſſie Ædifice
S' entire, compleate a Maſſe of holy ſtones,
'T will make 'em all turne Proteſtants at once.
But what, when heare it in? when ſee within
As pretty Babes as Babie e're hath ſeene?
They'd ſhake the cap from any wondring clowne,
And ſummons all the children of the towne.
Dim-ſighted Granſiers, and ye moap-ey'd dames
Here's curious ſpectacles to cleere your aymes.

Poore

Poore Soules! How ridiculous your folly! but yee,
How lamentable! And cu'd I ſhew you the
Soft pitty turnes my bowels; and make you ſee
Th'wild fury turnes your braines, how glad you'd be
Your ſoules were rid o'th' ſervitude of men,
Your hearts were humble, ſelf-denying; then
They'd be th'free-ſchooles o'th' higheſt Majeſty,
Where he wu'd ſit and wu'd your Maſter be.
The humbleſt, praying'ſt, meditating'ſt ſoules
Are thoſe with whom he moſt communion holds.
There's no man I call maſter, only One
Me th'truth in Him-the-only-Truth hath ſhowne.
In this Light ſee I light, light am I in this,
And where I a' n't, more intimately into His
Ile get, and be, till I in every part
Shall meet himſelfe, from th'interoccurring dark
Deliver'd, and make my ſence-beſhadowed faith
Pellucid ſence; i'th' meane, heare what he ſaith
Hath promis'd hee'le never leave his Saints untaught,
But into All Truth they ſhu'd by his Spirit be brought.
And when I learne of any, it ſhall bee
O'th' humbleſt men, for moſt of God they ſee.
'Ts the ſight of God makes th'only kindly breach
On th'heart, the head doth only truly teach;
But when in Heaven, I moſt of God ſhall ſee
And therefore there moſt knowing-humble bee.
But ſince this humble knowledge is ſuch an Heaven,
Ile have a care how here I am deceiven.
Here be as truly knowing as I can,
So truly humble ſo an Heavenly man.

1640. AND art thou ſilenc't too ſweet Lute?
Thou doſt nor preach, nor yet diſpute.
No contraverſie but conſent
'S the language of my Inſtrument.
Yet what rude, ruſling Prieſt appeares
To plucke *Appollo* by the eares?
Ar't thence ſo mute, as out of heart to ſing
Till th' freed Evangeliſts freſh ditties bring?

Be then ſuſpended on the willowes
While th' Babilonians tauntings fill us.
My cunning hand forget thy skill,
And thou my dancing tongue be ſtill.
Ther's yet refreſhing times may ſhew
Theſe briske ſuſpenders——
Then while they howle their penitentiall Pſalm
My pittying thankes congratulate the Calme.

Then ſing. Why, why not now? or how
With Him doth differ Then and Now?
With him my onely joy; who while
He is, my clowded brow ſhall ſmile
Serene Aſpects through th' grimmeſt night,
And teach my grievingſt griefe delight.
Heavens harpers did Romes Epicedium play
Hundreds of yeares before her fatall day.

Then come ſweet Lute with gentle Aires
Come kindly touch me with the Cares

Of

Of Chriſts-Croſſe-bearing ſoules, whoſe ſhare
Of common woe and weale I beare.
With Voltos then come raiſe my ſpirits
Unto the Triumphs they inherit, (Heaven
Whoſe wo's their weale, whoſe wound's their cure, whoſe
'S their ſweet, whoſe want's their wealth, whoſe hel's their
(Heaven.

Decemb. 1640.

VVHere am I? How this turne hath giddied mee?
Can hardly credit what I plainly ſee.
So farre fro'th doore? ſo backward on the ſtage,
Still to protract this wearie pilgrimage?
Bleſt Lord! ſo turnd'ſt our feare-led captive thoughts,
As thoſe that dreampt; we ſaw devouring Vaultes
Heapt by the foaming Beaſt with Virgin Slaine
Indign'd his Idoll-luſt. We dreampt againe,
Chriſts-warre-preventing Throne became the Theame
Of ſpeedy praiſe; but fear'd this was a dreame.
But we awake in Paradiſe,
And that no fooles, be we but wiſe
To keepe our hold our God ſo cloſe,
Nor becks, nor blowes ſhall make us loaſe.
Then prove the former dreame yet true,
Change but the time the latter's too.

AS he whoſe braines are weak, and buſineſſe much,
Walks here & there, now this now that will touch,
Takes up, layes down, wu'd ſomewhat, knows not what;
Even ſo my Good my God I had forgot,
Craz'd by my fall; Still were my braines imploy'd
With ſwarmes of buſie follies, ſtill annoy'd
With great paines taking in great trifles, void
Of all ſucceſſe, and got as ſoone was cloy'd.
Thus hither thither flew, but ne'r cu'd finde
An object ſutable unto my minde.
Beauty, honour, riches ſeem'd an empty ſhade
Before I ſaw the ſubſtance, ere I 'd made
Diſcovery of the Truth they ſeem'd a lie;
But that being ſeen they ſeem'd a lying lie,
A ſhade of ſhades. Natures dim glimmering light
Burnt clearer in my heart, and ſhew'd me a ſight
Far worthyer choyce. A ſoule, a beautious ſoule
Inrich'd with rarer honour, a prudent ſoule,
A meek-ſweet lovefull heart, whoſe noble ſpirit
Scornes a few-thouſand-miled world ſhu'd bury it
'N a petty ſpeck of dirt; but pleaſures in
Its larger glories by the eye unſeen.
Then after this while carefull ſearch I made
Straite ſhun a light ſhew'd this too but a ſhade.
A Heaven-ſent light was darted in my heart,
And made me this perverting courſe divert.
The world in 'ts richeſt ornaments, is but
A ſhow, a ſhow th'compleat'ſt nature; but

Thou

Thon only good, and therefore only true,
Give m' in a recapitulated view
Thoſe Scripture-ſcattered Glories. O cu'd I thoſe
Thy analyſized Graces well compoſe
Into their lovely face! How deep Ide fall
In love, and ſay thy beauty darkens all.
The creatures beautie's but a skin-deep lawne,
That by ſome ſlight diſtemper ſoon undrawne
Reveales the lurking meſſengers of death
That lie in waite to ſnatch away the breath;
And ſo poſſeſſe their Maſter of the face
That ſeem'd but now above a creatures grace.
But take the pureſt in 'ts admired'ſt hew,
If modeſt, elſe 'tis none, it dares but ſhew
Its hands and face; but He, but alwayes Hee
Is altogether Lovelineſſes, Hee
Is Lovelineſſes altogether; every one
Is in Him, and but in Him there is none.
The creatures Vertue's but a fairer foule,
Lodg'd in too ſtraite a roome t' content my ſoule,
That only recreated ſplendors loves,
Whereon ſimplicity and infin'ty moves.
And where may I enjoy it better then
Admitted to its near'ſt approaches, when
No intervenient object bars my ſight
In its impure and narrow Channell? Light
Pure, perfect, boundleſſe, inacceſſible light,
VVhen ſhall I live in thy delighting ſight?
I live, but I wu'd live another life,
VVhere light and darkneſſe know no longer ſtrife.
I live, but I wu'd live another life
That might informe me what a death's this life.

How how m'abhorring ſpirit ſtarts me back
When by thy faire I ſee their ugly black?
VVhen by thy wiſdome I their folly ſee,
And by their folly may the wiſer be.
With what a mightier force my ſoule returnes
To thee, in thee with mightier fervour burnes!

O Light of Lights, when ſhall I ſee
Thee as I'm ſeen! VVhen ſhall I bee
Thou Love of Loves with Thee i'th' high'ſt!
VVho long to learn yet what's my Chriſt?
May Thoughts, Men, Bookes, may all I ſee
But anſwers to this queſtion be.
May Thoughts, Men, Bookes, may all I ſee
Be Thoughts, Men, Bookes, be All of Thee.
May every Sermon that I heare
But breake the Clouds, this Sun may cleare.
May every thing I heare or ſee,
Be all but Teſtaments of Thee.
And when th'ave told me all they can,
I ſtill muſt aske as I began.
VVell ſatisfied in ſeeking, till
My ſearch with ſatisfaction fill.

VVHat's white compar'd to blacke? to browne, to gray?
What mar'le 't excels? but take the lighteſt gray,
Nay th'pureſt white the ſtrongeſt ſight e're ſaw;
Sublime thy apprehenſion yet, and draw
A purer, unto which this bright'ſt 's as black
As th'face of Hell, and yet beleeve there lacks

As much reſemblance in this draught to th' Life
As Earth of Heaven, of Heaven for all our ſtrife
'S but pourtrai'd with a coale, revealed God
In h's holyeſt glories by a dirty Clod
O'th' work-beſoiling Clay: and yet beleeve
Thou'rt altogether unable to beleeve
The difference till thou ſeeſt it. Thou't ſee a light
Is able to diſcerne an Hypocrite.
A man s'inlightned, he hath skill enough
To cheate himſelfe, and all the world; this ſnuffe,
This dying ſnuffe ſhall burne as black as Hell,
When with its Chriſt ſincerity ſhall dwell.
But what's that all-ſurpaſſing ſplendor? O
Where's he? Where's he will lead me to that ſhow?
And teach my thoughts, my rude and artleſſe lines
To draw the features of that face divine.
Divine? That every fooliſh fondling w'll blurt
On a neat piece of finer-formed durt.

O beauty? Cu'd I ſpeak! but I have loſt
Expreſſions in impreſſions. I'de rather lie
Admiring! Adoring! More ſweetneſſes ſuck I
So; but fire will out, muſt ſpeak of him,
Rightly if I can, however ſpeak of him
The beſt of things ſo earneſtly I covet,
Th' Unſpeakable Gift, yet can I ſay I love it.
And love will praiſe its object, ſo muſt I
And yet now I begin to praiſe, I die.
O may my life ſo porutrait forth my Love
To win Corrivals, mount their ſpirits above
With ſacred flames, while I ſtand peering there
Where all Terreſtriall beauties ſhaddowes are.

O ſee, prie, gaze, b'inamour'd, here is fare
For Myriads of Love-ſick worlds and ſpare.
O ſee, prie, gaze, b'inamour'd, here is fare
Whoſe Rivals bring each other greater ſhare.
For many eyes, hearts, ſee, love, more then one,
Freſh Graces ſpie to feed freſh hungers on.
O here's a banquet where the gueſts finde ever
The more the merrier, for the cheare failes never.
Diſcovered ſuch a goodly plenty ſhow's
Whoſe there can grieve but that his friends it looſe?
Whoſe there can grieve, but that his griefe's his ſauce,
To make him relliſh more his wiſer choice
Of food, of friends? Whoſe modeſt ſharp-ſet eye
Each corner of this feaſting face doth prie,
And every Goſpel-verſet in his reach
As ſome Grace-whelming diſh doth ope, and teach
His neighbours eyes the ſhape, and mouth the ſweet.
Happy, happy ſoules that at this banquet meet!
T's a doubtfull feaſt indeed; not only 'cauſe
We've all that Heaven and Earth can give; but 'cauſe
VVhen we remember whence we came, poore wretches
Rak'd up from dunghills, drawn from under hedges,
Blinde, lame, ſick, naked, wandring here and there
Th'beaten road to death; and now ſee where we are
Tranſlate from death to life; from that dark, ſad,
Diſconſolate State, or which is worſe, thoſe mad
And deſperately deluding joyes, to ſuch
Incircleing reallity of bliſſe, as much
Glory as our capacity can beare,
Angels attend us, God himſelfe our cheare,
Our Cloathing-Light, we are not able t'beare
'T'but doubt we're in a dreame, and fondly feare

VVe've

VVe've nothing, 'cauſe ſo much; but th'night's far ſpent,
Th'laſt watch, th'laſt houre's nigh, th'day w'll prevent's,
Gird up your loynes, trim up your Lamps, along,
Haſt, tune your hearts to th'Epithalanian ſong.

Now, now we ſee the day no more through night,
Our earthy houſes now ſo ſwept, ſo cleane
There's not a duſt, a ſpeck, a moate to dark a beame
VVhile ſolemnize th'Eſpouſals of the darkleſſe Light.

VVHen wu't thou come deare Lord, and ſhew the (face
Shall blemiſh all theſe ſplendors? O the fire
Burnes in this breaſt for an allay of Grace!
Of Grace that feeds not damps ſuch bleſt deſire.
Some drops of love ſtill to increaſe the flame,
And make it beare me thither whence it came.

VVas't n't a reflection from the righteous Sun
VVas glanced in my heart? Or was it one
From that light-likened Angell? Then undone
I am, unleſſe quite out the fire be blowne
By th'holy Spirit. But can the devill come
So dreſt? He hath a cloven foot ſay ſome.

Sure this he hath, he cannot humble be.
But he can counterfeit. But hee's ſo bad (thee
Heele not *ſeeme* good, for nothing; now what ſhu d'make
Maſque thy ſelfe in humility, who had
N'advantage hence? Sure 'twas the native hew,
I'm in a Labyrinth; but where's the clew?

Lord

Lord if it be of thee, then let it ſtand;
If not, downe, downe let it for ever fall.
Tis thee I ſeeke in it, doſt thou command
Mine Iſaak? here tis, and my ſelfe and all.
O how I joy I've ſuch a ſacrifice
Whereby my God my Love unto him tries.

Sure many choiſer ſplendors have I ſeene;
Yet few ſo choiſe; was it my ſenſuall eye
I ſought to pleaſe, fit objects they had beene:
But a new eye new glories did eſpie;
Through that bright Chriſtall a farre brighter jewell,
That yet into this fire caſt's in fewell.

How how I'm wrack't! love, hate, deſire, averſe,
Sorry, rejoyce, feare, hope, angry, well pleas'd,
Carefull, not care, —— cannot rehearſe.
Hope t'ought not be, feare 't ought, there am I eas'd
Diſeaſed here; well, I'le ſtint the ſtrife,
Nere looſe my Love that loſt for me his Life.

Lord how I love thee that thou did'ſt not leave
Me in the creatures hand; alone 'tis thee
Thee 'tis alone to whom I wiſh to cleave,
My other wiſh ſerves this; if thou do'ſt ſee
It cement fit to make me cloſer cling
To thee, to me deare Lord that cement bring.

I dare not fetch it leaſt that I ſhould bring
For morter ſlime, I'le ſet me downe and bleſſe;
Thy name, firſt to thy willing of the thing,
Then to thy time, meanes, manner I'le adreſſe

Me

Me, my way rowle on thee, delight in thee,
Thou't doe's, I my-thy hearts deſire ſhall ſee.

How full I am! what ſhall I doe for vent?
I muſe, th' fire's tin'd, when will the word's burſt out?
They doe ſo crowde, throng, preſſe, ſtop, they are ſo pent,
Come loaden with ſuch matter, that I doubt
I muſt be faine to let them all alone,
And inward ſpeake what in word can't be ſhowne.

Thy mercies Lord, I ſpeake it with my heart,
Flow in ſo faſt I am not able t'beare
The memory of them, how much leſſe convert
My thoughts to words, yet will I have a care
Both I and others both in my word and deed
The thankfull memory of Thy Loves may read.

BLeſt! bleſt be thee m' inligtning ſunne,
For now I ſee I'm but a ſhade:
Bleſt! bleſt I feele my life begnn,
For now I feele my ſoule Thou'rt made.

I *am* not Lord, but I wu'd *bee*,
I'de not be I; but I'de be thee.
Not be my owne, be at thy call,
Wu'd nothing be, wu'd ha' thee all.

I'd be but feet, and thou ſhud'ſt walke,
I'd be but tongue, and thou ſhu'dſt talke,

I'd

I'd be but eye, I'd be but eare,
And thou ſhu'dſt ſee, and thou ſhu'dſt heare.

What ſee I, heare I in this field?
Thou thee through me do'ſt heare and ſee;
VVhere goe I? With whom is this talk held?
'Tis thou through me ſpeak'ſt, com'ſt to thee.

Trees? birds? home? ſelfe? Theſe? What's all th'world to
Thy Spirit through them all conveighs me Thee. (me
So I? All th'world is but thy inſtrument.
In which thou ſit'ſt a playing thy-my content.
Moſt bleſſed God that brought'ſt my minde in frame
Not left'ſt me a ſet-off-diſcord to thy name.

רבקה נפשי אחריך

O Rub me, rub me, I begin to fall.
My?——What love Convulſions, pull and hall
M'adheringly-purſuing ſoule?——I
'M left behinde——O for wings for ſtrength to flie!
One drop, One little——No Cordiall left
Hee? No Balſome——t'keep my heart uncleft?

E'ne gone I was, but that a lightſome thought,
Whoſe ſeaſon-bearing ſeed was deeply wrought
I'th' ſecrets of my heart, ſprang up and brought
Me an Idea o'th' Inlivening Tree
Who ſtretcht it ſelfe beyond the farth'ſt degree
O'th' ſpatious Heavens, tendring me'ts healing leaves
And ay-preſerving fruit, when my heart perceives

I'u

I'ts feare-ſhrunck ſelfe with hopefull joyes inlarg'd,
Whereon m'officious ſpirits are diſcharg'd
Unto their ſeverall functions, while the peace
Paſt underſtanding, thence doth re-increaſe
My watchfull guard in heedy confidence
To hold my peace in holding Peace's Prince.

HAppie's the man that knowes the cauſe of thing's!
Unhappy then's the man whom God not brings
Acquainted with himſelfe; only happy hee
Hath him his friend in whom he all doth ſee.

HOw good it is to waite on Thee
Deare Good! How good it is! To bee
Poſſeſt with that that I deſire,
That's not the thing that I require.
But to deſire with what poſſeſt
Thou'dſt have me be, that's my requeſt.
The world hath not the thing I would;
Till I can heare Thee ſay I ſhould,
But ſtill in æquilibrio ſtand,
Expecting thy ſcale-turning hand.
Not any thing till nothing will,
So falſe are th'weights of good and ill.
But thine are true Bleſt Truth! O tell
My heart what's ill, and what is well.

Till

Till then I'll leane th' contrary way,
Wiſh not to have't 'cauſe wiſh I may,
So happily may I meet with Thee;
For we are contrarietie.
The godlieſt heart inhabiting
The ſweeteſt ſoule, is this a thing
For its peculiar intereſt?
Or is n't of 't in Chriſt poſſeſt?
Or, what to Doe? what glory wu'dſt
Have more return'd thee by it, ſhud'ſt
Thou give't then if thou ſhud'ſt detaine't?
What ſervice more? Or can thy Saints
Find more content then when they doe
Th' beſt ſervice, bring th' great'ſt glory to
Thy Name? Or could it want, it did
It make for that? wu't thou forbid
What ſoever's for thine honor? or
What ſoever's not, it not abhorre!
Or is it not t' wax wanton 'gainſt
Him that it with his loves acquaints?
Or ſhall it uſe it as a Tipe
Of that All-ſignified Antitipe?
Or is'nt there rome enough in thee
To looſe it in? capacitie
Enough for all 'ts affections? were
They farre more overflowing? were
All th'r ſtragling ſtreames one channell, nay mought
All th' worlds be one, be poured out
To thee, how ſmall a drop they'd be!
And can it ſpare a thought from thee?
Or wher's elſe that magnetique force
Can draw its hard-adhering courſe

On after it? Or where may't meete
VVith ſuch a ſympathizing ſweet,
To bartre ſoule for ſoule? to change
Till each unto it ſelfe were ſtrange;
Nor wu'd acknowledge it, nor owne
It further then't was two in one.
Or can it find ſimplicitie
Elſe where, elſe where infinitie?
Or wu't thou ſhew thy manifold skill
In paſſing through ſo nartow a quill
VVith fuller incomes? what's thy will?
That ſetſt this ſtep 'gainſt that? while ſtill
Thou'rt going on the readieſt rode
Vnto th' ſame end of ſure abode
My good-thy glory. What's thy will?
This way? or that way? That's my will.
It is not good to be alone.
VVe're one anothers, not our owne.
'Tis very good to be alone
To him that is with All-in-One.
But ſo was he to whom 't was ſaid;
Then ſay Lord what thou wu't, I'm ſaid
My vote my vote ſhall counterpoiſe,
Thy caſting voyce ſhall make the choyce.
Tis onely good that I would have;
Tis onely God then I would crave.
And yet thou ſai'ſt, whoſe ſearch hath found
'T, a good, choice raritie hath found.
One onely thing there needs; to be
VVith or without all goods with Thee.
And yet how can I without 'em be?
Since I 'm in Thee in whom all goods be?

How good it is to waite on Thee
Deare God ! how good it is to be
Drawne after thee, the while thou hould'ſt
The favour forth, withdraw'ſt thee, towl'ſt
The ſoule from't ſelfe, to follow thee
VVith whom it is ſo good to be.
And, w'th what rich intereſt he repaies
Our praying prayſing waiting dayes ?
A gratious *John*, ſage *Samuel*,
Bleſt *Iſaac*, *Immanuel*.
How choyce ? how ſweet the mermies are
When given in that were ſo farre ?
How welcome th' preſence o' the food
To which the ſtomacke long hath ſtood.
How welcome th' abſence o' the food
That's ſo ſupply'd with ſuch a good ?
The mercy of mercies when *ſent forth*
I'th' fulleſt time's o'th' fulleſt worth.
What pleaſant Muſicke heares the man
That keepe time with's Creator can ?
Thats nor before nor is behind,
But jumpe together mind and mind ?
How good it is to waite on thee
Deare God ? How good ! might th' world once ſee
My joy in things unſeene, 'tw'ud ſtill
The endleſſe motion of their will
In fond deſires, 'twud ſtint their care,
And ſet their ſoules on edge for th' fare
Wherewith my ſtarvingſt wants grow fat
With thriving vigorouſneſſe; but that
'S their miſery, they'le not beleeve
That we joy moſt when moſt we grieve,

O

O how I pleaſure in his no,
When I wu'd give the world't were ſo!
I ſurely this converſion is,
My will converted into his.
O love th' Lord, all m' ſoule, all m' heart,
All m' might, my ſtrength! then can I part
With ought to ought but Him? whoſe call
'S for all, and's worthy of more then all.
Thou ſha't not have this thing; what thing
Can pleaſe me then? There's nought can bring
M'equivalent content; but that
All prevalent ſweet that ſweetened that.
All m' joyes in it as it I ſee
In Thee. So, not in it, but Thee.
I then can want the world and it
But Thee I can't, O do'nt retreat
Thou, 'nd then its here. For what is it
But a meete helpe, in, by, to get
More, Thee; ſo it thou't be
Wh'art all to me.
So mak'ſt m' be
All f'r Thee.

ANnd ſhall thy ſervant finde refreſhment here?
The garden ſmiles, while pretty Philomel
Stills the ſweet Ayre. Yet nought I ſee, feele, heare
But filth, but ſtench, but ſcreeching cries of Hell,
Unleſſe thy ſpirit's my Aire, i'th' garden be,
And my Beloved ſing his Loves to me.

My deareſt God! my mouth wu't not thou fill?
'Tis opened wide; this is my onely breath,
With this, though dead I be, yet live I ſtill;
Without this while I live, I live in death.
Oh how it's kindly heatings doe reſolve
The chilling feares my ſadder heart involve?

O how it's gentle coolings doe allay
My ſulpſury paſſions? how it's cleanſing gales
My drowſieſt dulleſt dumps doe cleare away?
Thus o're my earth, flegme, choller, blood prevailes.
Dull flegme, ſad earth, mad choller, turn'd to blood
That's active, chearefull, ſober; thy ſpirit how good!

Blowe with thy ſoutherne, and thy northerne blaſts,
Blow on my garden, they will purge my flowers,
Well nouriſh them, them fragrant make, and caſt
Such gratefull odors through our amorous bowers,
Hee'l quickly come and eate his pleaſant fruit,
And at one Banquet we muſt have the Lute.

Then will he ſing, and gently touch my heart,
The many-ſtringed inſtrument I keepe
Tun'd to his ſpirits recorder, t'beare it's part,
And anſwer grace for grace; thus ſoftly creepe
Theſe warbled melodies through every veine,
Rapt up with raptures that I can't containe.

But needs muſt beg a kiſſe, a ſtroke, a glaunce,
A ſent, from thoſe ſweet lipps, that glorious eye,
Hand gentle, pretious oyntment; needs muſt dance
With all my might; and if my fleſh envie

Me this bleſt pleaſure, and not throughout the night
Let me prolong theſe joyes, yet I'le delight.

My bed ſhall be his boſome, his left hand
My pillow, and his right my covering.
My Curtaines Angels round about me ſtand,
My Canopie ſhall be my God his wing.
But how dare I thus ſpeake? how dare? how dare
I not? It is preſumption to diſpaire.
I did beleeve therefore I ſpake,
And now I ſleepe my heart ſhall wake;
Heare him in viſions of the night,
But when he ſpeakes he ſpeakes delight.

And were it lawfull t'ſpeake but what I know,
I'd onely in that monoſyllable ſhow
The ſoberer world a ſhadowed glimpſe of that
Unknowne, that unconceived pleaſure, that
Sublime d'light th' God overſhadowed ſoule inherits
That knowes the ſweets reſult from mixed ſpirits.

WHy wu't reveale thy ſelfe to me, and not
To th' world? difference, ſuch difference put
Where there is none? Even ſo my father cauſe
I pleas'd thee; t' unwrap thee o' thy miſterious lawes,
And give thy unvailed beauties into me;
And take my love-inflamed heart to thee.
To live by faith, by love, that live by action,
And but thy pleaſure what's my ſatisfaction?

To you it is given to know the miniſteries of the kingdome of Heaven, And art not thou O Lord *tui juris?* art not Thou at Thine owne diſpoſall, at whoſe diſpoſall are all the things in the world? mayſt not thou give thy ſelfe to whom thou pleaſeſt? or what is Heaven but Thee? or the knowledge of its miſtery but the knowledge of Thee? and the knowledge of Thee life eternall, Thy free and gracious, and therefore not worke-fore-ſeene gift. Shalt Thou depend on the creature, or that on Thee? Thou on its will, or it on Thine? Can the humble ſoule ſay, thou ſaweſt man would be good or bad, and therefore thou muſt needs order him to life and death? and ſo not thy will but theirs muſt have the precedency, the preheminency. It is not ſafer to ſay, that thou who art an abſolute and free agent, giver and diſpoſer of thy ſelfe, (in the inhabitation of whom in the ſoule is Grace, Glory, Life eternall) that thou in leaving and paſſing by a man, hath left him as bad, becauſe not partaking of thee the onely good; or blaſphemouſly to ſay, thou ſeeing ſome goodneſſe in man without thy ſelfe, as it muſt needs be if not from thee, from thy will, thou ſeeing of him thus good of himſelfe, and therefore a God, wouldſt order him to ſalvation; and then how can he be a God? O into what abſurdities, into what everlaſting confuſions, would not the mad pride of degenerate nature leade us? and all for want of a true thorough ſight of that infinite deſparitie betweene the Creator and the creature, tha abſolute ſoveraigntie that he hath over it, that cleare and diſtinct underſtanding of his will, its poſitiveneſſe, privitiveneſſe, activeneſſe, permiſſiveneſſe, &c. its alwayes juſtice, holineſſe, goodneſſe. Can that ſoule but above all deſire, nay deſire it as that one onely thing, that it might

ever

ever dwell in the houſe, in the preſence of God, to behold the beauties of his holineſſe, and to bleſſe him among his choſen; and yet but ſay withall, but if he hath no delight in me, here I am, let him doe to me as ſeemeth him good. Os what is it can more aſſure the ſoule that it hath ſeene him, that it ſhall ever ſee him; as having choſen that good part, that ſhall never be taken from it; in whom alone it could learne to humble it ſelfe to the death, in the willing fulfilling of a ready obedience to its Fathers will. This is the heart that will not haſte after its owne inventions, but will waite upon his counſells; that feareth the Lord and dwelleth in his ſecrets.

——————— Marle not my ſoule
If wiſedome ſome reſerved caſes have
For heavens Cabinet councell; he ſhu'd ſave
Thee never an Heaven, ſhu'd he fully ſhow
The miſteries of his ſtate here; here wee'd know
Him fully, and that were heaven indeed. But ſince
Thy converſation ſhu'd be never thence,
I blame not this thy ſcrutinie; but wu'd
Thy groſſe contempt, if thy remiſſeneſſe ſhu'd
Not prie fnr truth as life; and that to ſee
Sparkling i'th' lovelieſt reſplendencie
That lights our Hemiſphere. The ſoule in'ts grave
That's not abroad i'th' Light. Thou't then behave
Thee wiſely when thy Scripture-guided eye
Its ingenious boldneſſe ſhall moſt humbly prie
Unto the utmoſt bounds of modeſtie;
And there where reaſon failes let faith ſupply:
Till thou ſha't ſee thy faith was rationall;
That skild thy will to truſt Truth over all.

When thou ſha't ſee all ends fall in together,
All knit all into one knot no time ſhall ſeaver.
No ſooner now I've gotten one, but then
The others gone, and I'm t' be gone agen.
Then ſha't thou know as thou art knowne, without
Diſcourſe, at one compleat ſight, far from doubt.
Grow then in gracious knowledge now, and ſo
More Heaven in more Heaven-like manner know.

Thy Councels were not worthy o' Thee great God,
Were 'nt they too deep! Broad! Long! High! f'r me to (plod
Them out to one full intuition; nor
My love ſo great, ſo ſweetly'd inforce m'abhor
M'ſelfe, cu'd this bleſt diſtraction comprehend
Thee in my owne ſhort armes; till thou ſha't ſend
Th'inlarging Light and Truth ſhall end
This controverſie in thee my endleſſe friend.
Now can't I bring two ends together then
Two ends to bring together can't I ken.
Now can't I Mercy and Juſtice knit in one
Then ſee it ſhall not need for they are one;
VVrapt up in one Decree, how Thou't expreſſe
Thy uniforme ſweetneſſe in a divers dreſſe,
Subſtantiall goodneſſe in a various ſhade,
Compleat perfection with a Cloud ore-laid.
O come then come! VVhen breakes the day
That breakes theſe broken ſhades away!
The Clouds ſubjected under our feet,
Hang ore our head, ſo may we meet
And greete, may wholy contemplate the face
That glances here imparted grace.

Shall

SHall faith ſubſcribe to ſenſe? Or ſenſe to faith?
Poore faithleſſe faith! my eyes, my head, my eares,
My heart, ſay they all what they will, *Thus ſaith Jehovah*; Speake Lord, Now thy ſervant heares.
Can't I beleeve thon art? Ile not beleeve
I am. Art good? N'r I bad. But I both beleeve.

Thou art, thou a Rewarder ar't of all
That diligently ſeek thee; I have ſought,
Seek, and will ſeek, thee ſo. Ile nere lin't call
By thought, by word, by deed, till I am brought
VVord otherwiſe by a meſſenger of Heaven,
And then Ile truſt but what I have receiven.

I Would not beleeve, becauſe I ſee, feele, heare, &c. but ſee, heare, &c. becauſe I beleeve; not have my ſenſe leade my faith, but my faith my ſenſe; becauſe I have a ground for it by revelation by the VVord, and not ſo far beleeve as I finde ground from faith out of ſenſe. If I cannot believe Gods eyes, I will never believe mine owne; thinke all I ſee, heare, doe, as a dream, farther then faith goes along and aſſures me of it, &c. To receive apprehenſions of things as meerely preſented by the ſenſes, is no more then brutiſh; by naturall reaſon, no more than humane; but what by ſupernaturall reaſon by faith, is divine; though indeed that reaſon be but unreaſonableneſſe, farther then it is inlightned by this; farther then it is acquainted with, adheres to, workes ac-

according to the will of God; The heartie, thorough, active, compleat knowledge of the Truth. Now truth is (as I may say) of fundamentall neceſſitie to the conſtituting of a true and ſtable faith; it being impoſſible that that which is founded on falſehood ſhud prove other then falſe and failing: whether concerning perſons or things, our condition in generall or perticular acts. Where the promiſe, precept, word is not taken aright, the application of the ſoule to it muſt needs be amiſſe; where the ground is miſtaken the building muw needs miſcarry. Where that's not ſound this muſt ſinke. Looſe and ſpongie ſoiles may have a firme ſuperficies. Hollow vaults a hard roofe. The ſoule that takes things by the outſide is like to goe away with out-ſide comforts; that is not penetrating, bottom-ſearching, inward-looking, is like to fall low for want of looking low. Build then cauteouſly O my ſoule, tread warily, take heede of the raſhneſſe of fooles (*Eſa.* 32.4.) walke accurately, circumſpectly, preciſely, keepe thy ſelfe cloſe to thy God, loaſe not thy hand, thy hold, the leaſt time, the leaſt diſtance, walke humbly, love him intirely, cleave to him inſeperably, follow him at every turne, thou canſt never be out of thy way while thou keepeſt thy way, thy Chriſt, whom thou ſha't onely find in his fatheas, who is (who is already) found of all them that ſeeke his face, (not themſelves but him) his holineſſe his glory; who of his juſt goodneſſe and gratious wiſedome, to the manifeſtation of the power of his light, of his love, hath left thee among ſo many falſe lights, fooles-fires, in ſueh a miſt in ſuch a night of darkeneſſe, among ſo many miſguiding guides like ſo many falſe voices in a wilderneſſe. Now to know his from a ſtrangers, now to diſcerne is grace,

wiſedome

wiſedome, &c. in its richeſt attire. Reſigne then thy ſelfe to thy Chriſt to thy God, live by faith in all, and feare not but when thou art gone out of thy ſelfe, his ſpirit ſhall teach thee, when, what, &c. to ſee, heare, doe, &c. for while thou art with, ſo farre as thou art with the Creator thou canſt not want wiſedome how to uſe the Creature, ſo as it may bee moſt for his glory, and that is the height of thy wiſedome. Certainly ſo long a wee are with him, hee will bee with us counſelling, directing in all our wayes. All our miſcarriages, ill doing, and ill farings being from our departure from him, our light, life, comfort; ſo that not onely true faith is rationall; in beleeving God beyond and againſt ſence; but true reaſon is faithfull in converſing with God in and thorough ſence. And hither I conceive lookes thoſe places, I am crucified to the world and the world to me; am dead and this that I live in the (very) fleſh (incarnall ſenſuall things, ſeeing, hearing, talking eating, drinking, commerce, &c.) I live by the faith, live the life, of the ſon of God. We are dead, and our life is hid with Chriſt in God. Are dead, and the ſpirit thar raiſed up Jeſus quickneth our mortall bodies, the ſoule of our ſoules, the life of our lives. Senſes ſpiritualized. Whatſoever is not of faith is ſinne, &c. Neither can there be any thing pleaſing to God but what is done in him in whom onely he is well pleaſed; but what wee doe in him we doe by faith. The nature whereof were wee ſo happy fully to know, wee ſhould fully know our owne happineſſe.

VVIſdome begins with ends, makes firſt its laſt.
Not ſtirs a foot till wary feare forecaſt
Vnto what good; but good, thence End, 's but One;
Then doe, ſpeake, thinke an act, till feare hath ſhewne
Thy faith that kinde to come from, lead to, God,
A ſinfull folly 'tis. Thus, faith will plod.
Hee's then the man that's only wiſe
That keepes his God before his eyes.
The head of wiſdomes feare, but there
Are wiſemens eyes, ſee with their feare.
His Optick nerves, his moving hence
Derive their animall influence.

THings as their principles decay and thrive;
Th'moſt dying Chriſtians are the moſt alive.
Reduce all ills to ſin, all ſins to'th' Firſt;
All goods to grace, all graces unto Chriſt;
Then place thy ſelfe i'th' midſt; and thou ſha't ſee
How good 'tis in a trembling joy to be.
VVhile every act, and accident ſhall ſhow
Thee thee not thee; ere bleſt thee ſo to know.
Thus ſhake thee from thy ſelfe, and thou ſha't finde
How good 'tis to enjoy anothers minde.
Thus ſhake thee from thy ſelfe, and thou ſha't ſee
How good 'tis in anothers life to be.

VVhile

VVhile seeing whence and whether brought th'ast bin,
Grace shall thee humble make and faithfull sin.
But may this humble faith still acted be.
Still 't wu'd from sin and sinfull sorrow free.

THere is nothing wherein we are more wanting, then in what we thinke our selves least; the grounds and principles of Christianity. VVhat more commonly confessed, than that we are all sinners, children of wrath by nature? More readily professed then that we believe in Christ? that we preferthe will, the glory of God above all, &c. and yet what is it we beleeve, we do lesse? What is it is more hard, more excellent? VVhile they are things meerely notionall, and superficially swimming in the braine, or at most but glide and coast upon the heart, and carry it on in a way of action, so far as pleases our selves and corrupt nature, the devill lets us run on with the undoubted, uncontraverted conceit that we know them, that we believe them; till they have at length brought us thither where we shall too late be forced to believe & know, that we believed, that we knew them not. But then is it that we meet with the crosse windes, the stormes, fluctuations, temptations, doubts & questionings, of their certainty, their equity, &c. When they come with that weight upon the soule as to sinke into it, to be received and entertained of it into its seriousest and solemnest consideration; when they come with that force and power upon it, as not to *Herere inprimis viis*, to stay in the common sense, fancy; but to take the judgement, and by that the heart, and by that the whole man, into their possession; that they are not only on the soule, but In it, and it wholly given up to, wholy in these things:

when

when we come to ſuck ſweetneſſe from them, to live upon them, to digeſt them throughly, to gather ſtrength from them, to draw them forth to practiſe, to make them ſuch to our ſelves as they are in themſelves, &c. certainly could wee fully underſtand, firmely beleeve, cordially affect, and frequently or rather continually actuate theſe things, what manner of men ſhould wee be (O could we experimentally know) in all holineſſe in all happineſſe of converſation? we ſhould be Chriſtians farre more in reallitie then wee can be in profeſſion: in ſubſtance then wee can be in ſhew. It is as impoſſible for that heart to make the world know what it ſindes within it ſelfe, as it is (to ſpeake proportionably) to make them know what is heaven. Not the thouſandth part of it ſelfe is that ſoule able to diſcover that hath the powerfull workings of theſe thoughts, theſe meditations within it; though too they be ſuch whoſe very nature is to carry forth the ſoule in the moſt operative activitie.

The cauſe once knowne the cure's halfe done; the ſoule,
(And why not adde the body) purg'd o' this foule
Diſtempering humourous faithleſſe pride, thou'rt ſound
Though ſinne, ſhame, paine, want, div'ls beſet thee round.
The *man's* within, and all's in vaine without,
If he that's hid in Chriſt will not ſtep out.
'Tis unbeleeving pride, proud faithleſneſſe
'S the bitter roote of all unhappineſſe.
Looke on the humble-and-beleeving man
He will be happy doe you what you can.
Below he lies the while he flies above
Th' great'ſt evills, and ſweets the bittereſt in love.

Still

Still may I Act my God-adoring faith,
Not heare what ſinne or ſinfull ſorrow ſaith.
Up, up, above I am out of the reach
Of what in pact in peace will make a breach.
The cauſe once known the Cure's halfe done; th' diſeaſe
Exactly tane away, the Symptomes ceaſe,
Being as co-tranſient as co-incident;
Faith knowes no ſinne nor humbleneſſe male-content,
Perverſe and faithleſſe, faithleſſe and perplext
'S the combination of the holy Text.
A generation of perverſeneſſes
In whom's no faith, no men of bleſſedneſſes.
Were they implanted in my pleaſant rivers,
And ſuckt th' ſweets m' All-abounding Name delivers
Liberall to thirſty ſoules, cu'd they the while
Thus feeding runne to th' dry and barren ſoile?
Cry out for any want but want of care
To keepe them fatting on Angely fare?
To ſtretch their wider branches to receive
More of my fulneſſe in more fruitfull leaves?
Happy, happy ſoules indeed! big with delight!
Knowne of and knowing the Lord! what luſt m' excite
Him ſit, nay ſtand, nay walke i'th' wayes of folly?
What blacke event, becloud with melancholy?
Pure, candid, limpid, quicke, pellucid ſpirits
Streame from the lively fountaine, well demerits
The honour o'th' parent grace. Why's living man
(Whoſe life is joy) ſo ſorrowfull? what can
What reaſ'n deject him? man ſuffers for his ſinne,
Which faith not ſuffering let's no ſuff'rings in.
For while it comes to God it turnes from evill;
That found this left, why troubled at words of divels?

But

(But wary, indigning, ſimpathizing hearts
Are Agents in their ſweetly-played parts)
Ile boldly ſay't if truth ſay true,
So farre untoward, ſo farre a Jew.
Untoward, froward faith? I can as well
While melt in love gainſt love rebell.
Untoward, froward faith? I can as well
While bleſſe in heaven, banne in hell.
Heare then the ſumme of Chriſtian art,
Keepe faith in all things Acting's part.

Faith's onely where it lives, and where it lives
'Ts the ſpirit, the paire of nerves that motion gives
To every action; the man, the worke is dead,
Is ſinne, where this is not the heart, the head.

FOnd man! in thoſe firſt loynes himſelfe unbleſt,
Fled from his neſt, cou'd never ſince find reſt.
Now ſoares above, now headlong fall's below
That place-uncircumciſed Being; O
That faith wou'd hold me ſtill above my feare,
And feare below my pride. Durſt I preſume
To bleſſe my ſelfe, my ſelfe unbleſſed doome?
Wer't thou my feare great God, how ſoone I'd ſtart,
Abhorre, runne farre from this div'l ſwolen heart,
Aſpires thy Throne in envious diſcontent
To doe it's homage to thy regiment.
My wanton head wu'd it more Babells plot
To reach forbidden fruite? my froward heart not

This

Rejoyce in all thy wills? my ſtubborne hand
Not quickly act thy ſoveraigne commands?
This head, heart, hand, this all that firſt wu'd Thee
Their Maker governe e're they'd humble be.
Wert thou my truſt, ſhud I ſtill ſow the wind,
And reape the whirlewind? tangle, teare my mind
With thorny cares? ſuch tireing circuits fetch
To rake the Mammon makes me more a wretch.
Contrive a wiſedome that thou never taughtſt?
Create Chimæras; flocks of monſtrous thoughts,
Headleſſe conceipts, that hold not of thy Chriſt,
The head, the whole, where all our worth's compris'd.
Reſolve upon an happineſſe of mine owne,
Though by't my happineſſe be quite o're throwne.
Pitch ſuch an height of learning, unto which
I *will* attaine, what e're come on it, itch
After vaine applauſe, be eminent or none,
Have what I will, or elſe let all alone.
Silly-proud-childiſh-obſtinate-God-denying elfe,
How madly loſt when fondly ſought my ſelfe?
How faithleſſe pride the brainesſets on the wracks,
While fretting grief the heart-ſtrings gnawes and cracks,
Were God thy ayme thy ſtay this ne're wu'd neede
H' accepts the doing will for th' willing deede.
How hard, and yet how eaſie now I worke;
To pleaſe my Saviour ſav'd me from the Turke
My tireing Tyrant ſelfe? expects the tale (faile.
Of toyleſome Brickes though time, ſtraw, ſtrength ſhu'd
I *will* be rich, *will* honors, pleaſures have
Saith ſelfe, or elſe Ile venter on the grave.
But who purſues theſe riches, honors, pleaſures,
He knownes not Chriſt his Alſufficient Treaſures

How

How easie is thy yoake, thy burthen light
When with selfe, world, divell mandates I them tight?
The faith that once of God hath got a taste
Loves not the world so well to fall for hast.
But takes his time, meanes, measure, manner, kinde
As willinger to be without were so his minde.
Whose manifold wisedome shewes its mighty power
To keepe the soule, whom neither th' golden showre
O'th' glittering'st goods the cheating world can tender,
Nor th' bitting'st siege, fiercest shots can make surrender.
And wherein faith most bravely hath acquitted
'T selfe's not told so easily as pertinently omitted
Since then the evill heart is to depart
From thee, and to depart from Thee's the heart
Of unbeleefe, put in this faithfull feare,
Then shu'd I still be good, because still here.
All blisse is in Thy presence, th' evill heart
'S in evill case cause 't will from Thee depart,
Evill departs, fares ill, and all because
This feareless unbeliefe not tends Thy lawes
Stampt on the heart, in golden Carracters
Of ne're defaced loves, and thence transfers
Its thoughts to trash, puts forth its hand to folly,
Th' luscious fare's resolv'd int' *adust* melancholly,
Fond feareless faithless man n'er findes his rest,
Runnes from his mercy least he shu'd be blest.
Then let thy feare fall and incompasse me,
From this false world, while faith makes upward flie.
Thus both made one in love, this faithfull feare
Translates my soule to its celestiall Spheare.
To rest from th' labour, I to'th' utmost doe,
And sing't along 'cause thou wu't bring me through.

So

So gives he his beloved reſt, ſweet ſleepe,
Amidſt the ſprightlyeſt activitie doſt keep
My ſpirits in repoſed freſhneſſe; while (turmoile
Th' world breakes their ſleepe, head, heart, with vaine

Worke out ſalvation with a trembling feare.
Give love its perfect worke 'twill caſt out feare.
Th' excrementitious humours thus expeld,
Th' implanted ſpirit of faith's communion's held
The better with the gracious love, that ſweetly feedes
O'th' purer Pabulum of humble deeds.

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1 Joh. 3. 9.

COud'ſt thou indureth' propoſall t' vouchſafe a touch
Unto the ſtatieſt toyes, the faireſt moile,
The richeſt drugerie? what brave indignation'd boyle
In that Heroick breaſt, while thou ſha't ſee
The imminent Crowne of ſuch an eminencie
Surround thee in a glorious compaſſe hath no end
Of time nor place? but ſhud'ſt thou not intend
Thy heedie faith but th' glancingſt ſquint-eye lend
From him to painted lies, how ſoone thoud'ſt mend?
O how thy bowell's 'd turne within thee with
A ſweete regret to think thy father ſeeth.
Cou'dſt thou now ſinne? while ſuch a thought rul'd in
Thy princely mind? thou cou'dſt not, cou'dſt not ſinne.
'Tis death to ſuch a one to ſinnne. Nay, death?
Thoud'ſt runne to death to free thee from this death.
Live like thy ſelfe then Chriſtian, act, act, act,
Set, keepe thy faith on worke in every fact.

In vain's the power that's not produc'd to act.
Where what is had, 's not us'd, what's had is lack't.

O Leave me not my head! O ſtint the ſtrife!
Canſt pull my head off? Canſt ſee me ſo to flutter
Buſtle, and ſtruggle? So labour for my life?
Do'ſt pleaſure in my paine? or hear'ſt me utter
'Blaſphemous word? yet with the tender Fowle,
Or quiet lambe, Ide faine retaine my ſoule.
My ſoule Thou art; and now I'm' ready die,
חזק Canſt ſee me gripe and graſpe the cloathes, my heart
Pſal. 31. 24. Hold faſt Not ſtrength yet? Canſt heare me ſay, I die;
I die griev'd nothing, but with Thee to part,
Deare friend, dear'ſt husband! and yet thou my death?
What ſhall our children doe too? O give breath!
Breath ſtill bleſt ſpirit; and while I am alive,
Ile have a care to ſee thy graces thrive.

WHat ſweet repaſts when God and hunger meet!
And ſtay the hungry ſoule, whoſe hunger's ſweet.
How ſweet the draughts when God and thirſtings meet!
And ſtay, not quench, their thirſts whoſe thirſt's ſo ſweet.
Here's the ſoule ſhall eate, drinke, once for all,
When want of praiſe no more for prayer ſhall.
Oh cu'd I praiſe! what need I pray?
But I ſhall praiſe, ſhall praiſe for aye.

That's

That's m' onely worke both here and there.
What is no praiſe, can be no prayer.

I'M dull, I'm dull with this my clod.
O breath theſe earth-rejecting veines, and make
Them full with praiſe of purer worth.

I'm full, I'm full of Thee my God,
O breath my bleſſing-turgent veines and make
Them run them ſpring Thy prayſes forth.

Winde up my ſoule to thoſe Seraphique ſtraines,
Wherewith that noble Quire entertaines
Their farre-above all praiſe-exalted Maker,
That joyes in this that thou art his partaker.
Whoſe joy's his glory, glory will, will thine,
Thine his will-pleaſed joy, his glory thine.
Who onely happy will not happy be,
Unleſſe thee as himſelfe hee happy ſee,
I tremble; and this ſhaking gives a grace
Unto my ſinging voice. VVhat? This my place?
I tremble; and this ſhaking opes my pores,
And thruſts my ſluggiſh humors out of doores.
I tremble; and this ſhaking makes me catch
My God more faſt, in h's faſter foulds doth catch.
I tremble; and this ſhaking cleares my wings,
Rouſes my ſpirits, up the ſpeedier brings
To ſit among the gods; t'exalt the name
That deignes to Chriſtian creatures by the ſame:
To ſit among the gods, to give receive
Eternall bleſſings; thus to interweave

My joy inſeparably with his glory.
Be all my pleaſures huſhed with this ſtory.
Admire! Let this ſtill muſicke ſtill my griefe,
Till ſence ſupply what's wanting in beleefe.
For carnall ſence is not ſo farre below
My faith, but ſpirituall may overflow.
To powre out mutuall bleſſings, and to be
Moſt bleſſed by my bleſſing; ſo to ſee,
It is more bleſt to give then to receive;
Honor'd by him all honour with him leave.
To power out mutuall bleſſings, whilſt I lie
Drown'd in the fountaine; where no ſooner I
Cry bleſſed, but my bleſſing ſtrait redounds
With millions to my breſt; and heaven reſounds
With Echoed praiſes of thoſe beautious creatures,
Are all in love with one anothers features.
Spirits ſpiritualiz'd, rarifide to ſuch
Sublim'd ſimplicitie, there's not ſo much
As th' ſmalleſt ſpecke of duſt, the Atom'ſt moate,
With 'ts interpos'd obſcurity to floate
Betwixt their light and beautie, God and them.
Their every-way-ſurrounding glorious ſtem.
I tremble; and this ſhaking gives a grace
Unto my ſinging voyce; is this my place?
I heare eternitie ſpeake, and ſay I love
Thee as my ſelfe whom no affections move?
I'le be thy crowne of everlaſting glory,
While thou ſha't banquet on the endleſſe ſtory
Of all my councells, and ſurvey the depths,
Highth, breadths, lengths of my er'ſt-untracted ſteps:
While thou ſha't heare my thwarting feet agree,
I'th' perfect'ſt ſet o'th' pleaſant'ſt melodie.

While ſtill perfuſed i' the richeſt ſavours
Th' art fed with kiſſes e're refreſhing favours.
Still loſt in admiration of thy bliſſe,
Thou't finde ſo bleſſed 'cauſe s'admir'd it is.
Well, if the maſter of the feaſt ſhall ſay,
Friend ſit up here, ſhall I dare diſobey?
God knowes no compl'ments; hee's ſinceritie,
A word's enough where all's realitie.
Mount, mount my ſoule, and keepe upon the winge;
Jehovah ſee, and Hallelujah ſing.
O How my ſoule's inheaven'd in the ſound,
That deſcants on ſo beautifull a ground;
See eye, love heart, ſing glory, and all accord
To make my life the muſicke of my Lord.
Rejoyce my *ſpirits*, and all my thoughts *within*
Ride triumph with the ſpeedie Cherubim.
While death and hell attend my conquering Carre,
Whoſe glory duskes the brighteſt glizning Starre.
The brighteſt Sun, in all his Summers pride
'S a cloud of darkeneſſe when together ey'd. (thanks,
Thankes! thankes my ſoule, for when my ſoule ſings
Then, onely then, my joy 'ore flowes its bankes.
Praiſe! praiſe my *ſpirit*, for while my *ſpirit* ſings praiſe,
Then, onely then, I weare the crowning bayes.
Bleſſe! bleſſe my heart, for when my heart ſings bleſſe,
Then, onely then, my heart *feeles* bleſſedneſſe.
Heart, ſoule, ſpirit, ſpirit, heart, ſoule, zeale, fire,
Breake, breath, burne, blaze, and in his breſt expire.
Earth hold me not, O pinnion me no more,
When ſhall I be whence I ſhall be no more?
Still hold me earth; for heaven wu'd be no heaven,
Shu'd not my will keepe time, and fall in even

With his. O could I bleſſe thee here! here were
My heaven; but want both heart and art; how ere
Can't hold; while ſome want matter for their words,
I words f'r Immatteriatneſſe; yet like the tender Birds,
That in the ſilent ſhadow ſit forlorne,
Bill, dreſſe their feathers by the dawning morne,
Stand perking, pearing in the blooming Sunne,
And teach their light-delighted tongues to run
Their chirping welcomes to its glorious raies;
So doe I ſtrive to chatter forth Thy praiſe.
Praiſe, praiſe him ſoule, Ile never ceaſe to praiſe;
And when I cry, Ile cry I cannot praiſe.
Why ſorry, but for ſinne? tis folly, why
For ſinne but that unthankfull praiſeleſſe I?
Praiſe my petitions, praiſe him my confeſſions,
Praiſe deprecations, praiſe him interceſſions.
And if my tongue ceaſe praiſe in griefes and feares,
Ile make my tongue recant in prayſing teares.
In every thing give thankes, for 'tis his will
That gives me cauſe to ſing, 'tis well 'tis ill.
O praiſe, praiſe, praiſe! let me no longer live
Then doe my maſters buſineſſe prayſes give.
Nay life is praiſe; for then I truly live
When joy, then truly joy when praiſes give.
The life is beſt's moſt like the life above;
Hence I ſo much Pſalme-ſinging tempers love.
The man is beſt comes neareſt to his End,
Hence I ſo God-commending men commend.
And ſhud I knit a ſeries of the long'ſt,
The ſad'ſt complaints, combined with the ſtrong'ſt,
Preſſingſt agr'vations, that might wring them cloſe
And hard on th' ſoule; yet prayſing love breaks looſe
Through all, and makes me ſing, agen and agen,

Bleſt

Bleſt be the Lord for evermore Amen.
Then ſhud'ſt with-draw thee, and I grow feeble, weake
Yet let my heart have ſtrength enough to ſpeake
Thy praiſes (——) O give me ſtrength enough
To bleſſe my ſtrength, and I have ſtrength enough.
Shud my thankſgiving-force decline, decay
Unto the low'ſt; ſtill may I ſee and ſay,
Thou haſt a Seed a Generation, they
'L be ever ſpeaking of thy praiſe, I'le lay
My heart unto their mouth, and while they play
Their heaven-learned deſcantings, I'le play
The plain-ſong of a broken contrite heart,
I'th' eares of Heaven plaies the pleaſant'ſt part.
Th' ſtill, ſoft, ſweet Muſicke; inward-ſounding drone,
W'thout which the lowd'ſt, high'ſt, nimbleſt tongu'd is
Is worſe then none, a groundleſſe, frantick din, (none.
A ſelfe-exalting, God-aſſaulting ſinne.
Provokes his mocked patience, while the zeale
'S not pitch't by humilitie, 't doth but ſqueak and ſqueale.
But, thine cannot be overwound, for they
While at the higheſt with the loweſt play.
Riſe humbled ſoule, and praiſe him in the high'ſt,
To which thou art advanced in thy Chriſt.
O praiſe! praiſe! praiſe! let me not praiſes give,
But give my ſelfe to praiſes, praiſing live,
Die, ſinke, ore-whelm'd, ſwallow'd up, loſt, found
Upon the ſhore of ever-prayſing ground.
O how my ſoule's aflote and ſmoothly glides
Unto the harbour where my bliſſe abides!
And what a calme ſerenitie befriends
The plimmed ſayles thy ſpirit ſwiftly ſends
Fleeting along with ſpeedy nimbleneſſe
To th' pleaſant Haven of their happineſſe.

O praiſe! praiſe him, for he is worthy praiſe,
That was before, and is beyond all daves.
Praiſe him, wh' in heaven and earth doth what he will,
And whatſoe'r he will not doe is ill.
O praiſe praiſe him for he is worthy praiſe;
Cou'd th' mightie Fabrick o'th' creation raiſe
From nothing, with a word; and governe it,
Conſiſting of a kind of infinite
Varietie of individualls in ſuch meaſure,
Weight, number, as that in all hee'd take his pleaſure.
In ſuch a wide, a vaſte diſparitie,
Of motions, a perfect contrarietie,
So full! ſo ſweet! ſo choiſe a conſort plaid!
All honour, glory, power to him that made
All for his pleaſure. And was I made to be
Thy pleaſure, mightie God? what cou'dſt thou ſee
To pleaſe thy ſelfe, beſides thy ſelfe, in me?
O ſcrue me up to that celeſtiall tone
VVhereby thy higheſt-raiſed Saints are knowne;
To bleſſe thee for thy ſelfe, though bath'd in blood;
How e're I be, to ſing, yet thou art good.
Yet thou art good how e're I be, or doe.
Doe I or no, thy workes thy praiſes ſhew.
Still thou art good, art good, ſhu'd all the world
But like a tinie-tennis ball be twirld,
Toſſ'd topſie turvey, whirled up and downe,
Untill 'twere worne to mammocks; ſtill the crowne
'S as faſt upon thy head as ever; ſtill renowne
As due to thee as ever; all th' creatures ſtill (will.
Make muſicke, even the wicked'ſt though 'gainſt their
Sunn, Moone, Stars, Heavens, Floods, Earth, Fire, Snow,
Praiſe him, for praiſe is to fulfill his mind. (Haile Winde,

Deepes,

Deepes, Dragons, Mountains, Dales, Beaſt, Birds, Trees,
Praiſe him, for praiſe is to fulfill his wills. (Hills,
Men, Angels, all his Hoſts, one breath conſpire
To praiſe, for praiſe doth all he doth require.
My gentle Lute with thy ſoft touches praiſe,
Praiſe him my ſollemne-ſounding vyoll, praiſe
My ſpirit-exciting dance, my nimble ſong,
Praiſe. B't ſtay, my longer-exerciſed tongue
M' out-run my heart, but moſt in running long.
Run, run then heart and overtake my tongue;
Run, run apace, redeeme thy thankeleſſe yeares,
And bathe their memory in thy bleſſing teares.
Run, run apace; for thou haſt more to ſay
Then all the tongues of men and Angels may.
Run, run apace, eternitie is at hand
VVhen ſtinting time no more ſhall praiſe withſtand.
Time? nay my ſelfe, for what-ſo e're I doe,
I may make that ſing thankfull praiſes too.
My meate, my drinke, my talke, my worke, my ſleepe,
May all in this *Commune*. Concord keepe,
An uniforme well-order'd converſation
Cloſe to the rule that leades unto ſalvation.
Here is praiſe indeede, in Deede to praiſe;
And make my life to ſing away my dayes.
So match my living, that my prayſings mayn't
Be Pearles on Swine, but Jewells on a Saint.
So match my living, that my prayſings may
Be ſtarres on Azure, and turne night to day.
And light the world to thoſe ſupreme aſcents
VVhere dwells the Eternall Subſtance of contens.
Here ſhall I ſafely ever ſit and ſing,
My ſoule rejoyceth *In* my Saviour King.

O what a twitch this *In* doth give my ſpirit ?
And ſcrews it up farre farre beyond my ſpirit?
My ſoule's *In* God, *In* God my Saviour
My ſoule is ſafe, and feares not the behaviour
Of this nor th'other world. My ſoule's at eaſe
In God my Saviour ; my ſoule doth pleaſe
It ſelfe *In* him, my pleaſures meet in one,
My joy is full, my joy is overflowne,
And knowes no bounds, while thus my diving ſoule,
Inviron'd with infinitie doth rowle
Me all *In* all, and I am in my God
As *In* my Element; while they are odde,
And Hetrogeneous that are in, not of,
Leave, breath, have being in him, and yet are off,
Stand at th' farth'ſt diſtance deadlieſt defiance, (ance.
Are breathleſſe liveleſſe have no welbeing, 'cauſe no alli-
O who w'd not love thee ! feare thee ! praiſe thee Lord!
Whoſe juſt-wiſe-holy wayes ſuch marv'ls afford !
Who can but looſe himſelfe in bleſt bleſſing wonder
I' th' All-container ! So nigh ſo farre aſunder !
As creatures in, but not, as not renew'd ;
Degenerate peccant humors, that are ſpew'd
From's mouth. Are rather On then In ; but we
Are heart in heart, unto eternitie.
Not as the water in the veſſell ; but
As water turn'd to th' wine wherein 'tis put,
So are we one in one, right bleſſed turne ?
That gives ſuch ſtrength, life, ſpirits, while Thou't runne
As unallay'd to thouſand generations
Made happie in this immutable mutation.
Change, change apace my ſoule, power out thy ſelfe
The beſt is laſt, when thou art all himſelfe.

Though

hough not all of himſelfe; whoſe infinite ſweet
In every point of timeleſſe time,
And boundleſſe bounds doth meet,
Himſelfe made Thine.

remble; and this ſhaking makes me catch
y hold more faſt, in h's faſter foulds doth catch.
le? what am I thou ſhudſt vouchſafe to heare
y prayſes? mine? but, for to give an eare!
h! that's to give thine heart, thine hand, thine all,
Vho haſt no part more or leſſe principall.
Vho haſt no part at all; but wholly art
h' poſſeſſion o'th' ſelfe-diſpoſſed heart.
line? cud'ſt n't have made a child of any ſtone
o bed thy boſome? but muſt I be one?
! ſtonier I! rebel'd againſt thy grace,
nd ſpat my venom in thy ſacred face!
What ſaw'ſt in me to have me in thy thoughts
Of life, the worlds foundation yet unwrought?
Muſt I be one! how ſweet a trembling joy
Runs through my veines? and kindly doth imploy
Me in a fearefull love? muſt I be one?
Ile then be Thine ſhu'd all the world be none.
!! I be one! Ile then be none alone,
But Ile be thine, ſhu'd all the world be none.
O bleſſe! bleſſe! bleſſe my ſoule! ſtill bleſſe thy Bliſſe.
What ſweeter worke unto my ſoule then this?
Or what more acceptable unto thee?
Thou loveſt it, and I love it, then ever be
Thou bleſt of ever-ever-bleſſing me,
Of ever bleſſing me, ever bleſſed be.

O

O bleſſe! when wu'd I ceaſe? when thou ſha't ceaſe
To be; then, not till then I'd bleſſing ceaſe.
O bleſſe! were I in Hell yet cud I bleſſe
I were in heaven; but I cannot bleſſe.
I cannot, cannot bleſſe; is this to bleſſe?
To call thee bleſſed? while thinke nothing leſſe?
Or can I thinke I thinke it while not part
VVith all for Thee, Thou onely bleſſed? while my heart
'S not wholly given up into thine hands,
T' be meſted, moulded, faſhn'd by thy commands?
T' be caſt into a full conformitie
VVith thee, if thought Thee th' ſole felicitie.
Bleſſed art thou O Lord! th' art good and
Doſt good, no unaccuſtom'd ſong, but ſtand
Not deedes, thoughts, words at mutuall defiance?
Thought I't, wud not there be a quicke compliance
VVith all thy wills? wud not I haſt to know,
Preſſe hard to learne thy ſtatutes? th' wayes thou't goe
To meete with Thine, thou onely bleſſed goodneſſe?
VVu'd not I ſtill be in thy preſence? Oh! th' woodnes?
Th' wilde wandring madneſſe, hath ſeduc'd my ſoule
Since firſt I turn'd my backe upon Thee, to proule
And filtch an independant bleſſedneſſe, whence grew
My aye-depending miſery, while fondly threw
Me from my Eden, where the all-creating ſpirit (ſpirit
VValke't with his fleſhie workemanſhip. But wu't bleſt
Returne againe? and be Emmanuell?
VVu't teach my *heart* to call Thee good? wut dwell
There? make 't thy temple? hence helpe me breath pe-
I ſee thy goings here? th' glorious exhibitions (titions?
Of the inviſible? fleſh ſpirit! God man! heaven earth!
A marriage ſong of everlaſting mirth.

And

nd muſt I ſing 't ! who ſince thou took'ſt me in,
nd trim'ſt we for thy ſelfe, weedeſt my ſinne,
lantedſt thy grace, the dore wide open hurl'd
nd made my heart the through faire of the world,
hou mad'ſt thy garden ! this then the pully be,
Vith greater ſwing to clap me cloſe to Thee.
he pully be to make me ſticke ſo cloſe,
he greateſt pull may never make me loaſe.
ut when I heare the ſtilleſt voyce behind,
nd heare it ecco'd by thy written minde
ay, thy beloved's here, ſtraite ope I flie,
nd bleſt who knowes what meaneth He and I.
his opening ſhuts me in the faſteſt cloſe
While in h's revealed loves my ſelfe I looſe:
O how this ſmiling favour quite prevailes !
iſolves me all in teares ! and then exhales
' aſcending ſoule to that refining Sun,
eſolves me into it ſelfe. O turne heart turne,
nd never never teturne. Thus is begun,
onſummate glory when I 'm all undone.
Undoe, undoe apace, diſſolve, melt, run,
Thy onely undoing is th' art not undone.
Draw out, ſhed, ſhed abroad thy ſelfe in praiſes,
Leave not a drop behind, let all turne praiſes.
But what am I thou ſhud'ſt put ſuch a thing
Into my heart, ſo cordially to ſing
The glories of the God 'gainſt whom I have beene
A conſtant belcher of blaſpheming ſinne !
What thought I, ſpake I, did I, but in all
My curſed life did Thee accurſed call !
And muſt I bleſſe ! I bleſſe ! Shall I ſinke ? O !
Hold me ! Hold me in this bleſſ'd pleaſure. So,

So

So may I ever ſinke and ſing how ſweete
Sweet ſound the praiſes in theſe depths! O meet,
Meete me a diving; plundring through my heart
'S falſe-bottome, thorough whatſoever wu'd part
Me from Thee. Catch me in thoſe laſting armes,
VVhoſe cloſings are a cloſe of warbled charmes.
Charmes warble ſtill; and ſhake me up and downe,
Untill you reſt me with my fixed Crowne.
Reſt warble ſtill; for ſtill this is my reſt,
To ſee to ſing my worthleſneſſe ſo bleſt.
Bleſt ſpirit ſhake, ſhake on, looſen my ſoule (ſoule
From this falſe world; break downe, beare through the
Falſe bottome of my heart, ſtill more to meete
With truth i'th' inward parts; ſtill more to greet (ſure
Thoſe peace-heaven-ſounding wellcommings; thoſe
And never-over-burthened armes; thoſe pure
Thoſe pure imbraces, whoſe harmonious cloſe
Shall bleſſe my bleſſing ſoule with full repoſe.
Thus may my riſing falling heart in praying praiſe,
My falling riſing heart, ſing on my dayes.
Steadfaſt in joyes diſcourſing that vaſt diſtance
That's ſwallow'd up in an unite perſiſtance.

And wu't thou me forſake?
Juſt now I ſaw thee. Oh draw, faine'd overtake.
Cud, cud I but beleeve.
Were I in Hell, yet ſhu'd I nothing grieve.
I waite, truſt, walke with thee.
Revive, in peace, ſhall ne're confounded be.

Retire

REtire ſad thoughts into your inmoſt Cells,
There view the Hell of Hells,
Thy ſinne-foul'd ſoule.
In blacke flames howle
Thoſe never-lightned hearts,
Wh'in this their day ha' n't done their ſtudious parts
In their falſe purifying, while hope
Hath Judah's fountaine doore kept ope.

Returne glad thoughts and mount the utmoſt bounds
O'th' boundleſſe heavens. There's he.
Yea he is here,
The word is neare,
And hence my joy redounds,
To ſee the Ruddy VVhite in him and me.
The watry blood ſo pure, ſo juſt,
To white, to quench my pitthy luſt.

HAng all theſe Puritans.
A Puritan, what's that? an Hipocrite.
Nay hold there man, for ſo thou doſt but fit
The nooſe for thine owne necke. Doſt n't thou profeſſe
The ſervice, feare of God? yet what doſt leſſe?
From thine owne mouth th' unrighteous ſervant th' art:
Condemned for a Puritan; wu'd thou wert

So

So happy t' owne the honour of the name,
Who that deſcription canſt not but diſclaime.
And ſay he is no Hipocrite; then ſincere;
I there it is, the object of thy jeere.
——————I tell thee man,
Thou art an Atheiſt or a Puritan.
Within my heart the wicked's wickedneſſe cries,
There is no feare of God before his eyes.
VVithin his heart the foole hath madly ſaid
There is no God, why ſhould I be afraid.
Selfe-cozening ſoule, did'ſt ſee the curious eye
Thy boſome thoughts did at a diſtance prie,
How dar'dthy fond affections ſay within,
There is no God for ſpeculative ſinne.
So, ſay there is no God: for hee's his name,
VVhoſe vengeance teares the tearers of the ſame;
Heart-ſearching and ſinne-viſiting he is,
Deny it and deny thy eternall bliſſe.
Canſt count thy paſtime-words but paſſing winde?
Thy irreforming tongue ſhall ſhortly finde
A word no ſcruple; but a tun of leade
To ſinke thy ſoule to an Infernall dread.
Then ſhal't thou ſee each minute on the ſcoare,
VVhat thought, ſpoake, acted, while thou ſha't implore
That great tribunall, with Lord, Lord, for all
Thou'ſt done *i'th fl-ſh*, though minced n're ſo ſmall.
Preſumptuous wretch! thoud'ſt, thought'ſt there were a (God,
Run trembling up and down at every nod.
VVhat art thou to the world, that's but a drop
A duſt to Him, that makes the mountaines hop,
And skip like Lambekins, with his Earthquak hand.
But thou't goe faire and ſoft, though he command

Thee

Thee flie, (for ſo doth love) He who graſpes the winds
'th' hollow of his hand; the ſwelling Ocean binds
Up with a word; here, juſt here ſtay thy waves.
But lawleſſe man how proudly he behaves
Himſelfe? he ſtinted? he a ſtrickt, preciſe
Foole? no, for he that is, is onely wiſe.
Call'ſt him thy Maſter while thou canſt expect
To have thy ſervant ſhew thee more reſpect?
Thou't bid him come, and goe, and ſtay, and ſo,
He muſt; bid's God? thou anſwereſt Him, thou't goe,
Thou't come, thou't ſtay, when, where he will; provided
His will fall in with thine; but if divided,
Th'art not ſo ſilly a Puritan to diſpleaſe
Thy ſelfe for him; but He muſt ſerve thy eaſe.
Or if thou part'ſt with't, 'tis but with leſſe, for more,
T'avoid what's endleſſe tak'ſt what's quickly o're.
So ſtill thy ſelfe's thy end, thy God. O what
'S the worme a doing that aſſaults its God!
Whoſe every word is pure. All linck't together,
And woe t'him dares the leaſt, he all doth, ſever.
Every word of God is pure; and woe t'him dare,
Make them their jeere that make it all their care.
The pure-in-heart ſee Him-their Puritie;
Th' impure their place; who them-Him viliſie.
O what's the worme a doing? how every bone
'S an Aſpen leafe? to ſee it climbe the Throne
Whoſe footeſtoole's all the kingdomes of the world!
By whom ſuch ſtation-quitting ſpirits were hurl'd
To that unbottom'd pit; prepared is
For all ſuch enviers; Whoſe vexation's this,
They ne're ſhall ſee what they are vext to ſee,
Men truly Holy only Happy be.

Poore childiſh fooles ! wu'd have they know not what,
Heaven they wu'd have, but Heaven they wu'd not.
Cry out, braule, fight with all that wo'nt confeſſe
It theirs, yet when they ſee't love nothing leſſe. (porch
Through th' morrall-vertue-ſwept yard, through the
Bedect with formall duties, may approach
To th' very doore; but they're too good to knock,
To waite; and if th' leaſt glimpſe ſlip through the locke,
Theſe light-abhorring Owles winke, wiſh their loſſe;
If heaven be puritie, they'd rather their droſſe
E're-ſcorching ne're-conſuming flames inherit,
Then paſſe the fire o' th' purifying ſpirit,
Indeed what wud'ſt thou there? Heaven'd be but thy
Hell. What wud'ſt thou ſee, who here doſt ſhut thine eye
Againſt the God-revealing light ! and ope
Thy mouth? or, 's this thy purifying hope?
Accurſed curre that barkeſt at the Moone
That but reflects, how wu't againſt the Sunne?
Or what wud'ſt heare? a crew of ſimple Saints
With juſt ſuch puritanicke Angells chants.
They'le never ha' done, n're linne their ſinging Pſalmes,
Unto their God for their victorious palmes,
None 's ſtill; or thinke'ſt while thou wind'ſt up thy dull,
Thy jarring heart, thou't make to waite ſo full
A ſet of fore-well-tuned inſtruments,
Jumps all in one compleater of concents,
Contents God? while bleſſe that dreadfull-joyfull name
That brought their bleſſed mindes in heavenly frame.

I tell thee man.

Thou art a Pagan or a Puritan.
Thou may'ſt a Jeſus, but did'ſt Jeſus know,
Theſe Hell-devis'd revilings dar'ſt thou throw

Upon,

Upon, nay thou wud'ſt be, his Image; did
Thy faith once ſee him, whom thy God hath hid
From blinded eyes while with an ayrie name
He lulls thee dead aſleepe, to wake in flame.
But Chriſt is life; and ſo he is to all
Whom he ſhall with h's *talitha cumi* call.
A virtuall, power-exhibiting command
Reares thee a virgin; on new reſolves to ſtand.
To walke the way of his Commandement,
To keepe thee true, loyall, chaſte, pure, innocent.
From ſelfe-world-devill pollutions; all for Him,
And ſo thou wud'ſt did'ſt thou beleeve in Him.
Some fancied Idoll of thy wanton braine,
That will thee in thy minnion-luſts maintaine;
Will winke at ſmaller faults; no great adoe
Will make, ſhud'ſt harbour ſome few groſſer too.
Will let thee vaunt it in thy pride, and gad
About thy eye's and fleſh's luſt, be glad
O'th' dregs of ſpirit-exhauſted loves, the leavings
O'th' marrow-ſucking world, the ſad bequeathings
O'th' banckrupt-ſoule, now hurried out of doores
To pay the debts of it's ne'r-acquittable ſcores.
Here's thy Jeſus; preſumptuous-deſperate wretch
Dar'ſt from that ſoveraigne name ſuch venom fetch
To kill thy ſoule; but for that ſpotleſſe Lambe;
Who ſo his owne to metamorphize came,
To teach them by a ſecret ſympathy
To follow what by occult qualitie
He makes them know, his from a ſtranger's voice;
To make them runne unto the breſt ſo choice,
And with their bleating rethoricke beſpeake
Th' ſimple milke that makes them ſtrong of weake.

To teach them keepe his undefiled ſteps;
Not dare to tread awry for each-hand deaths;
At's firſt ſmalleſt, ſtilleſt whiſtle ſtraite to come;
To ſtand before their Coate-bereavers dumbe;
To watch the Wolves come cloathed in their skinne,
The light-like Angell, ſelfe-deceiving ſinne;
To graze no paſture but His wholeſome word;
To fetch no ſalve but what his ſide afford's.
To become ſilly that he might make them wiſe,
T' abaſe themſelves he might them highly prize;
Not live t' themſelves; but Him an' th' common good;
And when he calls to meekely ſhed their blood.
I here's my Chriſt; of whom thou art afraid
To have too much; leſt ſo thou ſhudſt be made
To be too wiſe, pure, juſt, too farre from hell;
For feare of Heaven fear'ſt to doe too well.
Nor car'ſt indeed for this nor that; Earth, earth
Is thy deare home of ſinne-rejoycing mirth.
But if muſt needs away, thou'rt more content
To be where Angels ſing, then divels torment.
And yet wert there, thou'dſt be tormented with
Their ſinging. Lo whither brought by thy beliefe.
Cud'ſt thus believe didſt thou believe him juſt
And faithfull in his ſayings? away thou'dſt thruſt
Thy heavenly joy-prevaricating luſt.
There is a faith that doth not love to truſt.
Nor Chriſt to truſt that faith; who ſees the heart
Him never ſaw with all for him l'not part.
Canſt thou purſue thy honour, pleaſure, gaine,
And not believe all this beliefe's in vaine?
Thoud'ſt hate, loathe, friends, ſelfe, All, did'ſt ever know
But what it meant to have a God to wooe.

Thoud'ſt

Thoud'ſt doe, ſuffer, come, runne, flie, did'ſt ever prove
The powerfull ſweet of all-commanding love.
Thoud'ſt live, die, by, for, love, did'ſt ever ſpie
The feaſting beauties of that lively eye.
Poore ſoule! for ever paſt my pittie, if on
Thou hold'ſt thy courſe. I know you not, be gone
Thou wicked worker; thou never liv'd'ſt above;
For what acquaintance? Thou my love? my dove?
My undefiled loving dove? what thou
Sit billing moaning with me? flyed'ſt thou
To th' pureſt houſes of my ſpirits reſort? (ſport
Thou m' friend? my Spouſe? wee walke and talke? wee
Our ſelves in hidden loves? Thou carefull how
To keepe me as thy life? And abſent, how
To take the ſpeedieſt wayes to finde me? Thou
In a ſweet trembling at a ſillable? Thou
Unlade thy boſome ſecrets in my breſt?
Thence Councells furniſh? take thee to my reſt?
Thou jealous of mine honour? did Thy thoughts
Run on my beauties day and night, that nought
Cud pleaſe thee elſe? thy feet i'th' pleaſant wayes
Of my commands? did'ſt count them ſo? How ſayes
Thy heart, and they? is this thy holy faith? (ſaith
Cleane feare? God 'ndwelling love! *Now, now* what
Thy conſcience? Did thy *heart* er'e feele a dagger? & yet
Survive the thorough-ſtrucken wound? and yet
Thy-heart-ſtill-killing ſmart ſurvive the hope
Of Cure? this daggers it kills heart and hope,
With minute mortall ſtabbes of quicke diſpaire,
Myriads of endleſſe living dyings are.
——————— I tell thee man,
Th' art not a man, or art a Puritan.

A beaſt, a dog, a hog, a what-he-will,
Whoſe Jeſu-countermands thy luſtes fulfill.
——————I tell thee man,
Thou art a Devill or a Puritan.
There are but two unelimentary ſpirits,
Good, bad, God, the divill; and juſtly he demerits
T'be counted th' latter who'l not be the firſt.
Who ſcoffes at th' bleſſed ſpirit to be th' accurs'd,
Bad in th' extreame, who wu'd be i'th' meane
Of abſolute good; who wu'd no nearer come
To God then needs, t'be caſt i'th' fartheſt roome
Of utmoſt darkeneſſe, there to learne too late
Th' remoteſt diſtance of the middle ſtate
Of wilfull neutraliſts, a ſemblance make
Of friends to heaven when Tophets part they take.

HOw now mad ſparke! what? pride thee in thy wit?
When pride's the Principle follie? and what is it?
What is thy wit, when it is at the beſt,
And worth the name? but judgement neately dreſt?
The wit that's made the judgements recreation,
This play the ground while that the variation.
That made the ſauce unto a weaker braine,
That elſe wu'd of the ſtronger meate complaine.
And what is judgement but a childiſh thought,
When to the full'ſt maturitie 'tis brought?
What all our parts, but parts? and thoſe received?
And in a moment may be quite bereav'd.
The beſt are bad; for elſe they never cu'd
Be tane away; but are th' parts of that good?
That onely good, compleate? then not our owne.
So then who hath th' great'ſt, the beſt, hath none;

But

But what in Him; but what in Him we ſee,
We ſee't, we *feel't* in humbling humilitie.

VVEll, ſay thou ſaydſt, thou thought'ſt 't were (ſomewhat well?
Why not confeſſe his gratious gifts, as free
As of th' ungracious retributions tell?
By that, that humbly thankefull thou mayſt be,
By this thankfully humble; be ſincere,
Nor ſhame nor praiſes need'ſt thou then ſo feare.

IHave ſat downe, and councell held;
I cannot fight I cannot build;
And yet I can't but fight and build.
The warre, the building's great;
Great wants do threate.
My ſtrength my ſtocke is ſmall,
Is none at all.
What ſhall I doe? Ile doe thy word;
A Toole in this, that hand a ſword.
My Chriſt will helpe, and wealth afford.
My ſtrength my ſtock's not ſmall;
For they are all.
The building warre ſhall thrive,
While hee's alive.
Here then Ile minutely repaire;
Nay hence not budge a foot, my care

'S onl' he who' h's life ſo freely'd ſpare
Me, and I not fetch't, but ſpare
Such gainefull care?
Such life, ſuch ſtrength whereby
'Tis I am I?
Ungratefull ſloath had rather fall, and die,
Then ſtretch his boſom'd hand to' th' life ſo nie!

V

THe world's uncertaine, and my knowledge too;
But I deſire to be certified
Of nothing, but Chriſt and him crucified.
Chriſt, from this head, all goods all grace convay;
And on him crucified all ills, ſinnes lay.
So ſee my all, while ſee my Chriſt:
My evills on, my goods in Chriſt.
So has my foote a ſure place,
Nor will I longer wandring trace
The world, to finde a ſetling ſtay,
For I have one, and that's my way.

X

VVArre, peace; life, death; A harbour and a ſhelfe.
The death of death, The Image of himſelfe.
Th' omnipotent Prophet and the Prieſtly King,
That Learnt Obedience by his Suffering.
A ſacrificing ſacrifice. Simplicitie
Lodg'd in a houſe of clay. Omnipotencie

Senſible

Senſible of humane frailties. The Lord of life
Slaine. The God of glory undergoing the ſtrife
Of vilifying tongues. The adminiſtrator
Of heaven and earth adminiſtred to, th' Creator
Poore, reliev'd by th' Creature. Æternall happineſſe
Afflicted! —— ! ſtupendious godlineſſe!
Great miſtery! and they that thinke it ſmall,
As doe all worldlings, they know nought of all.
God manifeſt i'th' fleſh! heaven dwell in earth!
Deſcend in hell! O how divine's my mirth
When I can in my fleſh my earth my hell
See Him! See in my fleſh my earth my hell
This ſpirit this heaven. O ſpiritualize me more,
Him more t' approve whom Angels ſo explore!
Adore! A God poore heathen goſpells; th' God to whom
The ſenſuall ſenſe-refined world doth come,
Drawne by beleeving hearts. Unbonnded glory
Caught up to glory! what created oratory
Can reach, can teach theſe wonders ſo ſublime!
Profound! Th' celeſtiall theame of timeleſſe time.
How humble ſhu'd I be cu'd I ſtill bow
My ſelfe to pry into this miſtery! How
Heighthned, inlarg'd, cu'd I ſtill ſoare aloft!
In this ſo broad, ſo long, deep-heighth t' be taught.

Gen. 1. 31. 2 Cor. 3. 18.

THou Lord mad'ſt onely good my object be;
'Tis onely good then I ſhud ſee.
But I wu'd ill, and ill now onely ſee,
'Tis onely ſinne then I'de not be.

But

But I'd be Christ; when shall I onely be?
  Tis onely God then I shall see.
Thou Lord madst onely good my object be,
  'Tis only good then I shu'd see.
But I wud ill, and ill now only see.
  'Tis onely I, then I'd not be.
But I'd be thee, when shall I onely be,
  'Tis onely thee then I shall see.

Thou'rt only good and I wu'd see
  All but as spots to draughts of Thee.
All but as spots to draughts of Thee
  Who art the only good I see.

The world's the Image of thy Image word,
  The mire sin, that Satan blur'd
Man with, the stain straite through th' Creation crept,
  But this untouch't himselfe hath kept;
And h's glorious-face-resplendent glasse hath left
  To daily dresse me, quite bereft
Of sight by that foule filth; His Spirits breath
  Upon this Mirror quicks my death
Struck-eyes. And now since such a foulnesse in
  My fairest I see, I'le never lin
To eye, to pry, to dresse, redresse me by
  This God-conforming Theory.

WHy shu'd I envie grace? insult o're sinne?
  Are not the Saints sins mine? my graces theirs?
All sinn's in one, in one all grace, we in
Them both: he onely well himselfe compares,

Whoſe humble, thankfull, watchfull ſoule makes true,
One fleſh one ſpirit, one Adam old and new.

THou art. Thou onely art. Man's but a *But*,
An adj'ctive, accident, a what-Thou-wut,
Thou art, art onely excellent; to *be*
'Tis that, 'tis that's the onely excellencie.
Bee't all my buſineſſe, t' get more Thee
That being more Thee I may more be.
More be in, more to be
To Thee.

PAſſe world along, with all thy pompous traine.
Goe ruffling in thy pride, thy richeſt ſhow;
Drawne in Thy ſtatelieſt Chariot; thou'rt too low,
Too baſe an object for my high diſdaine.

Contemne the world? I wud, wer't worth contempt.
Or give my indignation footing, or
On what ſhalt trample? tell me of ſomewhat for
My vilifying? or how w'lt cauſe more contempt, then
(tempt?
All th' world is leſſe then nothing, none is, but
Who is *I Am*; and by whom every thing
Is what it is; they 're not then rich that bring
Th' world in poſſeſſion; ſince when 'tis got *'tis not*.

I'd

IDe have the World at will. And yet I care
No more for't then to buy me food and frize.
Ide have 't th' obedient toole, Ide make to reare
My building ſoule; and when my Maſter ſees
It meet, lay't by, and take me to my hands,
Faith freer workes the leſſe the ſence withſtands.

And this is all I care for th' carefull world,
To keepe it by my hand, and from my heart.
To have 't an inferiour helpe, away to hurle't
When told here is a worke of curious art,
Derides the bunglings of unskilfull ſenſe;
A heaven-ſilenc'ſt active patience.

THe World's a ſtraw, through which I draw
My Canaan-milke's ſweet nouriſhment.
But if't be tane away, I gaine
The wider draughts of deep content.

While he thinkes fit, I'le ſucke through it;
But if he ſpeake but halfe a word,
A way it goes, and well he throwes
That hath i'th' ſteede ſuch ſtore confer'd.

Did

DId not I feare Thee Lord,
The world hath not the cord
Cu'd binde this ſtrong deſire
From what it doth require.
So vehement yet ſo ſtai'd
'S the motion 'ts not afraid
Of Hell. Onely thy Love
Maintaines the fight, and proves
Of power to withhold
What elſe were uncontrol'd.
And yet the fight is ſore,
And yet I can't give ore.
O were I not ſo free
Or had more libertie.
And yet if neither muſt,
Thou'rt very good and juſt.
Even this too is for good,
The more the ſelfe's withſtood
The more the ſpirit is
That crownes with victories.

Good, very good are all thy wayes
Thou onely wiſe, and he who ſtaies
His marking minde thereon, ſhall know
What loving kindneſſe thou doſt ſhow.

Thou

THou heart-rein-ſearching, ſpirit-pondering God,
Turne mine eyes inward, teach my head to plod;
To looke to what thou look'ſt, the maine, the man,
The ſoule, the ſelfe; for when I gadding ranne
So oft abroad, the divill he gat him home
And made my wanton heart the teeming wombe
Of ſtolen pleaſure; ſtoaſe th' word and ſow'd inſtead,
A world of tares a world of griefe doe breed.
Still may I watch, my veſſell keepe ſincere;
Th' infuſion elſe corrupts though ne're ſo cleare.
And yet if thou deare God wu't pleaſe to come
Into my heart, my heart 'l ſincere become,
Tho' ne're ſo foule. And long 'nough may't contrive
Wayes how to cleanſe it, and to th' utmoſt ſtrive,
And all in vaine; unleſſe that fouleneſſe cu'd
Make faire. My ſorrowes, watchings, cares, what good
Can all from him who of himſelfe is all
Pollution? VVu't heare the humble call?
O come, come, come away and doe not ſtay
Untill thou comeſt, and then for ever ſtay.
Sure there is ſomewhat of thee here, ſo longs
To ſee thee, while my ſpirits in ſuch throngs
Come forth to welcome thee; nay a'nt I all
Lovely in my Chriſt unto *thy* ſight? yet ſhall
My blacke abide? ſtill will I ſweetly grone
To haſt thy comming till I'm to mine owne.
Then come bleſt day, come, inſide outſide turne,
And try each thought by th' all diſcerning Sunne.

How

How humbly then ſinceritie ſhall ſmile!
When proud Hipocriſies unpainted guile
Shall ſhow her devill-like face! More humble were
I, I muſt needes become the more ſincere.
Cauſe I have more o'th' God-of-puritie
Sincerity, holineſſe; and while I ſpie
More beautious glories, th' obſtacles more remov'd,
He needs muſt be more humbly belov'd.

POwre out the pretious oyntment of thy name,
That ſumptuous box inrich'd with all's divine,
Upon my wounded ſoule, ſo heale the ſame.
Allay its dolours, make its ſurface ſhine,
Smooth 'ts rigor's, cleare its ruſt, ſoften its hard,
Make dulneſſe nimble, mend what pride hath mard.

Perfume the roome thy gueſts doth entertaine,
Free't from thoſe brimſtone fumes, e'ne overcame
My tender Virgin-thoughts, had not I tane
A ſcent of life to life; ſo aptly came
With reſcuing redolencies, O open't wide,
Powr't freely forth, thou haſt enough beſide.

O how theſe welcome Savours ſteale my heart!
And make me ſhrug for joy at this depart!
O how this pawne e'ne makes me wiſh more hearts,
That I might feele ſuch more deſir'd departs.
O how I love theſe ſweets my ſweet! O how,
My pleaſed midriffe trims my ſmiling brow!

O how my humble thoughts reviv'd aſpire,
Borne up with ſpirits to their high deſire!
How how my unſtraitned ſoule doth boundleſſe flie,
Its gazing circuits through the higheſt high.

Where am I now? am I a man?
I ſee, I ſee, but cannot ſay:
Mine eyes have borrowed all they may,
Of tongue, of all, doe what I can,
My aſſembled ſpirits cannot yet deviſe
To tell my tongue the pleaſure of mine eyes.

Stupendious ſights! O cu'd I reade
The world a lecture of thoſe joyes
The cleere-eyd ſoules ſo richly feed,
How they'd indigne theſe cheating toies!
And hourely watch at wiſedomes gate a glance
Might ope their eyes, and thence their ſoules advance!

Tranſcendent ſounds! O too too rare
'S this! Nay, too groſſe theſe carnall eares.
O tones! O tunes! what compaſſe beare's
This ſtately conſorts curious Aires!
Their ſtrings are true, high, wound, inceſſant play,
Muſitians skilfull, play well, well they may.

Pure, underſtanding, zeale! reſponds
To God, Chriſt, h's Spirit. Endleſſe ſtraines
Of multiplied bliſſe! detaines
The bleſſed ſoules in boundleſſe bonds!
But if ſuch ſights! ſuch ſounds! ſuch diſtance brings!
O what's the mid'ſt, where Glory ſhines, Grace ſings!

O Cud I keepe me in this Option ! I
Wu'd wiſh to live becauſe I wiſh to die.
How like a little God I wu'd converſe
With men ! let downe a while here to rehearſe
Thoſe joyes above ! till I had drawne up more,
Harbour'd their Hearts upon thy Haven's ſhore.
He onely lives, wh' inthron'd In's manſion, can
Yet condeſcend to ſejourne with, for, man.
He onely lives who in his Jeſu lives,
But he ſo liv'd who h's life to, if for, gives.
How he derides his feares, his cares, his griefe,
That ſeeke to haſt his ſo-much-ſought reliefe !
O how he pleaſure's pleaſure's in his paine
That but contrives more treaſure to his gaine !
Chriſt is his life, his death is more of Chriſt,
His joy's now high, but then ſhall be at th' high'ſt.
Now ebbes, now flowes, then an e're-flowing tide,
O're flowes, and ſwallowes all the woes of pride.
Morne, even, eclipſe, now ; then, a conſtant noone
Th' Sunne lights to th' earth-uninterpoſed moone.
O draw this earthy Curtaine, draw, that darkes
M' inlightned eyes from their beloved ſparkes.
Thoſe lovefull beames of dreadfull Majeſtie,
In whoſe exchanged rayes my life doth lie.
O how I ſtrive ! I wraſtle to be rid
Of halfe my ſelfe ſtand's in'ts owne light ! but bid
Thou doſt my ſtay, and I'le obey,
Till thou ſha't call, who art my all,

VVhoſe will's my heaven,
My owne the leaven,
Sowes all my ſweete, thine ſweets my ſowre,
Makes me unwiſh my ſtill-wiſh't houre.

COme flying on thy ſpicie mountaines, on
Thy ſaving hills; and ſo convey along
Thoſe opening odours, kindely work upon
M' obſtructed ſoule; unlocke it from among
These ſtreights, and let my ſpirits out of priſon,
To praiſe thy name among thy ſecond riſen.

These meditations, prayers, thankes, confeſſions,
Thus peec'd, patcht, interrupt, when ſhall they end,
In endleſſe praiſe? what now by darke expreſſions,
These volumes of thy word and workes commend
Me leafe by leafe, b' one, cleare, intire view,
May the Synopſis of thy Face me ſhew.

Now ſee I one in all, then all in one;
So may I ſee, what is not all is none.

SIR

SIR,

No longer (after my long Vacation in my travells) to frustrate you of your desire, though of force I must of the thing desired.

FEare I conceive may not unfitly be distinguished into a feare of aversion and a feare of adhesion; of turning from and cleaving to; and this may well be stupendious, astonishing, overcomming; in respect of the immensitie of the goodnesse of its object, such a feare as may be sayd to *fall upon* the soule, and make the soule fall under it, in a sweet God-injoying submissive humilitie. Such a feare as one may be sayd to be *In* the feare of the Lord; to be plunged in, swallowed up of those great and glorious apprehensions. This being both the effect and the cause of *uniting the heart* to God. And hence is it a feare of such *great joy* and *strong confidence*. The soule thus brought into God by *love that is stronger then death*, and faith that interested in the power, wisedome goodnesse of God *can doe all things*, by this so neare approach to, and communion with him, discovering more of his fulnesse, and in that of the creatures vanitie. And hence are they so inseperably linckt together, *men of courage-fearing God-hating covetousnesse; fearing the Lord-and Delighting Greatly in his Commandements.* It is rashnesse and madnesse that proceeds not from this feare; it is baseneſse and pusillanimitie that ariseth not from this courage. The joy is sadnesse that is not accompanied with this feare; and griefe the more kindly it is the more it hath of this delight. For that other of aversion, whether respecting morall or naturall evills, it is either a bare and simple, or a mixt and applicative a

eare, a feare of contraction, or of dilatation of the ſpirit, a meere withdrawing and flight, or an aggreſſive reſiſtance and repulſion. And either of them is convenient *pro re nata*, as warranted by the conſideration of the thing, time, place, perſon, &c. For morrall evills, it is a feare of abſolute reſiſtance, becauſe they never conſiſt with the will of God *quoad nos*; for naturall it is a reſpective reſiſtance, and flying, ſo farre as they ſhall appeare to be his will or not, as we are called or not called to them. So that there may be a feare of theſe evils, well conſiſting with a willingneſſe too and deſire of them, as it is ſaid of Chriſt, *hee was heard in all that hee feared*, and yet againe, *I come to doe thy will as it is written of mee a body haſt thou prepared me, &c.* The ſpirit may be willing when the fleſh is weake. There may be and that lawfully an abhorrencie from evill as evill, and yet a willingneſſe to it as the will of God, and therefore good. *Father let this cup paſſe from me if poſſible*, but not my will but thy will be done. The prayer of him who himſelfe alone in his owne perſon ſo freely drunke up that ſo unimaginably terrible cup of the Æternall wrath, that ſhu'd have beene the portion of an everliving death to ſo many millions of ſoules. And certainly could all the calamities of the world that were ever, are, or ever ſhall be ſuffered from *Adam* to the youngeſt of his ſonnes, ſteeped like ſo much Gall and Wormewood in one cup till all their ill-ſavoured taſt were extracted from them, they could never make a draught ſo intenſively bitter, ſo large a draught of bitterneſſe, as that which was preſented to him, accepted of him, pray'd for by him. To which he *comes*, brings his *body*, as a Voluntier, as ready, as *prepared* for The Service, The Suffering. So in deede ſhould this feare of averſion be ſubordinate to,

fall

fall in with, and be comprehended in, as part of, as comming from and tending to that of adheſion. I therefore turning from evills, becauſe *pro ſua virili*, of their owne nature, it would turne me from God; but ſuch being the never never ſufficiently admired power, wiſedome and goodneſſe of God that he can turne even the greateſt evill to the greateſt good, the ſoule ſtands in *æquilibrio* with a kind of willing unwillingneſſe, or willing willingneſſe diſpoſed to it. So as it may be ſaid not to feare them, but God; fearing them becauſe of him, and him in, by and through them; (as it may be ſaid to love not the creature but God) they being but as foyles and ſet offs for the further illuſtrating the otherwiſe not ſo apprehenſible Glory. So make the ſoule cleave the cloſer to him and gather more ſtrength from him. So theſe feares differing not in their being and nature, but in the manner of action; both being the feare of God, now acting *ad intra*, now *ad extra*, now making good its primary object, now evill its ſecondary. Chriſt, *upon whom were the chaſtiſements of our peace*, *whoſe ſtripes* hath purchaſt us the *ſpirit of a ſound and healthy mind*, who was troubled for our eaſe and tranquilitie; that wee in him poſſeſſed of his fathers alſufficiencie might be of an untroubled mind, having thus, like that unparellel'd Queene to her impoyſoned husband, ſuckt out the venome, virulencie and malignitie of our feares, that naturally fill us with diſturbance, diſtractions, evill-creating and evill-nouriſhing conceits, over ſtudious, and over burdening preventions. Their deadly qualitie and overmaſtering power, thus drawne away, and onely ſo much left as is within the ſtrength of inherent and continually ſupervenient grace, and may by it be kept at an under, ſubdued, and worke't out daily to the further manifeſt-

ing the power of God in us and by us, as well as upon us. The more then we prevaile againſt this diſtempering feare, the more is our convaleſcencie, the greater our recovery of that happy harmony that was betweene our affections before they were untuned in their fall. Every affection being ſo farre good as it holds its correſpondency with the other, and all as they tend to their perfection, action. Good is the griefe the feare that after helpes. A wary, circumſpective, deliberating, conſultive prudentiall, providentiall feare. And to this purpoſe was it an anſwer well worthy its Author, that Turkiſh Terrour that even-incredibly valiant *Scanderbeg* to the precipitate and unadviſed adviſe of one of his Captaines, *It is good to feare all that may be feared, that ſo indeed we may feare nothing.* And ſuch a, and but ſuch a feare is that which is becomming a Chriſtian. Of whom there is nothing more unworthy then baſe de ecting unmanning (and for ſo much) unchriſtianizing feare. God having *ex conſulto*, and out of a gratious foreſight, left our enemies *ſubdutos & expugnatos*, though not *funditus ſtratos*; brought under, overcome, though not utterly ſubverted; that, that in nothing we might bee terrified, this, that in nothing we might be ſecure, laſche, remiſſe, dull, blunt; but might ſtill have them as *Coticulus*, as whetſtones to our mettle, and animoſitie; as thoſe on whoſe fall and ruine wee may bee raiſed to an higher pitch of an unreachable and undaunted ſpirit. As it was well counſelled by that wiſe Statiſt for the ſparing of Carthage from an utter demolition, for the keeping in heart of the Roman valour, that wu'd elſe languiſh i' the want of exerciſe. And God ſometimes (like that demeanure of *Edward* the third to the young Prince at

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the battle of *Creſey*) withdrawes himſelfe as it were, and ſtands aloofe of, at a convenient diſtance, on the hills of his ſalvation, environed with his auxiliary troopes; and thence viewes us in the valley, how we fight, how we are matcht, how we quit our ſelves with the ſtrength already received, without a more extraordinary recreut, and ſuffers us often to be brought to hard ſtreſſes, preſſing exigences and almoſt inextricable ſtreigths; yea to the very jawes of death, yea to bee ſwallowed up of death; that living and dying Conquerours (like that late-and ever-famous Swead) he may in a more ſpeciall manner ſhare to us with himſelfe the honour of the day; may demonſtrate ours in his owne glory; That wee are the Sonnes of ſuch a Father, and he the Father of ſuch Sons; That we ſhu'd bee ſo honored to bee made the inſtruments of his power, and hee to be the Maker of ſuch inſtruments. Now the feare that thus *ſtrengthens us in the Lord*, and *in the power of his might*, and makes us *ſtand faſt, and quit our ſelves like Men in Chriſt Jeſus*, that workes up the ſoule to ſuch noble and Princely atchievements, that all ſordid & earth-bred-feares fall below it as Lucifer before that pure and ſpotleſſe Light; This is The feare, The feare of the Lord. Which ſince it is a grace, and therefore ſupernaturall, muſt as all other graces being homogenous be conducible to the reſt, and all to an active and ready performance of the good pleaſure of God. So farre therefore as it turmoyles, perplexes, caſts of the hookes, and makes the ſoule that it is not in a fit poſture to turne and winde any way with the firſt ſignifications of the divine command, ſo farre as it is not a feare of furtherance to, but of hinderance from, our duty, ſo farre is it not a feare of God; not a feare that

drawes us to him, but as all our owne feares, from him. And ſo is it extravagant and wandring out of the way of thoſe inſeperable companions the graces, that all joyntly convey the ſoule to a more ſtrict, cloſe, and intimate fellowſhip with its God. It will therefore be great wiſedome to keepe this kind of feares (ſo farre as meerely concerning us and the evils) from our heart, and ſeat it in the head; that it might not take hold of us, but wee of it; we act and command that, not that us; that it may be as a Sword in our hand to defend us, and not as one at our heart to offend us; that while the heart is carryed on with the fulleſt gale of animoſitie and courage, boarne up to the braveſt and higheſt reſolves of a magnanimous ſpirit, the head may wiſely plot, and the hands ſeaſonably act. That we may undertake this feare as a voluntary worke, an expedient injunction, and not be overtaken by it as a meere naturall and neceſſitating affection. But thus ſupernaturaliz'd ſpiritualiz'd we doe, wee ſuffer, with delight all the wills of God; looking on them as deſignes, as ordinances, wherein our good is inviolably interwoven with the moſt high glory. So that the horſe ſhould not more neigh to the battle, nor the ſouldier ſhout at the warning Peece, then the heaven-animated ſpirit ſummoned to the Almighty-might-glorifying encounters, ſprings forth with a nimble and cheerefull alacritie. And certainely there is nothing can *guard* us better againſt baſe & misbeſeeming feares, then the *unſpeakable, unconceiveable peace that rules in the heart*, that is ruled by the feare, that *is moved by the faith of God*. There is nothing that carries up the heart to a more elevated pitch of courage and confidence, then a ſelfe-diffident humilitie; a carefull ſerving of Gods providence

in the uſe of all good meanes, with a well-grounded and full reliance on him alone, above and when he pleaſeth without meanes. And undoubtedly what ever the ſelfe conceited world may thinke, the moſt God-fearing, the moſt-mortified, the moſt-meekned-humbled-ſoule is fortified with the trueſt, with the onely true courage: becauſe he onely is with God the onely ſound ground of confidence. And he hath, he onely hath, and that worthily the name of a generous man, of a gentleman, who is the compleate, the accompliſht man; furniſhed with *all* vertuous qualifications, though never ſo ſeemingly different. He whoſe gentle, milde, ſelfe-debaſing, courteous, *debonnairete* is armed with the moſt invincible impregnable proweſſe and valour, commanded and drawne forth by a judicious conducture. So the ſeverall denominations of the Latin and Engliſh, meet well; well couched in and accompanied with that primary and all including vertue, in that one word of the French, *un Preud home*, importing (as one may gather from their uſe of it) a man diſcreet and wiſe, a man of fortitude and proweſſe, of a ſweet and gracious comportment, a man of honeſtie, faithfulneſſe, integritie, *rondeur* of minde. All vertue is of choice. And where all is not choſen none is choſen. To ſuffer in any caſe, upon any termes, is neceſſitie not patience, meakiſhneſſe not meekneſſes a flegmaticke dulneſſe, a ſtoicall ſtupiditie, not a heaven-taught compoſiture of ſpirit. Neither can the intermiſſion of the act argue the privation of the habit: and though the world count them ſheepiſh moapiſh; &c. becauſe they are *the quiet of the land* that *walke ſoftly* in the humilitie of their ſoule, yet preſent them with a fitting object, and ſee whether they doe not give it ſutable entertain-

entertainment, the ſame command, the ſame ſpirit, having wrought in the ſame heart, all reqniſite graces; the manifeſtation onely of either accommodated to a fit occaſion, and drawne forth by a prudent obſervation. And ſince they know not their Genius, no marvell they hold ſo little friendſhip with them, whoſe foundation is acquaintance. Little doe they think a Chriſtian is ſuch a one, (as ſuch a one he is if not unlike himſelfe) as can bring the Drum and Trumpet in conſort with the Lute and Violl, or could thence gather what they are like to finde, he can make Muſick of all things. As well of the moſt harſh & hidious terrours, as the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt ſounding melodie; can as well play with the moſt froward and wraſtling (ſo the word Pſal. 18.) as the moſt pure-and peaceable diſpoſition. As being he who knowes how to be *in perills often, in wearineſſe, in painefulneſſe, in watchings often, in hunger and thirſt, in faſtings, often in cold and nakednes, beſides his continuall ſympathizing with the Churches*; knowes how to *run through good report & bad report, how to abound and how to want, and how in all to be content*; a moſt bleſſed concord in the ſpirituall eare, the ſpirituall heart! That can *take joyfully the ſpoyling of his goods*, receive *any word* any *precept* of God as *pure-holy-good-and-juſt*, and ſet about the actively, paſſive obedience of it, *in much affliction With joy of the Holy Ghoſt*. Happy afflictions that helpe to ſuch an holy joy! O! where! but I forbeare. And if he griefe it is at the want of this cheerefull and thankefull deportment of himſelfe. And this is a higth that wee are carryed up to in the New *Adam*, beyond the reach of the Old even in his innocencie. Hee being altogether free from theſe evills, and therefore nothing acquaint with theſe evill-conquering comforts.

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The Almightie wiſedome to the more eminently advanceing of his glorious Grace, having thus wonderfully by our fall raiſed us up to an higher, to a permaner, to an ever-highly-permanent Station. Strike up then your allarum when you will, you ſhall never carry him by force, but ſhall but rowſe up more ſpirits to man him repell you. As hee is of a harſh rugged rough-hewne proud-cruell, that is not alleviated with a ſweet milde ſmooth temprature; ſo is it an effeminated, flaccid, torpid, diſpirited, enervated ſoule, that is not quickned not inlivened with courage. That alone being hydropicall, this feaveriſh. That too dull for action, this is too quicke for councell, for patience, for endurance: But both happily met together in one, in a wiſe, underſtanding, actuating ſpirit, like the naturall heate kindly fomented by the radicall moiſture, and duly agitated by the influent and inſite ſpirits, keepe the ſoule in a happy and healthy conſtitution; becauſe in an apt and proxime power for the well performance of its ſeverall functions. Hence (may be it) thoſe Grecian Captaines were ſo well ſeene in Muſicke as in feates of Armes and Philoſophie; as that brave-ſpirited Epimanondas, &c. it being a uſuall cuſtome after their feaſts to have a Lute preſented them to play on. And certainly he is a man of a choice and compleate temperature, that is well made up of a Scholler, Souldier and Muſitian. A head full of diſcreet and ſage knowledge, a heart full of couragious and meeke love, a hand full of indefatigable and difficultie-overcomming action. Such a head! ſuch a heart! ſuch a hand! That make ſuch a Man! And yet what are all theſe, and were there a thouſand more ſuch ſuches, but meere counterfeit ſpiritleſſe and dead reſemblances of

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לב שלם that *true and living way* to compleateneſſe of heart, becauſe to him the true and living God, the Creator the compleator of the heart. There being nothing good, nothing of worth but what is in God, in whom as *in Chriſt* we are, in theſe and all graces *Compleat*. In that meeke and immaculate Lambe, that dreadfull and terrible Lion of *Judah*, that brazen Serpent in whom are hid all the treaſures of wiſedome and knowledge. Thus made conformeable unto that All-ſweet All-wiſe All-mightie Being, the Maker, the Perfection of all things. By whom we are made perfect, through our likeneſſe to him, our living in him. And here onely here is the riſe of that true magnanimitie, that conſiſts in the uncontroulable power of a ſweet and humble wiſedome, God. And now ſince I have ſo inſencibly ſlipt thus far into the nature of this grace, & we know not how ſoon the Lord may ſettle our diſtractions of State and Church; and ſo prevent us with his mercies, and fit us by them, who will never be fitted for them; and it being the Carracter of an ingenious child to feare favours and not to be affrighted with frownes, I will a little draw it forth into that part of it which may be moſt ſutable to thoſe times. It being the nature of it upon the knowledge of God to know nothing elſe great, no more goods then evills. And yet either ſo weake is our knowledge, or ſo ſeldome our acting it (which makes it for ſo farre no knowledge to us) that in thoſe Halcyon dayes have wee moſt neede of the higheſt reſolves and Princelieſt circumſpection, not to have our ſpirits debaſed in *the knowledge of things after the fleſh*. But now to have a ſpeciall care of exerciſing that myſterious, that inheavening art of making *all things become new*, knowing, affecting doing all things under new notions,

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from new principles, by new rules, to new ends ſo *uſing the World as not uſing it*; medling with it as *in tranſitu*, by the way, as a *viaticum* a baite when needs & but what needs, &c. See Page 27.

'Tis then's the danger when the danger's paſt,
Th' inward foe fights wilier when the outward's caſt.
Tacticks unheard of; covert ſtratagems;
Sly in his Methods, ſuddenly he hems
Us in with tempting troops; while w' thought h'had been
Diſtant by many miles, we're rounded in
A Maze of fatall friends, ſtraite rout our thoughts
To a desbauſch't confounded yeelding brought.
Stand ſentinell ſoule, unleſſe thou ſtandſt *Perdu*,
Looſeſt thy life, thou't not the loſſe eſcue.

Capua Hannibali Canna Fuit. A rich and pleaſant *Aſia* is more dangerous then a barren and hungry *America*; lue and tepid bathes then harſh & ſtorming windes; theſe confirming, thoſe conſuming the hardieſt ſpirits, not guarded with diſcretion. Neither indeed is it a thing ſo worthy a Chriſtian to ſeeke for an abiding Citie when this inferior is like to be fired about his eares. To make friends of the unrighteous Mammon when it is ready to be ſnatcht from us; to eſtrange our ſelves from theſe things when they turne their backe upon us. But when the world ſhall comes with its *Cornucopia* of riches, pleaſures glory, &c. and would poure all upon our heads; and God on the other hand readie to poure downe more aboundantly of that anointing that teacheth us all things, that qualifieth us with more Kingly, Propheticall, Prieſtly endowments, and fills us with joy and gladneſſe above

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our fellewes; now not to leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade, the Pearle for the Barly-corne, is ſomewhat like him that lives by faith, and hath made a true diſcovery of that onely excellent object. Now when the world comes fleering in all her whoriſh attire with the moſt cunning and ſophiſticall inſinuations, and our ſpirits are in the height of their jollitie ready to throw themſelves into her imbraces, when the outward and inward temptations thus powerfully met in their united ſtrength; now to command them off, is indeede to command a mans ſelfe, the moſt noble conqueſt. And ſurely this magnanimitie, this inlargeing, this heighthning heate and vigour of heart is conveyed in equally with theſe beames of divine illumination. Which wonderfully marvellous light, which kingdome of Heaven firſt entering into us and wee into it at our firſt entrance on Mount Sion, workes thus diffuſively on the underſtanding-the-heart-the whole. All things are as they are compared to God; but him in the face of Chriſt I ſee the onely good, and therefore (as contraries illuſtrate each other) whom have I in earth in Heaven but Thee? I ſee nothing in the whole creation in its beſt and ſetledeſt ſtate, but a blacke and horrid Caos of vanitie, of deformitie; farther then it partakes of him; farther then I can eſpie in it the ſcatterings of the divine Raies. And ſurely the men of the world *comparing themſelves with themſelves*, and the things with the things of the world *are not wiſe. Rectum eſt index ſui & obliqui.* The light of the manifeſtation of it ſelfe and darkeneſſe. *He then that doth truth commeth* to this light, to ſee whether his workes be of God.

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T's the ſhining Sunne diſcovers thoſe motes of ſinne,
Thoſe ſubtler miſts of fleſhie ſteames, betweene
Our ſpirit our light our life and us, thoſe beames.
Of ſhadowing luſts that darke our lightfull beames.
Still ſhine lo'd Sunne! diſcovering ſtill diſpell,
And in diſpelling diſcover our heart-bred hell.
Thoſe uncouth Cells, thoſe ſhades of diſmall death,
Thoſe haunts of horrid Fiends, whoſe mickle skeath
Of mortall wounds, hous'd in a golden ſheath
Of minion con forts, ſteale away the breath
With fatall kiſſes; whilſt th' guile-favouring night
Maskes their infernall ſhapes; till th' friendly light
Of faithfull truth appeare, and put to flight
Their wilely force b' its wiſely ſuccouring might.
Thus more commended it, my triumph more
Increaſt, ſuch enemies ſo triumphed o're.

Thus the ſincere heart brings himſelfe and all the world to this all-revealing Sunne; to ſee what they have of him, in whom hee hath approved the onely, and onely ſincere-making, excellencies, by that ſingle eye of faith, that ſingles him out as its onely object, as deſiring to ſee nothing but him, at leaſt mediately if not immediately. And though this latter is the way wherein the earneſtly heartie deſires of the ſoule run after the full and uninterrupted inoyment of God, yet in regard of the frailtie of the fleſh, the weakeneſſe ſlenderneſſe imbecilitie of the intermediate ſpirits that are as the ties and ligaments betwixt the ſoule and the body, and could not long conteine themſelves without being utterly diſſolved, ſhud they be unintermittedly bent and held up to that extenſive intenſiveneſſe whereunto they are wrought by thoſe great

great and glorious thoughts of thoſe ſavoury and cordiall apprehenſions (which in the Lord Chriſt they have and without him they cannot have) of that ſimple and infinite good, which not onely carry forth the ſoule in a glad venture but tranſport it in an eager purſuit of this happy diſſolution, yet bethinking it ſelf that there may be a ſelfe-ſeeking in this ſelfe-looſing, that it is to live to others not it ſelfe, to doe not receive, it is willingly forced with a kind of unpleaſant pleaſantneſſe to further entertaine its faith in naturall ſenſe leaſt it ſhould wholly vaniſh into ſupernaturall. So may our ſoules O Lord be inceſſantly continually *devoted to thy feare*, ſo may they be devout even in all their earthly affaires may *ſe devovere* vow themſelves from themſelves, and pay their vowes continually. So may they ever live in thy ſight in thy light that they may never depart from thy feare, that they may never more give the lie to their profeſſed knowledge & fellowſhip with the light, by walking in the wayes of darknes; but ſhew forth the glory of their father in Heaven, by the reflection of their ſerene ſincere light ſome converſation on earth. And certainly could we ſtand with this ἀποκαραδοκία this ſtretching forth of the head in an earneſt looking on him, and longing for him, wee ſhu'd have ſuch an affluence of light and life breake in upon our ſoules, and ſhine on our wayes, that we ſhu'd walke up and downe like ſtarres ſhot from Heaven, till having dazled the eyes of the world into an envious aſtoniſhment wee ſhu'd remount for ever fixed in our higheſt ſpheare. Now according as our aſpect is on Him, ſo is it alſo to others; if that but oblique, this but dimme and obſcure; but if that perpendicular, this lively and glorious, O that wee were more excellently skil-

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led in theſe holy optickes; we cu'd not but be in Theologie, and therefore in Ethicks Oeconomicks, &c. And cu'd we but live ſoberly righteouſly and godlily upon (as we ran not but, cannot chuſe but upon) the ſight of God, avant then falſe lights, falſe comforts for ever, then he that ſhall come will come and will not tarry; for the Lord is certainly waiting to bee gratious to that ſoule that is thus ſtedfaſtly waiting to be guided by him. This indeed being the product the effect of the ſenſe of that. Neither know I any ſuch (if any other) ſincere and conſtant ſeeking as that *when I thought of* (an abſent) *God I was troubled, and refuſed to be comforted* by any thing but himſelfe, as knowing nothing elſe true comfort. Neither can there be ſuch ſeeking but from a true and lively faith, not ſuch a waiting but from a ſincere-and-fervent love; therefore not unlikely the Apoſtle (thus intimating the nature of theſe graces) tranſlates thoſe paſſages of *Eſaiah* 11.10. with *Rom.* 15.12. 1 *Cor.* 2.9. with *Iſa.* 64.4. *ſeeke, truſt; waite, love.* Seeking faith and waiting love. Here is that great Art of a Chriſtian, to be ſeeking ſtill ſeeking the face of God. *I have ſet the Lord Alwayes before my face therefore, &c. Seeke yee the Lord and ſeeke his face Evermore. I am Continually With thee. Be in the feare of the Lord all the day long.* Here is that great difference of ſinceritie and hypocriſie. *Will the hypocrite pray alwayes?* Will he ſeeke God in proſperitie as well as in adverſitie. At mid day in his buſineſſe, *all the day long*, hourely and minutely as well as morning & evening, and at the ſolemne aſſembly? Will he *live the life of faith in the fleſh*, in all ſenſuall things? is *he crucified to the world and the world to him? Is he dead, and this that even his mortall body lives, is it by the quickning of the ſpirit?* doth hee

walke up and downe the world as a man that hath neither life nor ſoule, but onely as inlivened as animated hence? is he *ever lifting up his face to God*, that that flood of light and life that thence with ſuch mighty incomes flowes in upon the ſoule, might beare downe before it every thought that exalts it ſelfe againſt the kingdome of the Lord Chriſt, &c. that wholy given over to the power, ſway and guidance of it, wholly caſting it ſelfe into its imbracings, while it lies drown'd as it were in a Sea of loves and ſweetneſſes, in a bleſſed aſtoniſhment and ſtupefaction, it is elevated in the higheſt advancement of life and ſpirits in the Lord of life and glory, that deſcended and *aſcended* to *draw up* with him all that adheres to him. O were the ſoule wound up to this pitch, and watched at it; and wound up againe if never ſo little ſlipt downe; how might we live! O ſtill ſtill let us *be in* this bleſſed viſion of God with more continued intentiveneſſe; contracting thence, or rather dilating thoſe Coexiſtant, inherent, eſſentiall, which we call *attributed* ſpecies. Then others beholding the ſtedfaſtneſſe of our faith, could not but there ſee more of that radiant image in its deputed Majeſtie; the ball of the ſenſuall eye not more naturally expreſſing the Idea of the directly oppoſite and neighbouring viſage, then this of the ſpirituall, of faith, doth that of God. And certainly no ſence doth furniſh us with more, and more cleare conceptions of God, then the ſight; being for its ready commerce with the ſoule, for its extention, and intention, the propereſt moſt conducible and advantagious of all; being the moſt ſpatious, fartheſt reaching, pure, ſimple, active, and therefore moſt apprehenſive: and next to that the hearing, being the leſſe groſſe and earthly of all the reſt. But to keepe to that;

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As the Sunne conveyeth heate and activitie inſeperably with, and proportionably to its light, ſo is the truth loved and done ſo farre and onely ſo farre as it is ſeene. The actions are ſpurious and illigitimate that are not conceived in the heart and begotten by the eye; it will be our wiſedome then ſo truly to informe the latter as we deſire the well and right forming and performing of the other. Let us *looke on him* then by no other Organ then faith, thorough no other medium then Chriſt; at no other diſtance, then the meareſt approaches; even to ſuch an unitie, that wee ſee our ſelves in him and him in us. When with the wicked wee put God farre from us, and ſee the world draw nigh us, then ſeemes he little and this great; but when we draw neere to him, what a pointile, what an atome, what a nothing it ſeemes, nay it is? And as the medium is ever the ſame, ſo is the Organ then beſt when moſt refined, abſtracted, metaphyſicall, ſubtilized, ſublimed and ſence-rarified; cauſe then moſt proportionable and ſutable to the ſimplicitie and puritie of the object it intends, and therefore conſequently to the extenſiveneſſe and infinitie of it, God being ſimply infinite and infinitely ſimple. And therefore as wiſedome conſiſts in the clearneſſe and quickneſſe, ſo in the inlargedneſſe, of the underſtanding; but ſince that knowledge that light in every thing wee draw from him is the onely true wiſedome, wee are then wiſeſt when our underſtandings are moſt clarified by him, moſt acted on him. And ſurely this clarifying of our faith is according to the intimateneſſe of our humbly bold acceſſe unto him; the nature of this Sunne being to give light to the blind, and that more or leſſe according as we are more off, or apply our ſelves nearer to

Him. And ſurely while we thus ſee God in the holieſt of holies, all the kingdomes of the earth in their freſheſt and heart-ſtealingeſt lovelineſſe, and that ſet forth in the moſt rich and glorious accoutrements, will lie at our feete as a dead and rotten carkaſſe; ſo farre ſhall we be from committing folly with it; ſo farre, that though then too our ſpirits be at the livelieſt, as they cannot but be, yet becauſe wee, nay therefore becauſe we, be as *crucified*, as *dead* to it, as it is to us. Such power hath this ſight to fill the heart with love, this love to hold the ſoule cloſe to God, from any thing that would part it from him, and to carry it forth in all readineſſe of obedience with him. When contrarily while we are looking on the world without God, we are but looking on ſo many lying vanities, that dead the heart to reall and full contentments, withholding it from God, and ſetting the hand on worke in the wayes of ſinne; which ſtill eſtrange the ſoule from Him, and keep Him at a diſtance from the ſoule; that more deading the heart, that, &c. ſo the ſoule running on in a round of wickedneſſe, if God not graciouſly breake in, and hinder its courſe. Which when he doth, his preſence makes grace to grow by the interchangeable officiouſneſſe of all its undivided parts. The ſight of God inflaming the affections, they inciting to actions, theſe againe ἀναζωπυροῦντες, ſtirring up the fire in more fervent flames, they giving in greater light, that diſcovering more beautie, that kindling more fire, that animating to more action, this againe, &c. ſo truely infinitely, infinitely, infinitely ſweet is the comfort of the God-converſing ſoule. The ſoule that hath *received the truth in the love thereof*; and *he that loves mee keepes my Commandements*, & *he that doth my will ſhall know my will*; he

he that hath my Commandements as his poſſeſſion, riches, &c. *and keepes them* as his greateſt joy comfort life, *he it is that loves me and to him will I manifeſt my ſelfe*; Now this manifeſtation againe fills the heart with more operative and effectuall love, this againe, &c. Thus *Faith Worketh by love, the fulfilling of the Law, the end of the Commandement out of a pure heart and of a good conſcience and of faith unfained*; the ſincerities whereof muſt needs be according to the ſight it hath of God, according to the lovelineſſe, worth chooſeableneſſe that it ſeeth in him. Faith then I take to be (by what of light in this night of blindneſſe and darkeneſſe I can ſee) ſuch a light as ſhining on the intentively beholding ſoule through the face of Chriſt, hath that influence and attractive power with it, to draw it up and make it cleave and adhære with all its might and ſtrength to God, to lift up the heart to, and make it goe along with him in all his wayes. While like the Helitrophion, it turnes and winds; ſhuts and opens with the motion of the Sunne of righteouſneſſe. And this light thus influenced, thus working (how ever clouded and obſcured to a Chriſtians ſelfe) to be wiſedome unto ſalvation, that effectuall knowledge of God & his Chriſt, comming into, and received of, the ſoule, that is life eternall already taken hold of, and ere long fully proſſeſſed, or thus,

Faith is a promiſe-lighted, ſeeking, light,
Burnes with pure fervent love, whoſe active might
In every radiant precept ſhining bright
Reflects its glory to the Father-Light.
Thus, theſe three-one obedience-faith-and love
Unite my ſoule to thoſe Thee-One Above.

John 11. 5. 7.

A ſeeking (*Iſaiah* 11.10. with *Romans* 15.13.) Satisfying (*John* 5.44. with *John* 14.1.) Faith, (*John* 1. 4. 19.) a ſincere (*Phil.* 1.10. *Matth.*6.22. *Eph.* 6. 24.) Fervent (*Cant.*8.6. 7.) love (*John* 14. 15.) an univerſall (*Pſal.* 119.6. *Jam.* 2.10. *Ephe.* 4. 23. *Matth.*5.10.) Conſtant (*Cor.*1.15.58.) Obedience. So that grace is, faith underſtanding, faith affecting, faith acting. And muſt needs, becauſe whatſoever is not of faith is ſinne. Neither indeed can I wonder how feare hath lead me to faith, but ſhud certainly take my ſelfe to be ſeduced, if it did not. All graces, how diſtant ſoever ſeeming, being of the ſame company, going the ſame way; ſo that he that is with one, muſt needs be with all. And queſtionleſſe all are wrought in the ſoule together, and grow together; how ever in the minoritie of our Chriſtianitie God may teach us *methodo analytica*, may as it were parcell them forth into ſeverall leſſons, till our capacities are more widened and ſtrengthned for the fuller and compleater apprehenſion of them, according as wee grow in our manhood in Chriſt Jeſus. And hence is it that ſo often in Scripture a Chriſtian is caracteriſed by one onely; But eſpecially by faith and feare, that in the old, this in the new Teſtament; one, in Chriſt more darkly ſhadowed out, the other in Him more evidently revealed, but both in Him: according to the *manifold wiſdome of God* in Him by whom Hee hath reconciled all things, the ſeverall kinds of actings of the ſoule as well as ſeverall ſoules to one another, and all to himſelfe. So that what they ſaid of their vertues, that there was *cognatio quædam & arcta neceſſitas* betweene them, I am ſure holdeth moſt true of graces; betwixt whom there is

cognatio

cognatio certa & neceſſitas perquam arctiſſima. All of the nobleſt and familiareſt conſanguinitie, being all of the blood of Chriſt. Or conceive them as ſo many linkes of a Bracelet, the love token of the ſoule from its Chriſt, lincked together in an invielable concatination; you cannot breake off one, but the whole figure and forme of the worke (as it is ſaid of the Commandements whereby theſe are framed (as it were) and caſt) is broken. And indeed there is nothing of Chriſt in the ſoule, but it is Chriſt. *Chriſt formed in you. You have not ſo learned Chriſt. We preach Chriſt, &c.* the whole ſum of the Goſpell-Law, and Law-giving Goſpell, and conſequently the whole worke of grace being onely Chriſt. So that we cannot ſo much as thinke the leaſt good thought of our ſelves. What we doe, what we have, what we are, of good, we doe, we have, we are not; but it is God, the ſpirit of Chriſt that dwells in us, and ſo indeed ours, ſo we, as Chriſtians as outed of our ſelves, as *inned in God, partakers of the divine Nature, &c.* whoſe being in us habitually, whoſe acting in us, imminently or tranſiently, is all our grace. Now the ſpirit of God is indiviſible, and therefore are all our graces; homogeneous, harmonious; have a gracefull ſymetrie, analogie, proportion, to one another; make but one ſyſteme, joynt frame, and body of Chriſtianitie; how different ſo ever, how diſcrepant ſoever the parts, the members ſeeme, they are gracefull to, uſefull to each other. Are like ſo many faculties of the ſame ſoule in innocency, before by our fall they were like a watch daſhed againſt, troubling and ſtopping the courſe of one another. Which mended againe by their maker, though like ſeverall wheeles they ſeeme to move not onely diverſly but contrarily, yet are they all mo-

ved by one ſpring, and further the due motion of each other, and all tend to the ſame end, the promoveing of the ſame gnomen, in promoting of the glory of their God, and ſetting forth the praiſe of that never-ſufficiently admired workemanſhip. (And though there may be ſome hamerings and knockings in ſetting the minde in frame, ſome paines in the new birth, ſome harſhneſſe in the tuning of the ſoule, yet they do all tend to the compleating of that inconceiveable harmony. Though God often times, (ſpecially in the more powerfull times of the Goſpell) brings forth Chriſt formed, as it were without any paine, tunes the heart as it were with one touch, and ſets up the whole and joynt frame of the temple, without ſcarſe any the leaſt ſound of the hammer.) And as a wheele, not onely by, but in its going downe, is *Ipſo facto* going up, ſo thoſe graces that ſeeme onely to caſt downe the ſoule, doe not onely afterward, but in the very doing of it, raiſe it up; as humilitie, feare, griefe, &c. which ſo farre as divine, and as I may ſay Goſpell-proofe, are ſtill rayſing up the ſoule in the greater aſſurance, magnanimitie, joy, and theſe (as it were) ſtill caſting it downe, and that againe rayſing it up, &c. As there is nothing that more humbles the ſoule then heavenly mindednesſe, ſo is there nothing that more ſublimes it then humilitie; as there is nothing that ſtrikes the ſoule with a deeper awe then the aſſurance of the eternall love, ſo in the feare of *Jehovah* is the ſtrongeſt confidence; as it is an unſound and vaine joy that hath no acquaintance with ſorrow, ſo is it a ſinfull and death-working ſorrow that reares not up the ſoule to more livelineſſe and joy, &c.

And thus we progreſſe on our ſpeedy round,
While grace helpes grace to rid away the ground.

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Not grace and grace, but one promoveing wheele,
Whoſe apprehenſion-parted particles feele
Their one ſelfe equally-proficients, while
We are one Chriſt, converts us from this ſoyle
In never-reſting firie circles, till
In perfect motion on our holy hill,
Thus while the world runs roundly downe to Hell,
We roundly up to th' Heavenly Domicill.

Chriſt, I ſee, I fall, I fall in love, for love I die, this death's my life, this life's my worke, this worke's my life, this life's my light, this lively light's my death, this death's my fall, my riſe to come to flie unto my light love life my Chriſt. Happy, happy ſoule *in truth*, whom the ſight of God the beautie of truth of holineſſe ſhining through the face of Chriſt as a mutuall perſpective of reciprocall delight, keepes in an humble-meeke-peaceable-lovefull-fearing-joying-ſtrongly-confident every-way gratious poſture! And hither I ſuppoſe lookes that of *Iames, the meekeneſſe of wiſedome*; not onely cauſe they as all graces convene in one bundle of life, in one poeſie of heavenly fragrancies; nor of the proficiencie of wiſedome by meekeneſſe, in that the humble he will teach; nor from the nature of it, in that *the wiſedome from above is firſt pure and thence peaceable gentle eaſie to be intreated, &c.* as in pure cleane ſweet-juiced bodies, free from the repugnancie of ſower cholericke hetrogeneous humors; but becauſe the firſt riſe of this ſo eſpecially bleſſed grace is from wiſedome, from the knowledge of God and our ſelves. And hither that, *unite my heart to feare thy name*, as touched before. And that, *fearefull in praiſes*, the ſame diſcovery that preſents me God praiſe worthy for his great goodneſſe preſenting me him feare-worthy for his good greatneſſe. Hither that, *now I have ſeene thee with*

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the ſeeing of the eye I abhorre my ſelfe in duſt and aſhes, the ſoule might heare elſe long enough, (though indeed too faith comes by hearing, yet ſo as it is made an effectuall meanes to open the eyes.) And hither that, *holy, holy, holy, I am a man, &c.* Hither that behaviour of the *foure and twenty Elders*, that on the contemplation of the excellencies of God *threw downe their crownes*, their excellencies at his feete, as being nothing but what they had of Him, in Him, for Him. But life would faile mee, in referring zeale and conſtancie, &c. and all other graces hither, in what dependancie relation they ſtood to one another. Sinne being like ſo much muck and dung on the fire of zeale; the more unmixt, the more intent, &c. *The feare of the Lord being a cleane feare and abiding for ever*; *make me ſound in thy ſtatutes and ſtedfaſt in thy Covenant*; *The inheritance undefiled that fadeth not away*; τὰ ῥυπὰ τὰ πιστὰ; how that the purer the thing is, the more free from corruption, heterogeneouſneſſe, the more ſtable firme durable it is, ſo the body, ſo the ſoule. But now we know this puritie, this ſinceritie is by this diſcovery, therefore this conſtancy, this zeale, &c. And hither that, the things that are ſeene are temporall but the things that are not ſeene are eternall. The things that are not ſeene being rare pure holy ſimple, &c. and therefore free from corruption, and therefore from alteration, from decay. But into what a bleſſed maze, and gladly involving labarinth haſt thou wound thy ſelfe O my ſoule! And ſha't thou be ſo unhappy ever to finde the way out againe? Is it not good for us ever to wander here, in theſe paths of pleaſure, and walkes of delight? Can there be any thing that can ſteale away the heart ſo ſurrounded with ſuch glories, ſuch loves?

loves? But, art thou not to thy ſelfe but to thy God, and doth he call thee to workes of an inferiour nature? Still worke and wonder, worke and love, worke and bleſſe; ſtill keepe thy ground, thy God, who is the God of the vallies as well as of the mountaines. And ſtill while thou art walking with him thorough a diverſe path, looſe thy ſelfe in him, who ſhall ſhortly with all them that in truth have knowne his name, be ever loſt in the bleſſed contemplation of the wonderfull contrivances of the eternall wiſedome. When there ſhall be no more eating and drinking, no more ſleeping and reſt, no more ſpending of ſpirits, no more avocations from the immediate and uninterrupted continually active contemplation in that full viſion of the onely bleſſed God, and in him of all his wonderfull works. When there ſhall be no ſucceſſiveneſſe of plenary intuition and perfect action, but ſtill the heart that knowes-loves-obeyes him, continually overpowred with the bleſſed viſion and over-flowing in loves and ſweetneſſes, ſhall be inceſſantly running over in heart raviſhing praiſings, and intranced in perpetuall extaſies. Who is it that even now is able to conceive the heaven that is in his owne heart? what then when we there ſeemd love-and-ſing-and-ſing-and-love-and ſee eternally! when we ſhall not onely have the ſpirit in us, but be in, be wholy in the ſpirit. Perfuſed, baptized, overwhelmed with it. Not onely ſee and have, light, joy, love, ſpirit, but be In, nay be ſpirit, light, joy, love! And now O Lord what are wee that it ſhould be thus with us! O thou life of life! and being of beings! thou incomprehenſible God! What is it to thee that wee know thee? that we love thee? *what pleaſure haſt thou in our righteouſneſſe? or what profit is it to thee that we make our wayes perfect?*

fect? ſurely O Lord thou haſt thou haſt none! who art ſo infinitely above all happie and holy! none but what thou acceptest as ſuch in him, in whom thou onely art, in whom we onely are, well pleaſed. In whom thou wilt welcome us, with a *Well done, good and faithfull ſervant*, when thou ſhalt *find us ſo doing*, who have *done, nothing*. What are our underſtandingſt thoughts of thee; but as ſo many miſhapen confuſed conceits? What our appoſiteſt ſpeeches but as ſo much jabbering and gibberiſh? What our accurateſt performances, but as ſo many trifling toyes? All childiſh childiſh all. What are they further then they are exerciſes of, then they are teſtimonies of our love; *the end, the ſumme, of all the Commandements*. Yet what too are our ſtrongeſt our heart-poſſeſſingeſt loves, but as ſo many fond and fleeting paſſions? And yet thou looking on us and we on thee thorough the face of thy Chriſt, that perſpective of mutuall luſtre and glory (from, in and for whom are all our thoughts, words, affections, actions, and ought that ought is) art pleaſed to accept them as the thoughts, as the language, as the love, as the life of Angells. Whom thou haſt made *miniſtring ſpirits to thy choſen, thy faithfull*, that wee with them, and they with us, *preferring each other in honour*, might all joyntly promote the honour of our onely-honour-worthy God. O the freeneſſe of thy grace! the unfathomedneſſe of thy wiſedome! the incomprehenſibleneſſe of thy glory! O where is the learning that hath learnt thee, that would not willingly debaſe it ſelfe, throw downe it ſelfe, as the footſtoole before thy Throne and the Throne of thy Chriſt! as being nothing but what it is in rayſing up the ſoule to a dutie-learning, to an humble walking with thee: that would not willingly as it were, unlearne all, and learne it over againe in thy Chriſt? where are thoſe fond

fond and ſelfe-conceited Opiniaſters that would not lay downe all at his feete, at leaſt meekely and ſelfe-ſuſpectingly mannage their Scripture-unevidenced tenets. O did we know in what a blacke cloud of ignorance wee were all involved! in what a *night* of palpable darkeneſſe! (an epithite not unknowne to a Chriſtian heart, that cannot but be feelingly ſenſible of it.) Had our memories oftener reſourſe to that Originall pride, that confounded the language of our minds, as well as that of our tongues; or thought that multiplicitie and incertainty of opinions may ſince purpoſely be permitted by the divine wiſedome and gratious juſtice to lay us low in our owne eyes, to make us out of love with our ſelves, &c. how could we then be ſo *proud?* and not ſo, ſo *contentious?* Why may not all that hold the ſame head, have the ſame heart? why may not there be diſſention, without contention? But *every one ſeeke their owne and none of Chriſt.* Which true foundation, or foundation of truth, laine *in the heart* if any ſhall (as who doth not) among our gold and ſilver, unwittingly build ſtraw and ſtubble, why ſhould not we labour to purge one anothers droſſe with a tender love and carefull ſalvation (as I may ſay) of one anothers reſpects, content, peace, whom the God of love and peace hath promiſed to ſave eternally? Or had we obſerved, that it is with Chriſtians as with the tenent and morteſſe in building, the condyles and concavities in the bones of the body; he is that eminent at one end (as it were) may be defective at the other, that is excellent in this, may be wanting in that; that ſo wee may fall in with, joyne cloſer to one another in one & the ſame building frame and growing body; ſo farre ſhould we be from making them as arguments to keepe us at

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the greater distance. And what indeed is the end of Gods various dispensation of himselfe in such diversitie of gifts, parts, abilities, if not that hee might shew the more of his wisedome in drawing them all so compleatly into one gracefull knot; the bond of peace, love; that in such, if not by such a variety, can preserve the unitie, if not further the harmony of the spirit of the Lord Jesus (*Ephes.* 4. *perlege*) Or to what purpose is our knowledge, but for love, for charitie? *the fulfilling of the Law, the end of the Commandement out of a pure conscience and of faith unfained? This is the sincere*, the true faith, and knowledge, that thus workes. What puritie of conscience, what life of affection, I see in the conversation (*cæteris paribus*) by that shall I judge of the truth of the measure of the faith, the knowledge, as the roote by the fruit; and by that I look to be judged by the judge of all things; by him whose *call* is *for*, whose *residence* is *in*, whose *shining* is *into*, *the heart*, where he shewes himselfe, where he is, where he ha's savingly. Not by what is found in my braine, my head, but in my brest my heart; that which sitteth here making musicke to the Lord with a gratious *answering to all his wills*, a glorious admiration of his love his wisedome, &c. his mercifull acceptance in the Lord Christ, and not that which is jarring with others there. That which sounds forth God in its life, and not that which sounds forth it selfe in its tongue. The Divill I beleeve hath as much knowledge, and can dictate as excellent discourse, as all the men of the world. Knowledge, so farre as it is not cordiall and living, so farre as it is not sappy savory and fruitfull, but dry and barren, or bringing forth wild thistles, so farre I shall never thinke it to have the Lord Christ for its roote. So farre as it is not

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ſapida & ſertilis, it will proove but *inſipida & ſurilis*, fooliſh and vaine. I would have knowledge then bee my food, and my food my ſtrength, and my ſtrength my exerciſe. I wu'd feede with delight, but not for delight; but for the better diſgeſting of my knowledge into an aſſimulated practice. And be our opinions, notions, what they will, if they convey no more of God along with them, certainly they never came of his ſending, who alwayes comes along with the true underſtanding of his will, of himſelfe the onely truth. And by more of his preſence induceth more glorious light-more humble love-more faithfull action. And to what purpoſe have our hearts tugged ſo hard at heaven, for the pulling downe of thoſe ſpirituall wickedneſſes, and exalted vileneſſes, but as they have held up the heads, and ſtrengthned the hands of the ungodly? but as they are thoſe of whom we have no warrant, that they had their commiſſion from him, and therefore no promiſe that hee would diſpence himſelfe through them, but as they are intruders betweene God and us, and obtruders of their ceremoniall and traditionall obſtructions in our immediater approaches to him, and they taken away wee might have more of him, and that, that wee might doe more for him. But now, to have the obſtacles removed, and the end never the nearer attained, to what purpoſe is it? To have thoſe who under the pretence of being the Conduit pipes, were the dirt and filth that ſtopped them; of being the Contrefeneſtres, the ſhutting windowes to keepe out the theevery of innovations, ſchiſmes, ſeperations, &c. out of the Church, keepe out the light and truth, and were the greateſt ſchiſmaticks renters of the Church themſelves, to have theſe I ſay removed (as ſure enough they

זלזל Pſal. 12.

they ſhall at what ever rate) and wee draw never the more light and life into our hearts into our lives, but ſtill hugge our owne fond imaginations, ſtill ſeeke about in ſuch extravagancies after our owne inventions, *lying vanities*, that promiſe faire, and performe worſe then nothing, what other will it be interpreted by him then the diſpiſing, the turning of his goodneſſe *his glory into ſhame*, while we know God more, but know him not, and therefore worſhip him not, as God, the commander of the whole man. But thoſe (O Lord) that know what it is to know thee, can they but be thankfull, in an active, and action-denying thankefulnes? O then that thou wouldeſt accompliſh the work that thou haſt ſo gratiouſly ſo powerfully undertaken. How long ſhall thy ſervants nauſeate at the fulſomeneſſe of their pride? Though they make the hearts of kingdomes ſtill ake with it, let them be vomited, be vomited forth thoroughly. Rather let us be pained with our cure, that not prevent our death. We, yea, thou art ſicke of their *Lukewarmeneſſe*, O when wut thou *ſpue them out of thy mouth*. So will we flocke up to mountaines of thy houſe, and poure forth our ſoules *in thy* praiſes. So in the humilitie of our ſpirits will we ſit at the feet of thy Jeſus; and learne at the mouths of thy holy ſervants. So ſhall our hearts bow before thee, and our hands be dilgent in thy ſervice. So ſhall holineſſe bee written on our pathes, and our lives be the memorialls of thy mercies. So ſhall the review of thy favours be as the fringe for remembrance of thy precepts. So ſhall the wonderfulneſſe of our deliverancies be read in the wonderfulneſſe of our obedience. So will we commune with our owne hearts and be ſtill, and ſay, what have wee returned thee? What ſinne have we more crucified, what

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dutie have we more, have we better done? So will we offer unto thee, the ſacrifice of righteouſneſſe, of a broken and contrite heart. While wee bind all the faculties of our ſoule and members of our bodies to thy Altar: With the cords of our affections to thy Chriſt, and thou ſha't accept them gratiouſly.

O Lord, our hearts, thy Sion!

DElayes are neither conſtant grounds of ſuſpect, nor diſpaire, neither of ſuſpect of the promiſers preſent good will, nor of diſpaire of the promiſe it's future performance. In my laſt I promiſed you another, which till now you received not; yet hath this delay neither proved an utter ſilence, nor proceeded from an unfriendlike diſreſpect. God hath promiſed you deliverance which yet you have not yet received; yet can this protration neither argue a change of his fatherly affection, nor unchangeableneſſe of your childlike afflictions. Neither is it a ground for your doubt of his great prudence or gracious goodneſſe in correcting, nor of your comfortable ſupport in, or ſeaſonable freedome from, the correction. *He that beleeveth maketh not haſte.* Faith is confident of the iſſue, patience attendant on the time. Two ſweet and never-parting companions! An unbeleeving patience, or an impatient beleefe, how diſſonant are they in the eares of a Chriſtian? How can I, with a truly ſubmiſſive and not preſuming patience, waite on that God either for helpe in or from diſtreſſe, whom I beleeve not on good grounds to be my reconciled father in Chriſt? Who in him hath promiſed both; who is faithfull and

will not ſuffer, &c. 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. and thus beleeveing, how can I but thus patiently waite on him? And happy thrice happy man is he that thus waites, thus beleeves! Let our afflictions be never ſo various, never ſo tedious, let our mindes be never ſo diſquieted, our bodies never ſo diſeaſed, our eſtates never ſo diſtracted, in a word let deepe call upon deepe, and all the waves and billowes of God paſſe over us (as *David* complaines, *Pſal.* 42. 7. let afflictions be continuall (as *v.* 3.) yet but let us with the hand of faith lay faſt hold on his loving kindneſſe (*v.* 8.) on his power in taking him for our rocke (*v.* 9.) and this will beare up our heads from ſinking, cheare up our hearts from fainting, cloſe up our mouthes from murmuring, yea fill them with praiſes (*v. ult.*) in the middeſt of the waters, be they never ſo violent, never ſo ſhoreleſſe. Confeſſe I do the multitude and continuance of croſſes are of themſelves too heavy weights, and may adde much to the burthen; ſo much it may bee as may bruiſe, but never ſo much as may breake the backe of a true beleever. And yet why talke I either of bruiſing or breaking? ſince I may boldly ſay, be but confident, and you ſhall be patient, be but patient, and the burthen ſhall be tolerable, and not onely tolerable, but eaſie, not eaſie onely but pleaſant. A paradox to a naturall man, but to a ſpirituall a moſt approved truth. Otherwiſe what leſſe then a rigid taskmaſter might the ſpirit of God ſeeme. Who inſtead of facilitating a Chriſtians ſuffering, ſhould by the impoſing of an impoſſibilitie exaſperate it, were it not a *grace* that he wu'd *give to the humble? James* 1. *v.* 2. a verſe with the two following well worthy your ſerious conſideration. Hee ſaith not, repine not, or further, be patient, but yet further, rejoyce;

and

and how? coldly, or by halfes? no, with all joy: and that when in temptation onely? no in temptations: and thoſe divers too; and that indefinitely for degrees, not in little onely but in temptations, be they what they will be, more or leſſe, more or leſſe violent: and that when we meet with temptations? No, when we *fall into* them, when we tumble as it were headlong into the pit, whence there is no eaſie or ſuddaine riſing. So that we muſt not onely not repine, but be patient, not onely bee patient but rejoyce, and that with all joy, and that even in the middeſt of the moſt tedious, moſt various, moſt grievous temptations: not onely in the calmeneſſe of peace, in the Sunſhine of honour, in the harveſt of riches, in the Eden of pleaſure, in a word when the faire skie of proſperitie on every ſide invites us thereunto, but even then when the glorious Sunne of comfort, our ever-gracious God withdrawes his loving countenance from the ſenſuall eye, within the darke clouds of poverty diſgrace ſickneſſe, &c. when on every ſide the tempeſts of trouble and anxiety beat hard on the ſoule; then even then is it time for it by the ſpirituall eye of faith to pierce theſe clouds and ſee the loving countenance of its God ſhining on it even then as bright as ever. Then is it time for patience to be a prop to the head, for joy to bee a cordiall to the heart. Away then with that diſtruſt that breeds impatiency, that impatiency that breeds ſorrow, that ſorrow that breeds affliction. For indeed no evill afflicts further then it affects, nor affects farther then it enters, nor enters farther then it findes a diſtruſting and yeelding heart. Let not therefore unbeliefe betray your ſoule to the tyranny of griefe. Let then the divell, the world, and the fleſh conſpire againſt us, let them muſter

up all their forces, let them environ us with the closest siege, let them cut off all comfortable supplies, let them make the most thundering temptations, the most piercing calamities; they can devise? yet why should wee so dishonour our good, disadvantage our selves, as to yeeld where he hath undertaken to defend? where with out yeelding there is no being overcome, and where the being overcome is so dangerous? Maugre all the sickneſse and paine of the flesh, all the discredit displeasure disprofit of the world, yea all the temptations of the divell whatsoever, make but God your stay and strength, bring but your heart to him by unfained repentance for your swarving from him, and him to your heart by a faithfull dependance and relying on him, and you shall remaine as mount Zion that shall not bee removed, And happy, happy sure is that man whose enemies make him such a friend. And indeed nothing, nothing so happy were you, when they presented themselves unto you under the specious vizard of health wealth and honour, When they sang unto you their intising songs of ease peace and pleasure, as now when they show themselves in their colours, come against you with banners displayed, and beat up on every side alarums of terrour and amazement. For then were those fained songs apart to lull you asleepe in the cradle of securitie, those false sights to make you take them for friends, at least not for foes, at least not so deadly foes. But now you see them in their right shape, heare them in their right tone, you fly for succour from a dissembling enemy to a faithfull friend. Who in that he is God cannot but give safe protection, who in that he is good cannot but give all ready and requisite protection, to all that truly come in unto

to him. And ſurely he that is all in all, is able to counterpoiſe, yea infinitely to over-poyſe all carnall contentments. For indeed what of delight is there in any of theſe worldly things we call good, as health wealth, &c. Which from him they have not, or without him can have. There is, there is ſurely nothing in them of themſelves, but vanitie and vexation of ſpirit. Neither is it the meere want or poſſeſſion of them, but the abſence or preſence of (our ever-preſent God) in or with them that can make a man richer happy or unhappy. How elſe can *Paul* and *Silas* ſing in a priſon, when *Ahab* lies ſorrow-ſick in a Palace? How elſe can *Jobs* loſſe make him patiently dependon God, when *Judahs* gaine makes him deſperately depend on a tree? God then muſt be the ingredient in all theſe earthly things, elſe are they like thoſe phyſicall drugges with uncorrected ſooner ruine then reſtore. So that what is proſperitie unſanctified, but adverſitie, what adverſitie ſanctified but proſperitie. And bleſſed ever bleſſed is that man, that thus knowes the peace of perplexitie, the riches of poverty, the credit of diſcredit, the pleaſure of paine, the health of ſickneſſe, the libertie of impriſonment; the joy of ſorrow, in a word the proſperitie of adverſitie. And this he knoweth that hath God for his God. Faile then heart and ſtrength, yet ſhall the ſtrength of our heart faile never. Shall be with us in the fire and in the water, bee an Arke to his *Noah* a *Zoar* to his *Lot*.

Et pater & mater deſunt, nec reſtat amicus,
Nec manet ulla domus, nec manet ulla ſalus.
Tot haud habere ſentias necem mala.
Omnia quæ multis dantur, tibi nulla, ſed ipſum
(Quod vel perpaucis) reddidit ille Deus.
Hic inſtar omnium ſit, atque prævalet.

MY neare and deare friend in the Lord Jesus, I cannot but according to your desire acquaint you with present passages; and passages I may well say, for all these things are but passing shadowes, nothing. Were we in our own place, we might look down upon them as little fleeting vapoury clouds, without raine. Or else see our selves so far above them in this third region, as wee need not feare the storme. It is unworthy the thought of a Christian that hath already *Laid hold of eternall life*, to shrink at the appearing losse of a mortall. But we are men. But God is God. And he is *our own God, the God of our salvation, &c.* O that we could, that we alwayes could see our selves *so partakers of the divine nature, so filled with all the fulnesse of God*, that we could look upon life and death, principalities, powers, &c. as things given in unto us, and all as things under our feet, at our command; for so they are to him that beleeves, for *all are ours, and we are Christs, and Christ is Gods*. Our faith must fall before we, and our God before our faith. For it is founded on that rock, that living stone, that is the life of all the building. Let us stand therefore having taken us unto the whole armour of God, for what can the man doe that comes after the devill? And surely little, nay no cause have we to feare in adversity, that can stand in prosperity. That soule, and only that soule that in this estate can *follow God fully*, be so satisfied with the hourely, minutely presence of God, that in all things it crosses it selfe of its own will, as not enduring the least estrangement

eſtrangement from him, certainly in the other the mercies of God ſhall ſo follow him, ſo ſhall he delight himſelfe continually in him, as that in all things hee will croſſe men and devils of their wills againſt him, and ſo over-powre him with the light of his countenance, without which he was dead in the deareſt injoyments, and with which he lives in the deadlieſt confuſions) as ſhall make them gnaſh their teeth to ſee ſuch a divine reflect from that light unſpeakable and glorious, whereby he ſhall be able to laugh death and deſtruction in the face. But ſhall we not feare, not grieve? He is no true Chriſtian that doth not. *Shall the Lion roare, and We not tremble?* Yet muſt we be confident in this feare, and joy in this ſorrow. And indeed the feare of God is ſtrength, (*Prov.* 14. 26. *Pſal.* 112. 1. with ver. 7. and 8.) And by the humility of our heart is our truſt in the Lord, *Prov.* 28. 25. But audacioufneſſe and pride will ſhrinke in the wetting. Neither will *James* his joy, 1. 2. hold good without *Pauls* ſorrow, 2 *Cor.* 7. 7. Nor his ſorrow without his joy. It is not the exceſſe of feare and griefe, but the defect of confidence and joy that hurts us. Our own weakneſſe can never too much fright us. Our own and others ſins grieve us. Neither will it be found ſo proper and ſoveraign a ſalve to thoſe happily languiſhing conſciences, to tell them they are too much dejected, caſt down, ſorrowfull; but rather they have too litle lifted up Chriſt in their hearts, and their hearts in Chriſt. It is impoſſible to think too baſely of our ſelves (and if there may be degrees in impoſſibility) more impoſſible to think too highly of Him. When we are led back by any particular ſin to the Originall ſource of all (as wee muſt if we mean to know it to any purpoſe) and ſee the

horrid ſhape of it, and become ſenſible of the malignity, the univerſality, the inherencie of it, &c. with all thoſe infinite (as to us) actuall breakings out of rebellion from it, or rather the divers kinde of breaking out of one continued unintermitting act; now while the ſoule is thus taking a bottome-and through-ſearching view of it ſelfe, by a beame of the divine Light and Love ſhed abroad in its heart (without which it could make no through, no true diſcovery of it) and thereupon throwes it ſelfe below the loweſt hell, in a ſenſible ſelf-condemning, while it is ſtill held up by the hand of faith in an unſpeakably bleſſed diſtraction; now to ſee this Sun of Righteouſneſſe ſtill riſing, and riſing with its infinite-ſurpaſſing infiniteneſſe of glory, ſplendor, lovelineſſe upon the light-transformed ſoule, lying under the gracious droppings of its healing wings, O how ſweet is that healing! How, how glorious that Sun! But the ſeeing, the feeling ſoul, where is it? How high! how low! How loſt between both! Be then as ſorrowfull my ſoule as may be, thou canſt not be enough for ſin. As joyfull as may be, thou canſt not be enough for grace. Abate not of that ſorrow, but increaſe this joy. Goe as low as thou canſt, but bee ſure thou riſeſt higher by it. To be ſo dejected and caſt down, as not to be heightned, raiſed by it, in the admiration, the love, the life of thy Saviour, is indeed to have proud and haughty thoughts of thy ſelfe, and low and undervaluing of thy Chriſt. Never feare thy livelineſſe and cheerfulneſſe ſo far, as duely objected on him. Nor leſſen ſo much thy love to the creature, as augment it to Him thy Creator. Affect with the ſtrongeſt and heartieſt indearement any thing beſide him, and yet abhorre it with the moſt deteſting and abominating hatred for him.

There

There is nothing that I ſet my eye on that I wu'd not love as proceeding from him, as ſubſiſting in him. But ſo far as degenerate from him, as comming in competition with him, the indignation wherewith it affects me is inutterable. Thus ſhall Ceſar beſt have his due, and God his: Himſelf, and what is ſubordinate to him. God takes away no affection no nor the intenſiveneſſe of it, but onely its obliquitie to the object. Nay I am perſwaded that all worldly feare, all worldly ſorrow fall farre ſhort of ſpirituall; the one being from a diſpleaſing world which is finite, the other from a diſpleaſed God who is infinite. But how great then is that confident joy to which this fearing griefe is but a ſet off? For theſe to overcome the ſoule and them for Chriſt to come and overcome that conqueſt what a triumph will there be? Oh the depth of the riches both of the wiſedome and knowledge of God, &c. And bleſſed, ever bleſſed be our God that we are not of them from whom hee hath hid the miſtery of godlineſſe! ſtrength made perfect in weakeneſſe, concording diſcord. And if it be the glory of God to bring light out of darkeneſſe, good out of evill, how can we but rejoyce that by being ſubjects of the one we come to bethe inſtruments of the other, 2 *Cor.*12.1 *Cor.*2.5. And if good be the object of the concupiſcible facultie, why ſhu'd we make our affections the object of our iraſcible. The Lord ſtrengthen us with joy in the inner man, and then goe it how it will with the outer. So may we gladly keepe the word of his patience in the ſaddeſt and patience-aſſaultingſt times; ſo ſhall hee keepe us from, or at leaſt in, and therefore from, the houre of temptation that ſhall come upon all the world to try them. Now is it a time for the patience of the Saints, for them that keepe the

Com-

Commandements of God and the faith of Jesus: Now is it a time for those that have held fast this inviolable knot in the bond of love, to hold up their heads in rejoycing, as then knowing the greater redemption drawes nigh when the greater calamitie approaches. Thus what ever of *these things we may know already* (feelingly in the heart, if not notionally & perspicuously in the head) *let us not faile to put one another alwayes in remembrance. Alwayes striving together in our Prayers, and that with no small conflict of heart that we may be comforted, being knit together in love and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgement of the mistery of God, and the Father, and of Christ.* Had we more godly and brotherly love, wee should have more comfort, and that would hunger after more knowledge, and that fill with more assurance, and that furnish with more grace, and all acknowledge the mistery of the puritie, of the wisedome, of the love of the Godhead. So much spirit so much faith, so much faith so much Christ, so much Christ so much love, so much love so much knowledge, so much knowledge so much fulnesse of God. *Eph.*3.16.&c. Come then what may come, befall what may befall to the flesh: The Lord be with, the Lord will be with, will be, our Spirits.

Ruat Mundus, Restat Deus.

PLay on about the Candle wanton flie,
Play, sindge thy wings, consume thy soule, and die.
Make jests of Scripture-jeere the God of heaven,
Laugh at the Light-mock them who hath receiven

It

It in their hearts-and ſhine it in their lives.
Invent unheard of opprobries; contrive
New faſhion'd obloquies; ſcum hell for ſcurrulous wit,
Or dive th'loweſt depths of the unfathom'd pit.
'Twill furniſh thee with juſt ſufficient ſtore
To make thy ſelfe a foole and nothing more.
Enough, and but enough, to over-reach
And cheate thy ſelfe, th' infernall cheater I teach.
Elſe ſhud'ſt be wiſer then thy maſter, ſhud
Thy wit have wit enough to make thee good.
On madneſſe, belch thy deadly Antipathie
To heaven in thy horrid blaſphemy.
Caſt up thy workes, and reare thy mounts on high,
Heape fetch on fetch, to overtop the skie.
Shield thee with diſtinctions, ſay it is not him
Thou ſhoot'ſt at, but his word, Saint, Image, Limbe.
Not God, but God in them. While merrily along
To the correcting ſtocks the foole holds on
His heedleſſe way, tickled with the high deſert
Of h's flattering wit into his endleſſe ſmart.

PUritan, the invention of Hell, the Character of a Chriſtian, the language of prophaneneſſe, the blaſphemy of God, the evomition of a heart deſperately wicked, a glorious defamation, an undermining of, an open thruſt at the very heart, life, and power of Religon, an evident preferring of Phariſaicall formes and Laodecean neutralitie, a Match-divillian device to kindle fire in Church and State; a ſlie practiſe of the old Serpents old maxime, Divide and Raigne; a word that is as it is made, enterteined. And what indeed is this Puritan but a Proteſtant drawing naturall concluſions from his owne

præmiſes

præmiſes, beleeving and living according to his owne profeſſion, at the higheſt pitch of his owne principles. Nor know I indeed how one differs otherwiſe from the other then a Papiſt from an Arminian. A perfect birth from an Embrio; a Bird from an Egge. Time and due heate (*Cæteris non obſtantibus*) will give them both their full maturity. And as I have had it from good hands, confeſſed by a Papiſts that Proteſtaniſme not kept down wu'd naturally grow up to Puritaniſme. And ſurely that which doth not is but a dry and dead ſtumpe without branches, or at fartheſt leaves without fruite. Is that *tree* which *cumbers the ground*, is that *ground which is nigh unto curſing*, to the executed ſentence of its amendment-unaverted judgement. Let then this or whatſoever other ſynonymous Nickname, any divill-brooded braine hath latelier hatched, be ſent forth dreſt in the gaveſt feathers of proud and *ſelfe-conceited* and therefore *deſperately fooliſh* wit, yet ſhall they prove but finer colour'd excrements, but enſignes of their vanitie (and therefore not ſeaſonably prevented) of their eternall *vexation of ſpirit*. But what then thoſe more blacke and darke aſperſions of impudently-forheaded calumniators, with the very thoughts whereof I abhorre to defile my memory. Whoſe empty whoſe witleſſe wit, is ſo taking with, becauſe ſo eaſily apprehenſible by, ſo aptly ſutable to, corrupt nature: While the ſubſtantiall wiſedome of heaven is only *juſtified by her children*. Who have learnt of her, how ever theſe ſcoffers deceive themſelves, God, whom in his word, Saints, &c. they mock, will *not* be *mocked*, *Jude* 15. *Act.* 4. 9. *Matth.* 25. 42. *&c.*

Try all things, hold faſt that which is good.

REject the Branne, reteine the flower.
All things abide their ſifting houre.

Perfection onely in Heaven is.
'Tis knowledge here to know we misse.
But they who studdy not to advance,
Are ignorant of their ignorance.
But we that follow on to know,
In floods of lights and loves shall flow.
Baptiz'd in glory, till wee see
Th' unseene in all his Puritie.
But what? O what! then shall we be,
Who so much of him here can see?
Chant in a fire of humble zeale,
Soule-loosing hymns of restlesse weale.
Ravish't, and ravish't, while we rest,
Hugg'd in his aye-fomenting brest.
Surrounded in a Maze of blisse:
Distracted with felicities.
While firmely resident in one
In whom All knowables are knowne.
The things that neither eye, eare heart,
Can see heare thinke the millionth part:
Who see not love simplicitie,
Infinit Invisibilitie.
O what! what then! who this now, know!
Yet know not ought, as w' ought to know!

'Tis calme within, and so I sang before.
'Tis calme without, so sing what sang before.
My head-my heart-my hand shall sing
My God my Prophet Priest and King.
These three below with those above
Shall make six parts unite in love.
And so I sang in the extreamest storme,
And what else can I'n the sereneſt calme.

O Teach thy ſervant to be humble,
for the humble thou wilt teach.
Let him ſee thee and he dies,
and he lives for ever.
Send forth thy Light and thy Truth,
and let them lead him in thy preſence.
Cauſe thy face to ſhine upon him,
and it will teach him they ſtatutes.
Thy loving kindneſſe is better then life,
O let it never depart from him.
O Comfort him with thy Apples,
and refeſh him with thy Cordialls.
For his ſoule is ſicke, is ſicke with love,
O thou Diſcerner of hearts.
Why are thy Chariot wheeles ſo ſlow,
How long ſhall he looke out of the window!
How, how long ſhall thoſe beauties be masked,
and the God of glory vailed!
When ſhall this night of ignorance turne day,
and theſe thicke clouds be diſperſed!
Why haſt thou ſhowne thee and but ſhown thee,
O fully, abidingly,
Thou haſt wounded his heart with thy glories,
and it bleedeth inwardly.
It ſinkes, it falls, it dies,
for want of more wounding.
'Tis ſweetly imbittered with thy inconceavable,
thy inſupportable Loves.

What

What bounds can hold it, what thing detaine it,
what expreſſions deſcribe it.
How long ſhall it languiſh in thy ſtrength
and expire in thy breathings.
O never never ſhall theſe gratious
viſitations forſake it.

THus all my life's a courſe of *ſeeking* Thee,
Who liv'd, who loſt Thy life, in ſeeking me.
Such is my *faith*, ſuch ſhall my finding be,
Whoſe *love* hath found the way to *waite* on Thee
With *righteous works*, which *can't extended be*
To Thee, but *thou wu't meete ſo doing me.*
So running from my ſelfe to be
Ingulph't in ever-bleſſed Thee.
So twining ſtreames in ſweete confuſion,
Till know my Love without alluſion;
Clos'd in a Cloſe without Concluſion.

I have gaſped after thy Salvation O Lord!
Even ſo come Lord Jeſus come quickly.